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A

COLLECTION of POEMS.

VOL. IV.

A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.



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M.DCC.LXX.


BRITISH MUSEUM
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Isaac Taylor del et sculp.

THE VALETUDINARIAN.

AN ODE.

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY DR. MARRIOTT.

INHERITANCE of weak, but proud Mortality,
Hence, Diſeaſe and pining Pain;
With all your pale and ghaſtly train,
Toſſings dire, heart-piercing Moans,
Sighs, and Tears, and hollow Groans,
The harbingers of Death:
Whether ye be
The ſpawn of bloated Luxury,
Or of the peſtilential breath

Of Eurus bred: or from the eaſtern clime:
Hence! to your ancient ſeat,
Where ebbing Nilus leaves his putrid ſlime,
To Volga's banks retreat,
Or to the Caſpian, or Bengala's bay;
From Britain's happy lands
Haſte to Arabian ſands,
While winds ſulphureous burn, and urge your way:
But, Goddeſs of the dimpled cheek,
Whom the wanton Cupids ſeek,
Come, fair Health, to grace the ſong,
Bring the chearful Muſe along;
Bring laughing Youth, who looks behind;
Love on Fancy's breaſt reclin'd;
Wit, no poiſon'd dart who flings,
Or but retorts when Envy ſtings.
Come with antic Merriment,
And the placid child Content;
All with happy ſteps advance,
Join the ſong, and lead the dance.
Oft, O Goddeſs! let thy feet
Viſit this my lone retreat;
Where my oak extends its pride
Of twiſted arms; and fit to ride
Sublime on Neptune's ſwelling wave,
Now the roaring winds doth brave;
Where the vine's ſoft tendrils run,
And ſwell to meet the ſouthern ſun:
Where Contemplation, wont to ſtray,
Winds thro' the wood her eaſy way,

Or marks the lake, the field, or ſky;
The ſilent Angler's ſtedfaſt eye;
The Gunner's aim: or Induſtry,
Who, with his loud reſounding blow,
Lays the nodding foreſt low;
Or teaches where to wind the ſtream;
Or whiſtles to his labouring team:
The meads which ſuck the dews of morn;
Or uplands crown'd with golden corn,
Richer than Iberia's mine:
The bleating flocks; the lowing kine;
The ſmoking cots, and pointed ſpires,
The ſetting ſun's reflecting fires;
Woods dark waving in the dale;
Rays which gleam; and clouds which ſail;
Shades and lights by turns contending;
Gradual colours ſoftly blending;
All as Nature's pencil clear
Marks the variegated year:
Theſe, O Goddeſs! theſe are thine;
Offspring of immortal line;
Who with mortals deign'ſt to dwell,
In ſome low and rural cell:
To haunt the brink of tinkling rills;
The flowery vales, or ſloping hills;
And when the plowman turns the ſoil,
To chear his ſong, and guide his toil.
With veſt ſuccinct in Dian's train
Oft art thou ſeen to bruſh the plain,

While thy ſhrill horns ſweet Echo rouſe,
Slumbering on the mountain's brows:
Oft when Winter clouds the air,
To the blazing hearth repair
Thy ſocial feet, where-e'er the bowl
Of moderate Mirth unlocks the ſoul,
When tales of time, and ancient fear
Suſpend the young aſtoniſh'd ear:
Or carrols quaint in long-drawn note
Swell the ruſtic's ample throat:
Or where high lifted ſteps reſound,
When the peaſant thumps the ground
With aukward heel; and gives a fall
To miſtreſs of the rural ball:
Or preſſes with his iron hand,
And whirls her thro' the ſhouting band.
Nor art thou wont with theſe to ſport
Alone: but where the Loves reſort,
With all the young and ſhining train
Of Cytherea's golden reign,
More elegant, to lead is thine
The dance; which waves its eaſy line;
Marks the graceful, and the ſtrong;
Where ſpeech to which no words belong
Makes love by actions never pain'd,
All oppos'd, but nought conſtrain'd:
Movements mixing, ſwift, and ſlow,
And foot, ear, eye, together go.
Thus fluſh'd with all thy native charms,
My Delia ſpreads her winning arms,

Uplifted

Uplifted ſoft, and ſeems to tread
On yielding air, or ocean's bed:
And, as ſhe grants her modeſt hand,
Damon's happy eyes demand,
While mov'd by her he ſeems to live,
The heart, which ſhe half ſeems to give:
If theſe delights, O Goddeſs! wait
Ever on thy happy ſtate,
Beſt of bleſſings underſtood,
Only ſource of mortal good;
Hither, bright Hygeia, fly
With roſy cheek, and ſparkling eye,
Such as thou doſt oft appear
When thy Heberden is near.
Rich with Nature's genuine grace,
Come, Goddeſs! to my warm embrace.
Far from all I fear, or hate;
From ſplendid life's deluſive ſtate,
Smiles that ſtab, or that betray:
Gloom of heart with viſage gay;
Splendor canker'd with diſtreſs,
Grandeur mix'd with littleneſs,
Words of wind, and hopes of air,
Clouds which threaten dark deſpair,
Craft diſloyal to his truſt,
Here High Birth licking low the duſt,
There upſtart Meanneſs ſet aſtride
The world, too narrow for his pride.
Far from Trade's too buſy ſeat,
Of Loſs and Gain the low deceit,

Aukward Pomp, and Vanity,
Who reſtleſs drive, and mount the ſky,
Proud of miſus'd Liberty;
While ſordid Cunning, Paſſion blind,
Ride on the gilded car behind.
From Law's grimace, and mean chicane,
Which rivets, when it ſeems the chain
To looſe; receives the golden ſhower,
And offers hecatombs to Power.
From language low, which vulgars prize,
Creeping Arts which mean to riſe;
Labyrinths, which ever wind
In the dark and double mind:
From Profeſſion's learned ſcene;
Cant of words, which little mean:
Phyſic, child of Luxury;
Clok'd in ſhallow myſtery:
Falſe Religion's forms, which bind
The body to enſlave the mind:
Diſputation's rage and trouble:
Philoſophic ſyſtem's bubble:
From War's parade; or Eloquence
In ſenates, big with ſmooth pretence
Of public good: from Envy mean,
Who midſt the liberal Arts is ſeen,
Corrodes the page which Genius drew,
And turns aſide her ſullen view,
Each work of Merit pleas'd to blaſt,
Then feeds upon herſelf at laſt.

From

From theſe, immortal Goddeſs! fly,
And bleſs thy humble votary.
Give me Reaſon's laſting pleaſure,
Eaſe, but not ignoble leiſure:
Far be wild Ambition's fires,
Hopeleſs Love, and fierce Deſires.
I aſk not Fortune's glittering charms,
The pride of courts, the ſpoils of arms;
By ſilver ſtream, and haunted grove,
O give my peaceful ſteps to rove:
Beneath the ſhade of pendent hills,
I'll liſten to the falling rills,
That chafe the pebble, as they ſtray;
And haſte, like human life, away:
Then on the flowery carpet green
I'll ſit and trace the rural ſcene;
While by the mimic pencil drawn
The herds ſhall ſeem to crop the lawn;
The piping ſwain, the diſtant towers,
The moſs-grown knotted oaks, and bowers,
As bending to the whiſpering breeze,
Some thatch'd cot riſing 'mong the trees,
In rude and artleſs lines deſign'd,
Shall faintly mark the Maſter's mind.
Or, if ſoft verſe delight us more,
O grant of verſe the wonderous power
Strong ideas to inſpire;
Words which paint, and ſounds which fire;
Which calls up ſhades of heroes bold,
Whoſe virtues warm'd the times of old,

Dreſſing the hiſtoric page
With Terror, Pity, Love, and Rage;
Or gives to Truth the tuneful art
With moral ſong to mend the heart:
Flow it eaſy, ſoft, and free,
From ill-conceiv'd obſcurity;
Affectation's crowded plumes,
All that ſtrains, or that aſſumes;
Nature may it e'er purſue,
Deſcribing, as we feel, the true:
Her magic glaſs while Fancy brings,
Which ſhews the fleeting form of things,
Each fair aſſemblage knows to trace
All that Nature hath of Grace;
While Reaſon lends her ſacred aid,
And in the beautiful diſplay'd,
Sees with ſound philoſophy
The reflected Deity.
Thus on thro' Manhood, Youth, and Age,
Nor ſtain'd with guilt, nor rough with rage,
In ſmooth mæanders life ſhall glide,
And roll a clear and peaceful tide.

THE

THE ROYAL VOYAGE.

BY THE SAME.

I.

HIGH on the bounding bark the Royal Fair
Mounts o'er the billows of the watery way;
Serene as Cynthia thro' the fields of air,
Queen of the Night extends her cloudleſs ray,
When all the foreſts tremble to the gleam,
And the tranſparent ſeas reflect the ſilver beam.
But ſee the whitening ſurge, the gathering clouds;
Hark! the winds whiſtle thro' the ſhrowds,
They bow the maſt, they rend the ſail,
The ſea-worn mariner is pale,
And views the blackening ſtorm, and hears th' increaſing gale.
But not, O Royal Maid,
Let Fear thy breaſt invade:
Know, happy Fair! approv'd by heaven,
To thee the empire of the Main is given,
In vain loud winds the deep deform,
Love ſhall triumphant ride the ſtorm.
Peace! every roaring child of troubled air:
Unmov'd the Queen of ſea-girt Albion ſings;
Her flying fingers touch the ſtrings;

Around

Around their Queen the trembling train repair:
Her courage lifts their own;
Her muſic ſooths their care.

II.

Happy Queen of Albion's iſle,
On whom the Loves and Graces ſmile:
Haſte from Germania's plain, and death-devoted ſhore,
Soon thy weary ſteps ſhall try
A happier land, a milder ſky,
Where no din of arms ſhall roar,
Nor winds, nor ſwelling ſeas aſſault thee more.
Thus, 'midſt the ſtorms which blow
O'er Thracian hills of ſnow,
Orpheus tun'd the golden lyre,
And ſaw the beaſts of death retire.
Thus fearleſs of the night, and watery grave,
Leander's boſom met the wave,
While Love before him flew his way to guide,
And thro' the foaming tide
Gave to his nervous arm redoubled power,
While Hymen ſhook the torch bright on the diſtant tower.
Hail! happy fires of mutual love unknown,
To purchas'd dalliance and tumultuous joy;
True Pleaſure ſits on Virtue's awful throne;
There all the Loves their golden ſhafts employ:
Mild and unclouded the eternal flame,
Reward of virtuous Love, and Heaven's beſt bleſſing came.

III. Swift

III.

Swift the wing'd Hours ſhall urge their ſtealing way,
Nor oft the waning moon ſhall know decay
Ere a new race ſhall riſe of ſcepter'd kings.
From thee, Strelitian Fair, the future hero ſprings.
See, the long lines of royal youths extend,
To Britain's throne new ſubjects bend;
Where'er her glittering ſtandards riſe,
In other ſeas, in other ſkies,
Shall ſpread the godlike fame of mildeſt victories.
Auſpicious youths be born!
Ariſe! O haſte! your native ſoil adorn!
Not valorous arms alone
Shall guard the regal throne;
But ſhining arts, and holy laws,
And ancient Freedom's well-defended cauſe,
Shall lift ſecure your praiſe ſublime
Thro' all the radiant paths of time.
On Dorubernian cliffs the Muſe hath told,
Prophetic child of Druids old,
Whereon ſhe ſits, and hears from either pole
In every wind victorious thunders roll.

ODE ON DEATH.

WRITTEN IN FRENCH BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

TRANSLATED BY THE SAME.

WHAT does the ſad preſaging mean?
Few days, few years, perhaps few moments urge
My footſteps to the dreary verge,
Where Fate the curtain drops to cloſe the ſcene:
Then farewel! Life and Light! and thou bleſt Sun ſerene.

Earth, o'er me rolls thy mighty bed;
The world recedes; I view the grave profound:
Of life I touch the utmoſt bound;
And ruſh to mix a victim with the dead,
Where Fate embraces all, and none can backward tread.

While yet I wake or ſleep, there ſtand
Ten thouſand Deaths in arms; before, behind,
They preſs me round; and every wind
Wafts the contagion from each diſtant land,
And all the Elements conſpire to arm the dreadful band;

Within

Within, without, above, below,
By turns they ſink, or rend my feeble frame,
Now chill, now urge the vital flame,
Till Nature's tortur'd ſtream forgets to flow,
And Art itſelf but proves a ſtill more dangerous foe.

Duſt to its Duſt will ſoon return
This mortal part, proud Tyrant of the Mind,
Nor leave of all its pomp behind,
But horrid leſſons human Pride ſhould learn,
Foul Worms, and Blood, and Stench that fill the Royal Urn.

Recede, ye baſe and ſervile train,
I cannot be the mighty thing ye ſay;
The wretched object of a day,
Which flatter'd Fancy would exalt in vain,
I know what I muſt be, and what I am diſdain.

But warm'd with Heaven's eternal flame,
Shall that which lives, which thinks, the Mind
Be fleeting as the empty wind?
Or ſay, can Death its active efforts tame,
O God, who firſt inſpir'd this animated frame?

No: for the Mind above the grave
Unfetter'd ſprings, and ſearching Nature's ſtores
It knows itſelf, and thee adores,
Secure, O God, whoſe word its being gave,
That what created firſt has certain power to ſave;

While thus of Death diſpels the cloud,
Can ſenſual joy life's narrow view confine?
True Virtue feels the hope divine
Of bliſs ſincere: not ſo the guilty crowd;
Thy arm for ever blaſts the wicked and the proud.

Great God! and is eternal pain
Or joy of Heaven reſerv'd for me in ſtore?
Thy breath but wafts to either ſhore;
Scarce can the tortur'd mind the thought ſuſtain;
I fly forbidden joys, the ſenſual, and the vain.

Yet faſt to earth is Nature bound:
Back on its wonted objects turns the Mind,
And lags the ſlave of life behind:
While Reaſon's efforts are too painful found
To rend the rooted oak that loves its native ground.

Objects of every jealous eye,
Ye dreams of mortal good, that ſwift decay,
How do ye ſtop my deſtin'd way?
And force me back the paths of ſenſe to try?
Ye point the ſting of Death, and more than once I die.

Scenes of aſtoniſhment! the world how blind!
Is Death depriv'd of all his mighty power?
Do none expect the fatal hour?
Is there a wiſh to Nature's bounds confin'd?
Is there a ſcheme forgot, or toil for this reſign'd?

See Mortals ſtill acquire, aſſume;
As if more vigilant they Death could ſhun;
To honours fly, to combats run;
And he whoſe footſteps tremble o'er the tomb
Builds up new plans of life, and ſudden meets his doom.

Ruſh on, ye madding train;
A thouſand rocks, a thouſand ſtorms deſpiſe;
To reach the good ye idolize:
Go, of accumulated wealth be vain:
Go, ravage other worlds, if other worlds remain

Let neither law, nor power divine;
Nor Nature's anxious Monitor within
Repreſs each greatly daring Sin;
Go: bid with want the plunder'd Orphan pine;
And with polluted hands diſturb each ſacred Shrine;

Proceed: but ſoon your views are paſt;
Accurſt, at once ye droop, and are no more:
Who would not think, to ſee your ſtore;
That all the projects your Ambition caſt
Beyond the grave were ſtretch'd, and would for ever laſt?

Ye mighty Leaders, mighty Kings,
With flames, and blood, whoſe battles mark your way;
Do Monarchs hope eternal ſway?
In vain each diſtant clime its tribute brings,
Sprung from the duſt ye mix with long-forgotten things.

Himſelf the Victor cannot ſave;
If but to die is yours, how ſhort is Glory's ſum?
In vain ye fought and overcome,
Nor aught avail the ſpoils Ambition gave
To hang with conquer'd crowns the putrid Monarch's grave.

On Nature's theatre diſplay'd
All is the ſport of Death; the change I fear;
New objects riſe, then diſappear;
Around my brows the cypreſs caſts a ſhade;
I ſcorn the ſweets of life, and all its roſes fade.

Yet 'midſt this ſage, but painful lore,
While awful truths their ſacred light reveal,
What means this latent wiſh I feel?
Is then my boſom's Lord itſelf no more?
Wretch! that I drag new chains more ponderous than before.

Rules then the mind, this Lord ſupreme?
Which every weak, and vain allurement draws
To Pleaſure's throne, and tyrant laws.
Quick we return in life from what we ſeem
To what we are, and wake from calm Reflection's dream.

As wandering Fancy leads we go;
By turns we reaſon, or ſubmit to ſenſe,
And incoherent parts commence
That fill the ſtage of Folly, Shame, and Woe;
Nor from the hook eſcap'd again the bait we know.

Voltaire,

Voltaire, in this eternal round
How ſwift our active ſpirits urge their way!
By both extremes deceiv'd we ſtray,
Now caught by ſenſe, now loſt in thought profound,
And in the mutual change our happineſs is found.

INSCRIPTION

UPON A MONUMENT.

BY THE SAME.

HOW ſoon with nimble wings our pleaſures haſte,
And clouds involve the ſunſhine of the day!
The wintry ſtorms howl o'er the dreary waſte,
And faireſt things tend ſwifteſt to decay.

In dark oblivion all our glory ends;
This morn we flouriſh, and the next we fade.
Time lifts his ſweeping ſcythe: the pile deſcends
Where vain Ambition all her toils diſplay'd;

The work of nations, and the pomp of power
Sink: the once lofty ſpire, the dome's proud ſtate:
The duſt receives them at the deſtin'd hour,
And mighty kingdoms feel the force of Fate.

Fall, vain Ambition's pile, and lofty ſpires,
But ſpare, ſtern Fate, the youthful and the gay;
Soft pity ſure ſuch innocence requires;
And ſo much beauty well might Death delay.

TO A LADY

SITTING FOR HER PICTURE.

BY THE SAME.

THE weary look, deſponding air,
Ill ſuits, my Dear, a face ſo fair;
Reſume your ſmiles; again ſupply
The Graces caught by Fancy's eye.
While Wilſon ſketches out the piece,
We'll talk, to paſs the time, of Greece;
Of Greece, as you have often heard,
For warriors, and for wits rever'd;
The ſeat of Learning, and the Graces,
Fam'd for fine arts, but finer faces;
Where Painters, Poets, not as ſince,
Were greater held than any Prince;
In temples, palaces careſt,
None more the Ladies ſmiles poſſeſt;

For

For they were rich as well as clever,
And riches were ſucceſsful ever;
Prieſts, Senates, Nations, Kings deſir'd
The works their heaven-taught art inſpir'd,
And if a pencil chanc'd to drop,
An Alexander pick'd it up;
Beauties would run to be ſketch'd over;
The haughty Prince, tho' much a lover,
Once for the copy, payment ſmall,
Reſign'd up the original,
The fair Campaſpé's matchleſs charms,
More conquering than the Monarch's arms,
To one Apelles; one who drew
The Queen of Love, as Wilſon you.
Each lovely maid, of Greece the toaſt,
Such as our Britiſh iſle can boaſt,
In all their native beauty gay,
As Hebé young, and ſweet as May,
Before him ſate: from one he choſe
The eye which Love half ſeem'd to cloſe;
This lent a face divinely fair,
A mild, and yet majeſtic air;
That gave what art in vain would ſeek,
The ſpirits mantling in the cheek,
And lips that ſoftneſs ſeem'd to ſpeak.
Thus, from their various charms combin'd,
One perfect Whole impreſt his mind;
But had Apelles painted now,
He might, my Dear, have copied you,

And, as in truth, I think, was done,
He would have from the picture run,
And left the Venus but begun,
To ſacrifice the pride of art
To the bright Goddeſs of his heart,
And given up an immortal claim,
For beauty's prize, the prize of fame.

E L E G Y.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE SAME.

YES, it is paſt; the fatal ſtroke is given.
Our pious ſorrows own the hand of heaven.
How ſhort our joys! incumber'd life how vain!
Still vex'd with evil's never-ceaſing train;
While roll the hours which lead each fleeting year,
Each aſks a ſigh, and each demands a tear.
O'er pleaſing ſcenes the mind with rapture roves,
Graſps in idea all its hopes or loves:
Snatch'd from its view the pleaſing ſcenes decay,
And the fair viſion melts in ſhades away.

Of

Of youth, of beauty, and of wit the boaſt,
O lov'd for ever, and too early loſt,
Sweet maid, for thee now mingling with the dead,
Her ſacred griefs the tuneful Muſe ſhall ſhed;
The ſoft remembrance of thy charms to ſave
She plants with all her bays thy hallow'd grave.
Ye too, companions of her happier days,
Heirs of her charms, and rivals of her praiſe,
Amid the circles of the young and gay
Your years unheeded urge their ſtealing way,
While mixt with pleaſure's ever-ſmiling train,
Ye know no ſorrows, and ye feel no pain;
Yet, when no more the pulſe tumultuous beats,
Nor the pleas'd ſenſe each flattering tale repeats,
Let calm reflection the ſad moral teach,
That bliſs below evades our eager reach;
That virtue only grants the real charm,
Gives wit to win, and beauty power to warm;
And tho' like hers, whoſe recent fate we mourn,
And aſk your pity for a ſiſter's urn,
Your beauties ſhine in all their bloom confeſt,
'Mid gazing ſlaves contending to be bleſt,
Yet think like hers may ſoon thoſe beauties fade;
Like hers your glories in the duſt be laid.
Time's hardy ſteps in ſilence ſwift advance,
Dim the bright ray that darts the fiery glance,
And Age, dread herald of Death's awful reign,
Blaſts every grace, and freezes every vein.

When with a mother's joy, a mother's fear,
The thoughtful parent dropt the ſilent tear,
Gaz'd on her child, and ſaw new beauties riſe,
Glow in her cheeks, and ſparkle in her eyes,
In expectation plann'd each hope of life,
The ſiſter, daughter, mother, friend, and wife;
Ah fleeting joys! how ſoon thoſe hopes were o'er!
We doom'd to mourn, and ſhe to charm no more.
The waning moon ſhall fill her waſted horn,
And nature's radiance gild the orient morn,
The ſmiling ſpring with charms renew'd appear,
The ſleeping bloſſoms haſte to deck the year,
But bloom no more this fair departed flower,
Nor wak'd by genial ſun, nor vernal ſhower.
How vain, alas! was all thy father's art,
Vain were the ſighs which ſwell'd thy mother's heart.
Again I ſee thee juſt expiring lie,
Pale thy cold lip, half cloſ'd thy languid eye,
Thy guardian Innocence beſide thee ſtands,
And patient Faith uplifts her holy hands,
Teach thee with ſmiles to meet the ſtroke of Death,
Calm all thy pangs, and eaſe thy ſtruggling breath.
Reſign'd, dear maid, to earth's maternal breaſt,
May ſiſter Seraphs chant thy ſoul to reſt.
There ſhall the conſtant Amaranthus bloom,
And wings of Zephyrs ſhed the morn's perfume.
O'er thy ſad hearſe, fair emblems of the dead,
By virgin hands are dying lilies ſhed.

The weeping Graces ſhall thy tomb ſurround;
The Loves with broken darts ſhall ſtrew the ground;
In vain for thee they wak'd the fond deſires,
Wove myrtle wreaths, and fann'd their purer fires.
The youthful God, who joins the nuptial bands,
In vain expecting, near his altar ſtands;
Fate ſpread the cloud: his torch extinct, he flies,
And veils with ſaffron robe his ſtreaming eyes.
Yet O, while crown'd with never-fading flowers,
Thy ſpirit wanders thro' Elyſian bowers,
If plaintive ſounds of mortal grief below
Reach the bleſt ſeats, and waft our tender woe,
Hear, happy ſhade; while thus our mortal lays
This monument of ſoft affection raiſe.
By gentle ties of kindred birth allied,
The Muſe, that ſports on Camus' willow'd ſide,
In Memory's lofty dome inſcribes thy name,
And with thy beauties ſtrives to mix her fame.

THE ACADEMIC.

WRITTEN APRIL M.DCC.LV *.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHILE ſilent ſtreams the moſs-grown turrets lave,
Cam, on thy banks with penſive ſteps I tread;
The dipping oſiers kiſs thy paſſing wave,
And evening ſhadows o'er the plains are ſpread.

From reſtleſs eye of painful Care,
To thy ſecluded grot I fly,
Where Fancy's ſweeteſt forms repair,
To ſoothe her darling Poeſy;

Reclin'd the lovely Viſionary lies
In yonder vale and laurel-veſted bower;
Where the gay turf is deck'd with various dies,
And breathes the mingling ſcents of every flower:

* At the time of the eſtabliſhment of Claſſical Prizes, and building the new Public Library

While holy dreams prolong her calm repoſe,
Her pipe is caſt the whiſpering reeds among;
High on the boughs her waving harp is hung,
Murmuring to every wind that o'er it blows.

II.

Oft' have I ſeen her bathe at dewy morn
Her wanton boſom in thy ſilver ſpring,
And, while her hands her flowing locks adorn
With buſy elegance, have heard her ſing.

But ſay what long recorded theme,
Thro' all the lofty tale of time,
More worthy can the Goddeſs deem
Of ſounding chords, and ſong ſublime,

Than, whoſe parental hand to vigour bred
Each infant art, the Noble and the Wiſe;
Whoſe bounty gave yon' arching ſhades to ſpread,
Yon' pointed ſpires in holy pomp to riſe?

Shall War alone loud-echoing numbers claim,
And ſhall the deeds of ſmiling Peace be drown'd,
Amid the Hero's ſhouts and trumpet's ſound?
Theſe too ſhall flouriſh in immortal fame.

III.

When Science fled from Latium's poliſh'd coaſts
And Grecian groves, her long and lov'd abode,
Far from the din of fierce conflicting hoſts,
Thro' barbarous realms the weary wanderer trod;

But

But to what more indulgent ſky,
To what more hoſpitable ſhade,
Could trembling, bleeding, fainting fly
The helpleſs and devoted Maid?

Time-honour'd Founders! ye the virgin woo'd!
'Twas yours, with ſouls to native grandeur born,
To bid her radiant beauties ſhine renew'd,
With wealth to heap, with honours to adorn.

In Granta's happier paths ſhe wept no more;
Heal'd were the wounds that ſcarr'd her gentle breaſt;
Here, ſtill ſhe ſmiles with Freedom's ſons to reſt,
Nor mourns her Attic towers, nor Tuſcan ſhore.

IV.

Fathers of Genius! whom the Muſe adores,
For ſure to you her nobleſt ſtrains belong,
Beneath whoſe venerable roofs ſhe pours
The grateful notes of ſweetly flowing ſong.

Th' increaſe of ſwift revolving years
With conſcious pride exulting view;
How all ye plann'd complete appears;
How all your Virtues bloom anew:

The generous zeal which erſt ye felt remains,
Its bounteous beams ſtill ardent to diſpenſe;
While unexhauſted to your learned plains
Rolls the rich ſtream of wide munificence.

Joy to your ſhades! the great career is run,
Reſerv'd by Fate for ſome ſuperior hand,
Confeſt, the laſt, th' auſpicious work ſhall ſtand,
And Stateſman, Monarch end what ye begun.

V.

Ye too, once Inmates of theſe walls renown'd,
Whoſe ſpirits, mingling with th' ethereal ray,
Of univerſal Nature trac'd the bound,
Or rais'd in majeſty of thought the lay,

See your lov'd Arts this clime to grace,
Their rival radiance brighter ſhed,
While Holles ſmiles the wreath to place
Upon the youthful Victor's head.

Where Spencer ſits among your thrones ſublime,
To the ſoft muſic of his mournful lays
Liſtening ye weep for his ungrateful time,
And point the better hope of happier days.

If with the dead diſhonour's memory dies,
Forget, much injur'd Name, th' unworthy woe;
In ſtrains like thine ſo may our accents flow,
In nobler numbers yon' fair domes ariſe.

VI.

When Faction's ſtorms, or ſome fell Tyrant's hate
Arts join'd with Freedom to one grave ſhall doom,
Then tho' theſe ſtructures to the hand of Fate
Bend their proud height, like thine, imperial Rome,

Know,

Know, vainly, Time, thy rapid rage
Shall point its wide deſtroying aim,
Since what defies the force of age
Thus conſecrates the pile to Fame;

Some future eye the ruin'd heap ſhall trace,
The name of Holles on the ſtone behold;
Shall point a Brunſwic to a diſtant race,
Benign, and awful on the ſwelling gold.

Th' hiſtoric page, the poet's tuneful toil,
With theſe compar'd, their mutual aid ſhall raiſe
To build the records of eternal praiſe,
And deck with endleſs wreaths their honour'd ſoil.

VII.

Sweeter than warbled ſounds that win the ſenſe
Flows the glad muſic of a grateful heart,
Beyond the pomp of wordy eloquence,
Or ſtrains too cold, high-wrought with labour'd art.

Tho' weakly ſounds the jarring ſtring;
Tho' vainly would the Muſe explore
The heights to which with eagle wing
Alone can heaven-taught Genius ſoar;

Yet ſhall her hand ingenious ſtrive to twine
The blooming chaplet for her Leader's brow;
While with new verdure grac'd, in Glory's ſhrine,
The ampler Palms of civic Honours grow;

When

When he, theſe favour'd ſhades appears to bleſs,
Whoſe guardian counſels guide a nation's fate,
And with ſuperior toils for Europe's ſtate
Mixes the thought of Granta's happineſs.

VIII.

Hail ſeats rever'd! where thoughtful pleaſures dwell,
And hovering Peace extends her downy wings,
Where muſing Knowledge holds her humble cell,
And Truth divine unlocks her ſecret ſprings;

This verſe with mild acceptance deign
To hear; this verſe yourſelves inſpire,
Ere yet within your ſacred fane
The Muſe ſuſpends her votive lyre.

Thee, Granta, thus with filial thanks I greet,
With ſmiles maternal thou thoſe thanks receive,
For Learning's humble wealth, for friendſhip ſweet,
For every calmer joy thy ſcenes could give.

While thus I ſport upon thy peaceful ſtrand,
The ſtorms of life at awful diſtance roar;
And ſtill I dread, ſtill lingering on the ſhore,
To launch my little bark, and quit the land.

AMABELLA[b].

WRITTEN BY THE DESIRE OF MRS. MONTAGU.

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

HARMODIUS breath'd the rural air, nor found
His ruddy health with length of years decreaſe:
By duty prompted, Amabella crown'd
His ſilver forehead with the wreath of peace:

By partial nature fram'd in beauty's mould,
Adorn'd with every grace, unſpoil'd by art,
To friendſhip's circle ſtill did ſhe unfold
The lovelier beauties of a feeling heart.

b The ſubject of this poem is founded on a circumſtance that happended during the late war.—A young lady, not meeting with the concurrence of her relations in favour of an officer for whom ſhe expreſſed her regard, was prevailed upon, by his ſolicitations, to conſent to a clandeſtine marriage; which took place on the day he ſat out to join his regiment abroad, where he was unfortunately killed in an engagement.

Endear'd to all ſhe met, each welcome day,
By fortune's hand, with various bleſſings fraught:
When, lo! her gaiety's accuſtom'd ray
Was quench'd, untimely, with the gloom of thought.

What fix'd the boſom-thorn, affliction knows,
Where peace ſat brooding as the gentle dove:
What blaſted on her cheek the ſummer roſe,
Or ſlow diſeaſe, or unſucceſsful love,

Remain'd unknown.—'Twas by the many gueſs'd,
That love to her ſoft vows had prov'd unkind:
Beyond the power of her weak frame oppreſs'd,
Inſanity o'erthrew her lovely mind.

At length recovering, yet to grief devote,
To ſolitude ſhe gave th' unſocial day;
Like a pale vot'ry from the world remote,
Unchear'd, unviſited of pleaſure's ray.

Oft did Harmodius (at her ſtate diſmay'd)
Solicit from his child her ſecret pain:
Her vague reply ſtill from his queſtion ſtray'd,
And each repeated effort prov'd in vain.

To ſpeed the moments of the loitering hour,
And by their plaintive ſtrains perchance allur'd,
Within a ſpacious myrtle-woven bower,
Two turtle doves the penſive fair ſecur'd.

" Ye little captives, would ſhe often ſay,
" Tho' here ſecluded from the fields of air,
" Thro' yonder vernal grove forbid to ſtray,
" And join the kindred train that wanton there;

" 'Gainſt you the gunner never lifts his arm,
" Nor o'er this manſion does the falcon ſail;
" You live unconſcious of the ſtorm's alarm,
" The rain impetuous, and the beating hail.

" Nor here, by kind compaſſion unimpreſs'd,
" The ſchool-boy ever rears his impious hand,
" To fill with agony the feather'd breaſt,
" And raze the little domes that love had plann'd."

Their harmleſs joys diſeaſe too ſoon effac'd:
One fatal morn, her Turturella's mate
She found, with flagging wing ſubdued, oppreſs'd,
And juſt, juſt ſinking at the blow of fate:

While down her cheek compaſſion's ſhower diſtill'd,
She gently rais'd it to her anxious breaſt;
But death's cold blaſt life's crimſon current chill'd,
And thus the fair her breathleſs bird addreſs'd:

" Ill-fated turtle, round whoſe peaceful bower
" The jocund loves ſo lately wont to play:
" How ſunk, alas! in youth's exulting hour,
" To fell diſeaſe, to death th' untimely prey:

" How

" How ſilent is the voice, which, void of art,
" Along the tender day was heard to coo!
" How ſtill, how frozen is the conſtant heart,
" Which to its dear companion beat ſo true!

" That dear companion, that now widow'd dove,
" To ſcreen from every harm be mine the care;
" And, while ſhe mourns her ne'er-reviving love,
" Her grief to me the mourner will endear:

" Like thee, a widow too, condemn'd to mourn:
" No more to me does life unfold its charms,
" Death, death forbids him ever to return!"
She ſaid—and ſunk into th' attendant's arms.

Her ſwift relapſing to her former ſtate,
With boding fears, approach'd the ſerving train:
This ſcene's dread period tremblingly they wait,
Nor were their boding fears indulg'd in vain:

Awakening from her trance, around ſhe threw,
Diſtreſsful fair, her much diſorder'd eyes;
And wildering ſaid—" repeat that kind adieu:
" Ah no! from love to war, to death he flies.

" Did ye not hear the claſh of hoſtile ſpears?
" Ah! mark ye not that breaſt-plate ſtain'd with gore?
" What groan was that which pierc'd theſe fearful ears?
" He falls, he falls—my warrior is no more:

" Nor was, O Heaven! his Amabella near
" To ſoothe his pain, and echo ſigh to ſigh,
" Drop on the gaping ground a balmy tear,
" Kiſs his cold lip, and cloſe his fading eye."

Of her diſtreſs th' alarm'd Harmodius taught,
With trembling ſteps approach'd th' unconſcious fair:
" Give me, he cried, with grief paternal fraught,
" Give me, O Amabel'! to ſoothe thy care:

" Say, what affliction has thy ſoul impreſt?
" Reveal what ſtorm thy boſom'd calmneſs breaks?
" Reveal—and thus relieve this anguiſh'd breaſt:
" The tender father to his daughter ſpeaks."

AMABELLA.

" Ah! what avails the praiſe the brave obtain!
" Thro' his white boſom ruſh'd the hoſtile ſteel:
" 'Twas his to ſwell the number of the ſlain,
" And mine affliction's keeneſt point to feel."

HARMODIUS.

" Her roving thought no trace of reaſon bears:
" To her rack'd mind, O Heaven! thy peace impart:
" A loving parent bathes thy cheek with tears;
" Harmodius holds thee to his breaking heart."

AMABELLA.

AMABELLA.

" To thee, I grateful kneel, O generous ſeer!
" Who doſt, to one unknown, thy care extend:
" Along thy path may Peace her olives rear,
" And Heaven, in battle, ſhield thy deareſt friend;

" For me, who droop beneath misfortune's ſhower,
" I had a father,—now, alas! a foe,—
" Thou'lt bluſh to hear,—in ſorrow's darkeſt hour,
" He leaves his child abandon'd to her woe:

" But to thy heart, that's fram'd of ſofter mould,
" What can to thee, a wretch like me endear!
" The ſpring, the motive of thy love unfold:
" Say, ſay, for me why flows that friendly tear!

" Yet ſoft awhile,—methinks that hoary brow—
" That plaintive voice——Ah, bear with my diſtreſs!
" Or much remembrance is effac'd, or now,
" A tender father's tear-dew'd cheek I preſs."

HARMODIUS.

" On knees of gratitude, I bleſs the ſkies,
" That Amabella to herſelf reſtore."

AMABELLA.

" Ah, wherefore doſt thou joy! thy daughter dies:
" Support me to yon couch—I can no more—

" I feel, I feel the pulſe of life retire!
" Ah, deign to hear thy dying child reveal,
" What, in rebellion to thy juſt deſire,
" Lock'd in her breaſt, ſhe dar'd ſo long conceal.

" By thee, unſanction'd, did I plight my love,
" And, all to thee unknown, a bride became."

HARMODIUS.

" Harmodius will to both a father prove."

AMABELLA.

" To him thy pardon thou canſt ne'er proclaim:

" Three fleeting hours had ſcarcely call'd me bride,
" When he was ſummon'd to the martial plain:
" And there,—forgive theſe tears,—in beauty's pride,
" The much-lamented valiant youth was ſlain.

" What tho' unworthy of thy care I prove,
" To thy remembrance let thy child be dear;
" Thy kind compaſſion let the daughter move,
" When this weak frame ſhall preſs th' untimely bier."

More would ſhe ſay,—her voice began to fail,
From her faint eye life's lingering ſpark retir'd,
The ripening cherry on her lip grew pale,
She heav'd a ſigh, and in that ſigh expir'd.

A SPOU-

A SPOUSAL HYMN.

ADDRESSED TO HIS MAJESTY ON HIS MARRIAGE.

BY JAMES SCOTT[s], M. A.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

AS, when diffus'd in ſolemn trance
Her dear delight the Latmian ſhepherd lay,
Fond Cynthia came with lightning-glance,
And o'er his boſom ſtream'd her virgin ray:
So come, O gentle Muſe, if e'er aright
I paid my vows, if e'er implor'd
One ſcanty beam of thy celeſtial light;
Proof to the muckworm miſer's golden hoard,
Nor envious of the ſtateſman's fair renown,
The warrior's death-bought wreath, and monarch's thorny crown.

Come, Guardian of my natal hour,
That bad'ſt me chuſe the ſtill ſequeſter'd grove,
The pathleſs mead, and woodbine bower,
Where placid Cares, and penſive Pleaſures rove;

[s] Author of Heaven, a viſion. See vol. 2.

Where

Where oft by moon-light's ſilent, ſolemn glade,
Pale Paſſion muſing loves to ſtray,
And hand in hand, by Melancholy led,
In thoughtful loneneſs wears herſelf away;
O come, in all thy radiant charms confeſt,
And fire with glowing zeal my fond, devoted breaſt!

I aſk not flowrets freſh and gay,
From Pindus cull'd to pleaſe the vainly great;
No ſilken ſtrain, no tinſel lay,
To cloke ſome public Knave from public hate:
No, Virgin, no—Fair Freedom's veſtal flame
Pervades my ſoul; for Her I twine
The votive wreath, for Her thy hallow'd name
Invoke, O make thy choiceſt treaſures mine;
Breathe Inſpiration thro' each glowing line,
Thy genuine form impreſs, and ſtamp the work divine!

Then ſhalt thou, George, the ſong approve,
O Britiſh-born! O Freedom's ſacred heir!
O thou, whom all the Graces love,
Religion's boaſt, and Virtue's darling care!
Fain would the Muſe attempt thy various praiſe,
But ah, in vain!—thro' [t] Ida's bowers
With dubious foot th' aſtoniſh'd woodman ſtrays;
Where ſhall his work begin?—Ye ſylvan Powers
Direct the blow; here oaks aſpiring riſe,
There, Monarchs of the grove, tall cedars prop the ſkies.

[t] Theocr. Εγκωμ. Πτολ.

Say,

Say, ſhall the Muſe thy patriot Sire
Recall to view? Tell how with conſcious ſtate
She ſaw the god-like Prince retire
To glorious exile, like Timoleon great?
Glad heard the voice, "Avaunt, ye wretched Train,
"Shall I my Country's cauſe betray?
"Betray my ſoul, my God, for ſordid gain?
"Periſh the thought!—Ye Slaves of gold away!—
"In venal courts tho' baſe corruption reigns,
"Know Liberty ſhall breathe thro' Kew's indignant plains."

He ſpoke, and lo! the reptile crew
Struck dumb with wonder fled!—Hail, ſacred ſource,
Whence George his patriot morals drew:
Proſper, ye heavenly Powers, their genial courſe!
O bid them branch into a thouſand rills,
A thouſand ſtreams!—Where-e'er they flow,
Whether all gliſt'ring down the loftier hills,
Or thro' the ſtill, and humbler vales below,
Let Health purſue, no noxious weeds be found,
But flowers immortal riſe freſh-breathing ſweets around!

Prophetic wiſh!—See Diſcord flies,
With all her rebel rout, her hell-born train!
See Faction falls, and Party dies,
They die fell ſerpents, in his dawning reign:
Thus ſure preſage of many a glorious deed,
Bleſt omen of immortal fame,
The Son of Jove, when near his infant head
Devouring ſnakes in poiſonous volumes came,

Graſp'd

Graſp'd in his brawny arms the ſcaly foes,
Smil'd on the danger paſt, and ſunk to ſoft repoſe.

And now again, with careful hand,
Her goodly plants fair Science joys to rear;
And now again all blooming ſtand
The beauteous Progeny of Art; they fear
No killing froſts, no thick unkindly dews,
Such as from Belgian plains ariſe;
The genial clouds their pearly drops diffuſe,
And ſhower increaſe of ſweetneſs from the ſkies;
The youthful Sun, in his meridian throne,
Beams with indulgent ray his foſtering influence down.

Hail, favour'd Iſle! bleſt ſeat of Fame!
For conquering arms, and peerleſs arts renown'd!
Hail, mighty George! thy darling name
Oft ſhall the Muſe with honeſt joy reſound:
Not that abſtemious, prudent, juſt, and wiſe,
Thy every deed fair Virtue guides;
Nor that thy thoughts with holy ardor riſe
From Earth's low baſe, where Vice and Paſſion bides,
To Heaven's bright manſions, there their ſweets diſpenſe,
Grateful as hallow'd fumes from breathing frankincenſe.

Ay me ſo great, ſo bold a flight
Beſeems not ſhepherd-ſwain, in lowly Mead
Far from Preferment's giddy height
Condemn'd, alas, an hireling flock to feed!

Yet

Yet will I ſing how thy diſcerning eye
The boiſterous ſea of life ſurveys,
Where toiling ſore the Sons of Merit lie,
Till call'd by thee their weary heads they raiſe:
What minute Drop, but cheriſh'd by thy care
A coſtly Pearl becomes of matchleſs Beauty rare?

Charm then your pipes, ye ſhepherd ſwains,
And bid the hills, and dales the Song repeat,
Your Patron, your Auguſtus reigns!—
But hark, with undulation ſoft, and ſweet,
What melting muſic ſteals upon the ear!
Am I deceiv'd, or doth a Choir
Of winged Cupids fan the buxom air
Till Silence ſmiles; while from their ſilver lyre
Harmonious numbers flow, whoſe dulcet breath
Would recreate a ſoul beneath the pangs of death?

I did not err, a Choir of Loves
Sublime in air attune th' enchanting lay;
They leave Idalia's blooming groves,
And Cypria's myrtle ſhades, where jocund ſtray
The Graces, Smiles, and Hours, where Nature's care
Profuſely kind allures the ſight,
And wraps the ſenſe in bliſs: ye Virgins fair
Of Britain's Iſle, ſweet daughters of delight,
Receive the cherub throng, to you they fly
With welcome tidings fraught, bleſt harbingers of Joy.

Lo!

Lo! lo ſhe comes from th' Albine ſhore,
Your maiden Queen, adorn'd with peerleſs charms:
Like Phœbe, when by Taurus hoar
Enamour'd Alpheus ſtrove with eager arms
To graſp the Fair: ah, fond and hapleſs boy!
Ah, cruel wayward Dame!—in vain
He breath'd his amorous ſoul, for all too coy
Swift as the Roe ſhe ſought the diſtant plain;
Left him to pour in tears his plaintive theme,
Till chang'd by love and grief he melted to a ſtream.

See where from Ocean's pearly bed,
Whoſe huddling waters paſs unwilling by,
She comes with eaſy modeſt tread,
'Midſt echoing crowds, and rapturous ſhouts of joy:
'Twas thus, the life-reſembling [x] tablet ſhews,
In youth and beauty freſh and gay
The Paphian Goddeſs from the waves aroſe,
While dolphins gamboll'd thro' the watry way,
Old Neptune ſmil'd, the ſea-green ſiſters ſung,
And all the rocks around with Iö Triumph rung.

But ah, what Dædal hand can trace
The glowing beauties of her air and mien;
The lively ſweetneſs of her face,
And eyes where wiſdom's azure beams are ſeen?
Her boſom fraught with honour's maiden treaſure,
Unblemiſh'd faith, mild modeſty,

[x] The famous Picture of Venus by Apelles.

Eternal

Eternal love, unſoil'd by baſer pleaſure,
And conſtant truth, and ſpotleſs chaſtity,
Where thoughts, that angels might admire, are bred,
And flames of holy zeal, by pure Religion fed?

Hail, Virgin, hail, divinely bleſt,
By Heaven endow'd with all that's good and great!
O Flower of Virtue, in whoſe breaſt,
Imperial Reaſon dwells in royal ſtate!
There, there ſhe ſits as Queen on ivory throne,
The vaſſal Paſſions round her ſtand,
In ſuppliant guiſe her rightful power they own,
And hear her ſtill ſmall voice, her ſoft command:
Far from the pure and unpolluted ſhrine
Each baſe affection flies, each haggard nurſe of ſin.

Leave then, ye Siſters, leave the [y] Spring
Whoſe hallow'd waters flow thro' Minyas' land;
Conduct to Britain's blooming King
This all-accompliſh'd work of Nature's hand:
'Tis yours, imperial Nymphs, whate'er is ſweet,
And fair and ſplendid to beſtow;
On you attend Wealth, Wiſdom, Beauty, Wit;
Nor ſeated on Olympus' laughing brow
Will choirs celeſtial move till you advance,
Nor ſhare th' ambroſial feaſt, nor lead the ſprightly dance.

[y] The river Cephiſus in Bæotia, on whoſe banks the Graces were thought to reſide. Pind. Olym. 14th.

And

And thou, O Queen of ſoft deſires,
Whoſe radiant ſmiles diſpel the gloom of care,
And kindling friendſhip's pureſt fires,
Chaſe from the ſoul Suſpicion, Doubt, and Fear,
Thoſe grieſly forms: O come, bewitching Power,
Come gently, o'er the bridal bed
In genial dews thy choiceſt pleaſures ſhower;
Such as in Arcady's voluptuous ſhade
[z] Lycæus felt, when ſtretch'd on Maia's breaſt
An image of himſelf th' enraptur'd God impreſt.

Nor thou, Lucina chaſte and fair,
Nor thou, ſweet Genius of the nuptial bower,
Be abſent; on the royal Pair
Profuſe of joy your kindly bleſſings pour!
O haſte, ye Guardians of the ſacred rites,
Whoſe aid prolific power ſupplies,
So ſhall Britannia bleſs their pure delights,
When future Georges, future Charlottes riſe;
By whom reflected diſtant times ſhall find
The Mother's matchleſs Grace, the Father's virtuous Mind.

[z] Jupiter.

SON.

SONNET.

FOR THE ROOT-HOUSE AT WREST.

BY THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.

STRANGER, or gueſt, whome'er this hallow'd grove
Shall chance receive, where ſweet contentment dwells,
Bring here no heart that with ambition ſwells,
With avarice pines, or burns with lawleſs love:

Vice-tainted ſouls will all in vain remove
To ſylvan ſhades, and hermits' peaceful cells,
In vain will ſeek retirement's lenient ſpells,
Or hope that bliſs, which only good men prove:

If heaven-born truth, and ſacred virtue's lore,
Which chear, adorn, and dignify the mind,
Are conſtant inmates of thy honeſt breaſt,
If, unrepining at thy neighbour's ſtore,
Thou count'ſt as thine the good of all mankind,
Then welcome ſhare the friendly groves of Wreſt.

SONNET.

TO MISS H. M.

BY THE SAME.

SWEET Linnet, who from off the laurel ſpray
That hangs o'er Spenſer's ever-ſacred tomb,
Pour'ſt out ſuch notes, as ſtrike the Woodlark dumb,
And vie with Philomel's inchanting lay,

How ſhall my verſe thy melody repay?
If my weak voice could reach the age to come,
Like Colin Clout's, thy name ſhould ever bloom
Thro' future times, unconſcious of decay:

But ſuch frail aid thy merits not require,
Thee Polyhymnia, in the roſeate bowers
Of high Parnaſſus, 'midſt the vocal throng,
Shall glad receive, and to her tuneful ſire
Preſent; where, crown'd with amaranthine flowers,
The raptur'd choir ſhall liſten to thy ſong.

SONNET.

TO W. HEBERDEN, M. D.

BY THE SAME.

O HEBERDEN, whoſe ſalutary care
Has kindly driven me forth the crowded Town
To Turrick, and the lonely Country down,
To breathe from Chiltern Hills a purer air.

For thouſands' ſakes may Heaven indulgent ſpare
Long, long thy uſeful life, and bleſſings crown
Thy healing arts, while well-deſerv'd renown,
With wealth unenvied, waits thy toil and care:

And when this grateful heart ſhall beat no more,
(Nor long, I ween, can laſt my tottering frame,
But ſoon, with me, this mortal coil ſhall end)
Do thou, if Calumny again ſhould roar,
Cheriſh his memory, and protect his fame,
Whom thy true worth has made thy faithful friend.

SONNET.

TO MR. J. PAICE.

BY THE SAME.

JOSEPH, the worthy Son of worthy Sire,
Who well repay'ſt thy pious parents care
To train thee in the ways of Virtue fair,
And early with the love of Truth inſpire.

What farther can my cloſing eyes deſire
To ſee, but that by wedlock thou repair
The waſte of death; and raiſe a virtuous heir
To build our Houſe, e'er I in peace retire?

Youth is the time for Love: Then chooſe a Wife,
With prudence chooſe; 'tis Nature's genuine voice;
And what ſhe truly dictates muſt be good;
Neglected once that prime, our remnant life
Is ſour'd, or ſadden'd, by an ill-tim'd choice,
Or lonely, dull, and friendleſs ſolitude.

SON-

SONNET.

TO THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

"WITH prudence chooſe a wife"—Be thy firſt care
Her Virtue, not confin'd to time or place,
Or worn for ſhew; but on Religion's baſe
Well-founded, eaſy, free, and debonair:

Next roſe-cheek'd Modeſty, beyond compare
The beſt coſmetic of the Virgin's face;
Neatneſs, which doubles every female grace;
And Temper mild, thy joys and griefs to ſhare;

Beauty in true proportion rather chooſe
Than colour, fit to grace thy ſocial board,
Chear thy chaſte bed, and honeſt offspring rear;
With theſe ſeek Prudence well to guide thy houſe,
Untainted Birth, and, if thy ſtate afford,
Do not, when ſuch the prize, for Fortune ſquare.

SONNET.

TO ———.

BY THE SAME.

"SWEET is the Love that comes with willingneſs:"
So ſings the ſweeteſt Bard [a] that ever ſung;
Ten thouſand bleſſings on his tuneful tongue,
Who felt and plain'd true lovers' ſore diſtreſs!

Sweet were the joys which once you did poſſeſs,
When on the yielding Fair one's lips you hung;
The ſorer now your tender heart is wrung
With ſad remembrance of her fickleneſs:

Yet let not grief and heart-conſuming care
Prey on your ſoul; but let your conſtant mind
Bear up with ſtrength and manly hardineſs;
Your worth may move a more deſerving Fair;
And ſhe, that ſcornful beauty, ſoon may find,
Sharp are the pangs that follow faithleſſneſs.

[a] Spenſe

SON-

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

MY gracious God, whoſe kind conducting hand
Has ſteer'd me thro' this Life's tumultuous ſea,
From many a rock, and many a tempeſt free,
Which prudence could not ſhun, nor ſtrength withſtand,

And brought at length almoſt in ſight of land,
That quiet haven where I long to be,
Only the ſtreights of Death betwixt, which we
Are doom'd to paſs, e'er reach the heavenly ſtrand;

Be this ſhort paſſage boiſterous, rough, and rude,
Or ſmooth, and calm—Father, thy Will be done—
Support me only in the troublous ſtour;
My ſins all pardon'd thro' my Saviour's blood,
Let Faith, and Hope, and Patience ſtill hold on
Unſhaken, and Joy crown my lateſt hour!

SONNET.

TO MATTHEW BARNARD [b].

BY THE SAME.

MATTHEW, whoſe ſkilful hand and well-worn ſpade
Shall ſoon be call'd to make the humble bed,
Where I at laſt ſhall reſt my weary head,
And form'd of duſt again in duſt be laid;

Near, but not in the Church of God, be made
My clay-cold cell, and near the common tread
Of paſſing friends; when number'd with the dead,
We're equal all, and vain diſtinctions fade:

The cowſlip, violet, or the pale primroſe
Perhaps may chance to deck the verdant ſweard;
Which twiſted briar or haſle-bands entwine;
Symbols of life's ſoon-fading glories thoſe—
Do thou the monumental hillock guard
From trampling cattle, and the routing ſwine.

[b] The ſexton of the pariſh.

ON

ON MR. NASH's PICTURE

AT FULL LENGTH BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND MR. POPE, AT BATH.

BY THE E—— OF C——.

THE old Ægyptians hid their wit
In hierolyphic dreſs,
To give men pains in ſearch of it,
And pleaſe themſelves with gueſs.

Moderns, to hit the ſelf-ſame path,
And exerciſe their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wiſdom does expreſs;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happineſs.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The ſunſhine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in ſearch of it,
You'll endleſs pleaſure find.

Naſh repreſents man in the maſs,
Made up of Wrong and Right;
Sometimes a K——, ſometimes an A——;
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the buſt between,
Adds to the thought much ſtrength,
Wiſdom, and Wit, are little ſeen,
But Folly's at full length.

ON THE D——SS OF R——D.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT do ſcholars, and bards, and aſtronomers wiſe,
Mean by ſtuffing our heads with nonſenſe and lies;
By telling us Venus muſt always appear
In a car, or a ſhell, or a twinkling ſtar;
Drawn by ſparrows, or ſwans, or dolphins, or doves,
Attended in form by the graces and loves:
That ambroſia and nectar is all ſhe will taſte,
And her paſſport to hearts on a belt round her waiſt?—
Without all this buſtle I ſaw the bright dame,
To ſupper laſt night to P—— y's ſhe came
In a good warm ſedan; no fine open car;
Two chairmen her doves, and a flambeau her ſtar;

No nectar ſhe drank, no ambroſia ſhe eat;
Her cup was plain claret, a chicken her meat:
Nor wanted a ceſtus her boſom to grace,
For R——d, that night, had lent her her face.

ARNO's VALE.

A SONG.

BY THE DUKE OF DORSET.

WHEN here, Lucinda, firſt we came,
Where Arno rolls his ſilver ſtream,
How briſk the nymphs, the ſwains how gay,
Content inſpir'd each rural lay;
The birds in livelier concert ſung,
The grapes in thicker cluſters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail,
Among the ſweets of Arno's vale.

But ſince the good Palemon died,
The chief of ſhepherds, and the pride,
You read diſtreſs in every face,
And joy to ſorrow now gives place:
The taſte of pleaſure now is o'er,
Thy notes, Lucinda, pleaſe no more,
The Muſes droop, and tears prevail,
Adieu the ſweets of Arno's vale.

BRITAIN'S ISLE.

ON THE DEATH OF FREDERIC, PRINCE OF WALES.

BY THE SAME.

WHO but remembers yeſterday,
Remembers Britain happy, gay;
Each bard inſpir'd with ſprightlier lays,
Already ſung Saturnian days:
Already Science, hand in hand
With Art, had Freedom's temple plann'd.
All wore an univerſal ſmile;
Such were the hopes of Britain's Iſle.

But now, ſince Fate has wrapt in night
The nation's and mankind's delight;
Since Frederic now for ever ſleeps,
Art droops again, and Science weeps;
Corruption (who had ſpread her wing,
To fly before the patriot King)
Her flight, now doubtful, ſtops a while—
Adieu the hopes of Britain's Iſle.

ODE

ODE TO MORNING.

BY ——.

THE ſprightly meſſenger of day
To Heaven aſcending tunes the lay
That wakes the bluſhing morn:
Chear'd with th' inſpiring notes, I riſe
And hail the power, whoſe glad ſupplies
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O Night! thy praiſe,
Majeſtic Queen! in nobler lays
Already has been ſung:
When thine own ſpheres expire, thy name,
Secure from time, ſhall riſe in fame,
Immortaliz'd by Young.

See, while I ſpeak Aurora ſheds
Her early honours o'er the meads,
The ſpringing valley's ſmile;
With chearful heart the village-ſwain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets the accuſtom'd toil.

Day's monarch comes to bleſs the year,
Wing'd Zephyrs wanton round his car,
  Along th' æthereal road;
Plenty and Health attend his beams,
And Truth, divinely bright, proclaims
  The viſit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my ſoul reveres
The Great FIRST CAUSE that bade the ſpheres
  In tuneful order move;
Thine is the ſable-mantled Night,
Unſeen Almighty! and the Light
  The radiance of thy love.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
  And Echo ſpreads the ſtrain;
The ſtreams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks ſalute the ſun,
  And muſic glads the plain.

While Nature thus her charms diſplays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze
  The opening flowers diffuſe;
Temp'rance and Innocence attend,
Theſe are your haunts, your influence lend,
  Aſſociates of the Muſe!

Riot,

Riot, and Guilt, and waſting Care,
And fell Revenge, and black Deſpair
  Avoid the Morning's light;
Nor beams the ſun, nor blooms the roſe,
Their reſtleſs paſſions to compoſe,
  Who Virtue's dictates ſlight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood
  The Goddeſs walks confeſt:
She gives the landſcape power to charm,
The ſun his genial heat to warm
  The wiſe and generous breaſt.

Happy the man! whoſe tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her changes kind,
  And pleas'd the whole ſurveys;
For him the morn benignly ſmiles,
And evening ſhades reward the toils
  That meaſure out his days.

The varying year may ſhift the ſcene,
The ſounding tempeſt laſh the main,
  And Heaven's own thunders roll;
Calmly he views the burſting ſtorm,
Tempeſts nor thunder can deform
  The morning of his ſoul.

TO A LADY,

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES, ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

BRIMFUL of anger, not of love,
The champion ſends his foe one glove;
But I, who have a double ſhare
Of ſofter paſſion, ſend a pair.
Nor think it, deareſt Celia, cruel
That I invite you to a duel;
Ready to meet you face to face,
At any time, in any place:
Nor will I leave you in the lurch,
Tho' you ſhould dare to name the church;
There come equipp'd with all your charms,
The ring and licence are my arms;
With theſe I mean your power to try,
And meet my charmer tho' I die.

KIMBOLTON PARK.

By the Mr. H——.

THY Park, Kimbolton! and ſurrounding ſhade,
For rural love and contemplation made,
Invite my ſong. Ye Sylvans! haunt your bowers!
Waft round your ſweets! and open all your flowers!
And thou, who ſhut'ſt not to the ſuppliant's prayer,
Nor to the aid-imploring voice thine ear,
Do thou, O Manchester! protect the ſong;
The Muſe's care does to the learn'd belong:
Grateful alike Muſe, Subject, Author, bow,
And hail the ſource whence all their pleaſures flow.
Theſe plains that annual pour their ſweets for thee,
(Thanks to thy bounty) yield a part to me:
And Eaſe, fair Virtue's, and the Poet's friend,
Thro' your indulgence, on my ſteps attend.
Impervious to the ſun's moſt potent ray
Yon lofty elms their arched heads diſplay;
From far the traveller ſees their ſummit riſe,
Scarce half diſtinguiſh'd from the neighbouring ſkies;
But oft ſurveying as he onward goes,
Greener and fairer ſtill the object grows;
Till underneath their ſhade, at eaſe reclin'd,
He leaves the labour of the day behind;

Soft breezes cool him from ſurrounding bowers,
And Nature bland her gay profuſion pours.
So they who dauntleſs plow the dangerous main,
(What will not daring man attempt for gain?)
At early dawn, from top-maſt-head eſpy
A riſing vapour in the bordering ſky;
Ere day's mid courſe, that vapour oft they find
A royal navy, hovering in the wind:
Yards, ſails, and ſtreamers crowd the whiſpering air,
And all the glories of the deep appear.
Nor leſs impervious that extended ſhade
By reverend oaks, the growth of ages, made;
Save where wide avenues that ſhade divide,
And ſhew the woodland in its utmoſt pride.
Here let the huntſman wind the echoing horn,
Cheer his ſwift ſteed, and wake the roſy morn;
Let dogs and men in noiſy concert join,
And ſportſmen call the harmony divine:
The Muſe delights not, fond of penſive eaſe,
In diſſipation, or purſuits like theſe.
And thou, ſweet Thruſh! prolong thy amorous tale,
Let thy love-burthen'd ſong delight the vale!
No leaden death I bring, no toils for thee,
Sing on, and ſoothe thy feather'd progeny.
Come! peaceful Precepts! of the Samian Sage,
Unbend the bow, and curb an iron age!
Whatever laws ſhort-ſighted man may make,
Who cannot give, can have no power to take:
He, and he only, who could life beſtow,
May call his bleſſing from the realms below.

Let ſhaggy bears, that prowl Moſcovia's ſhore,
Stain their fierce claws, or dip their tongue in gore;
This does not equal human beaſts of prey,
What they for hunger, we for pleaſure ſlay:
Nor is this thirſt of blood to man confin'd;
See S—— a ſavage of the fairer kind!
Pardon me, You! whoſe nobler tears can flow
For aught that ſuffers miſery below;
Who ſhrink to rob the inſect of its hour,
Or bruiſe its offspring in the opening flower:
Your form, your fears were by great Heaven deſign'd
At once to charm and humanize mankind.
When Nature fair from her Creator ſprung,
And wondering angels hallelujahs ſung,
The ſylvan ſcene, bleſt ſeat! to man was given,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
To Peace then ſacred be the ſhady grove!
Be there no murmurs heard—but thoſe of love:
Love, fled from noiſe and cities, haunts the glade,
The falling fountains, and the ſilent ſhade,
Inſpires each warbling ſongſter in the bower,
Breathes in each gale, and bloſſoms in each flower.
When every object thus their charms combine,
What boſom can reſiſt the power divine?
Too feeble that, which now the Muſe inſpires,
And, with her own, admits ſtill warmer fires.
Here, here I felt the ſoft infection riſe,
Pant at the breaſt, and languiſh in the eyes,
When Mira to my humble cot was led,
Love's willing victim, to an huſband's bed;

And now ſtill feel, in ſmoother channels, run
Thoſe ſtreams, that rapid paſſion firſt begun:
Eſteem, affection, friendſhip ne'er decline:
Nor are her virtues leſs for being mine.
Let Rome her fetter'd monks to cells withdraw,
And force her own againſt great Nature's law:
Drag blooming virgins uſeleſs from mankind,
And give to luſt, what was for love deſign'd:
'Tis mine to tread on Albion's bliſsful ſhore,
Where ſinful celibacy binds no more.
Now ſultry Phœbus, far from Thetis' bed
Darts his fierce rays reſiſtleſs o'er my head.
Slow thro' yon walk oft-winding let me rove,
And wander deep within the ſilent grove!
Or, if too potent there his beams invade,
O! let me tread thoſe limes more cooling ſhade!
That ſhade which ſhall your kind protection gain,
And Brown himſelf provoke the axe in vain.
In milder climes, and bleſt with cloudleſs ſkies,
Let ſlender domes on hills unſhelter'd riſe,
Where conſtant ſeaſons glad the neighbouring plains,
And Phœbus holds, not Phaëton, the reins.
But where loud waves oft vex the ſea-girt ſhore,
And ſudden tempeſts, unexpected, roar:
Where rough December, envious of her power,
From gentle May oft plucks the tender flower:
Where cleareſt morn to cloudy noon gives way,
And ſtormy eve excludes the hopeful day:
Where o'er the vaſt Atlantic vapours roll,
Or frozen fogs dark iſſue from the pole,

There the firm building aſks the planter's aid,
" From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade."
In gardening great th' improvement of the age,
Clipt yews, cut out in Magogs, quit the ſtage;
Half murder'd hollies meet with one wound more,
And claſping ivy leaves the loaded door.
But yet the axe may drive the edge too far:
Brown not with Nature, yet with climes may war:
Uſe or convenience oft put in their claim,
" And riſe to faults good judges dare not blame;"
Nor can true taſte and elegance reſide
Where order and gradation are deny'd.
By walls immur'd, or loſt within a wood
The cloiſter'd manſions of our fathers ſtood:
They ſought protection from the dog-ſtar's heat,
And heard, tho' felt not, the rude tempeſt beat:
But damps pervaded oft the gloomy hall,
And green-grown mould defac'd the 'ſcutcheon'd wall.
Fond of extremes (and wiſer ſure than they!)
We drive walls, trees, damps, arms, and all away:
Yield ſtill too far to every thing that's new,
Nor dare to keep the golden mean in view.
But ſee! the ſun the ſteep of heaven deſcends,
And yon kind cloud her golden curtain lends:
Let me, ye Walks! your flowery maze purſue,
And on one plain the world's whole tribute view.
That tribute, Commerce, which we owe to thee,
As thou we owe to godlike Liberty.
Here ſpicy ſhrubs, the growth of Afric, bloom,
And ancient Aſia breathes her ſweet perfume:

Columbean wilds their later treaſures yield,
And Britiſh roſes crown the flowery field.
AUTHOR OF GOOD! how are thy bleſſings ſhed!
On man's, on thereby man's, much honour'd head!
From glowing India to the frozen pole,
Thy Providence ſupplies, protects the whole:
Nor are thy gifts at random thrown abroad,
Or undiſtinguiſh'd careleſly beſtow'd;
For, whilſt the whole in general bleſſings ſhare,
Each part partakes thy more peculiar care:
Yon ſpreading fig, that firſt from India came,
Stretch'd broad her leaves to cool the ſun-burnt dame:
Soft cypreſs riſes on the Paphian plain,
To ſoothe the grief of ſome forſaken ſwain:
In cold Norwegia lofty pines ariſe,
A kind protection from the northern ſkies:
And various realms this one grand truth declare,
Who feels th' extremes of Nature, feels her care:
Ev'n winter ſtern, and angry tempeſts bring
Their ſecret treaſures to the fruitful ſpring;
Pour foſtering ſtores into the weary earth,
And call more gay reviving Nature forth.
Hail! youthful ſeaſon! health-reſtoring Power!
That chear'ſt the waſte, and cloath'ſt the roſeat bower,
That bid'ſt gay Nature all her ſweets diſplay,
And on benighted nations pour the day:
For thee the roſes bloom, the violets ſpread,
And yellow cowſlips rear their bended head:
Briſk thro' the thicket trips the ſpotted fawn,
And ſportive lambs bound wanton on the lawn:

Thoſe

Thoſe oaks, the future ſovereigns of the ſea,
Stretch wide their boughs, and clothe their heads for thee.
Bloom freſh, ye ſacred Guardians of our iſle!
War's rage is o'er, and Peace now deigns to ſmile:
Here ſtand the graceful monarchs of the wood,
Nor unprovok'd attempt the ſwelling flood:
Remain ſecure as erſt when Druids made
Their ſongs divine beneath your reverend ſhade:
But ſoon as jarring nations, faithleſs grown,
Enrich'd with trade and commerce not their own,
Shall baſely ſtrive thoſe honours to obtain
By meaneſt arts, which courage ſought in vain,
Then, then indignant quit the fertile ſhore,
And bid the deep aſſiſt your thunder's roar.
When hapleſs England felt a tyrant's ſway,
And that fierce tyrant fell to luſt a prey,
Here, fill'd with grief, an injur'd princeſs [a] fled
From ſhort-liv'd grandeur, and divided bed:
Oppreſſion ſpread her horrors o'er the plain,
And all thy ſweets, Kimbolton! bloom'd in vain.
For not the fragrant breath of roſy morn,
Nor tuneful lark on riſing pinions borne,
Nor all the verdure of the blooming ſpring,
Can to the broken heart loſt pleaſure bring.

[a] Catherine of Spain, during the latter part of the time of the divorce, retired to Kimbolton Caſtle, where ſhe died (it is ſuppoſed) of grief for the cruel treatment ſhe received from Henry VIII.

In England then the ſons of Freedom ſlept,
And drooping Virtue o'er their aſhes wept:
In vain for right the royal ſtranger cry'd,
That right his ſlaves enjoy'd her lord deny'd:
Yon inmoſt grove oft heard her mournful tale,
Her ſorrows ſpread along this ſilent vale;
Till Fate in pity call'd her to the ſhore,
Where luſt and tyranny oppreſs no more.

Thrice happy change! where royal virtue griev'd,
The aged and the orphan are reliev'd;
And thankful widows crowd the open'd door,
Where weeping majeſty complain'd before.

O Britons! (if to pagan powers ye bow)
Be ſmiling Liberty ador'd by you!
Where mad Oppreſſion waves her iron wand,
There Truth and Juſtice quit the waſted land:
But where the people feel a father's ſway,
(As Rome felt once, and Britain feels to-day)
There Juſtice equal with the Sovereign reigns,
And peace and plenty glads the ſmiling plains.
When they, who govern with the govern'd join,
And, without faction, all their force combine;
Not the loud cannon, nor the ocean's roar,
That beats with angry waves the ſounding ſhore,
Can cruſh contending hoſts, or awe them more.

Thoſe laurels, Granby! that adorn thy brow,
Far from the muddy fount of faction grew;
Fair Union gently rear'd the parent tree,
That ſtretch'd ſo wide her boughs for Hawke and thee.

And

And thus united, ſubject of my lays!
Thy ſons, Kimbolton! claim'd the patriot's praiſe,
Who left their fields to guard the the threat'ned ſhore,
Ere Eliot fought and Thurot was no more.
And tho' no annals to their race ſhall tell,
What numbers vanquiſh'd by their valour fell;
The ſoul reſolv'd that waited firm the foe,
And in his boſom brav'd th' impending blow,
Or conquer'd for his native fields, or bled,
Tho' no green laurels ſhade his honour'd head.
But lo! my Muſe! the humid drops deſcend,
And parting ſhepherds to the hamlets tend,
O! quit the taſk thoſe beauties to diſplay,
That fairer ſpring with each returning day!
So Reynolds thus, preſuming on his art,
To trace thoſe charms, my Lord! that win your heart,
Sees ſofter ſmiles whene'er he lifts his eye,
That bid him throw his baffled pencil by.

RETIREMENT. AN ODE.

BY MR. BEATIE.

SHOOK from the purple wings of Even
When dews impearl the grove,
And from the darkening verge of Heaven
Beams the ſweet ſtar of Love;
Laid on a daiſy-ſprinkled green,
Beſide a plaintive ſtream,
A meek-ey'd Youth of ſerious mien
Indulg'd this ſolemn theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd
High o'er the glimmering dale!
Ye groves, along whoſe windings wild
Soft ſighs the ſaddening gale!
Where oft lone Melancholy ſtrays,
By wilder'd Fancy ſway'd,
What time the wan moon's yellow rays
Gleam thro' the chequer'd ſhade!

To you, ye waſtes, whoſe artleſs charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly:

Deep

Deep in your moſt ſequeſter'd bower
Let me my woes reſign,
Where Solitude, mild modeſt power,
Leans on her ivy'd ſhrine.

How ſhall I woo thee, matchleſs Fair!
Thy heavenly ſmile how win!
Thy ſmile, that ſmooths the brow of Care,
And ſtills each ſtorm within!
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bleſs his hours, and bid them move
Serene on ſilent wing.

Oft let Remembrance ſoothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When ſoft on Leiſure's lap reclin'd
He caroll'd ſprightly lays.
Bleſt days! when Fancy ſmil'd at Care,
When Pleaſure toy'd with Truth,
Nor Envy with malignant glare
Had harm'd his ſimple Youth.

'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart ſincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the ſhade.

Ah!

Ah! why did Fate his ſteps decoy
In thorny paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take thy wanderer home!

Henceforth thy awful haunts be mine!
The long-abandon'd hill;
The hollow cliff, whoſe waving pine
O'erhangs the dárkſome rill;
Whence the ſcar'd owl, on pinions grey,
Breaks from the ruſtling boughs,
And down the lone vale ſails away
To ſhades of deep repoſe.

O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling ſong,
And fragrant from the waſte of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude ſound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flaſh on the ſtartled eye.

Yet if ſome pilgrim, 'mid the glade,
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And liſten to his lore!

For he of joys divine ſhall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty ſpell
That chains this heart below.

For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb thoſe toilſome heights,
By guileful Hope miſled:
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening ſtrain;
For preſent pleaſure ſoon is o'er,
And all the paſt is vain.

THE TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

BY THE SAME.

MEMORY, be ſtill! why throng upon the thought
Theſe ſcenes ſo deeply ſtain'd with Sorrow's die?
Is there in all thy ſtores no chearful draught,
To brighten yet once more in Fancy's eye?

Yes—from afar a landſcape ſeems to riſe,
Embelliſh'd by the laviſh hand of Spring;
Thin gilded clouds float lightly o'er the ſkies,
And laughing Loves diſport on fluttering wing.

How

How bleſt the youth in yonder valley laid!
What ſmiles in every conſcious feature play!
While to the murmurs of the breezy glade
His merry pipe attunes the rural lay.

Hail Innocence! whoſe boſom all ſerene
Feels not as yet th' internal tempeſt roll:
O! ne'er may Care diſtract that placid mien!
Ne'er may the ſhades of Doubt o'erwhelm thy ſoul!

Vain wiſh! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd
Yonder ſhe comes! the heart-enflaming fiend!
(Will no kind power the helpleſs ſtripling ſhield!)
Swift to her deſtin'd prey ſee Paſſion bend!

O ſmile accurſt, to hide the worſt deſigns!
Now with blithe eye ſhe wooes him to be bleſt;
While round her arm unſeen a ſerpent twines—
And lo, ſhe hurls it hiſſing at his breaſt!

And inſtant, lo, his dizzy eye-ball ſwims
Ghaſtly, and reddening darts a frantic glare;
Pain with ſtrong graſp diſtorts his writhing limbs,
And Fear's cold hand erects his frozen hair.

Is this, O Life, is this thy boaſted prime!
And does thy ſpring no happier proſpect yield!
Why ſhould the ſun-beam pain thy glittering clime,
When the keen mildew deſolates the field!

How Memory pains! Let ſome gay theme beguile
The muſing mind, and ſoothe to ſoft delight:
Ye images of Woe, no more recoil;
Be life's paſt ſcenes wrapt in oblivious night.

Now when fierce Winter, arm'd with waſteful power,
Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar:
How ſweet to ſit in the ſequeſter'd bower,
To hear, and but to hear, the mingling war!

Ambition here diſplays no gilded toy,
That tempts on deſperate wing the ſoul to riſe;
Nor Pleaſure's paths to wilds of Woe decoy,
Nor Anguiſh lurks in Grandeur's proud diſguiſe.

Oft has Contentment chear'd this lone abode
With the mild languiſh of her ſmiling eye;
Here Health in roſy bloom has often glow'd,
While looſe-rob'd Quiet ſtood enamour'd by.

Even the ſtorm lulls to more profound repoſe;
The ſtorm theſe humble walls aſſails in vain:
The ſhrub is ſhelter'd, when the whirlwind blows,
While the oak's mighty ruin ſtrows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds! thine, Winter, be the ſkies,
And toſs th' infuriate ſurge, and vales lay waſte:
Nature thy temporary rage defies;
To her relief the gentler Seaſons haſte.

Thron'd

Thron'd in her emerald car, ſee Spring appear!
(As Fancy wills the landſcape ſtarts to view)
Her emerald car the youthful Zephyrs bear,
Fanning her boſom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering ſeen.
And lo, her rod the roſe-lip'd Power extends!
And lo, the lawns are deck'd in living green,
And Beauty's bright-ey'd train from Heaven deſcends!

Haſte, happy days, and make all Nature glad—
But will all Nature joy at your return?
O can ye chear pale Sickneſs' gloomy bed,
Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn?

Will ye one tranſient ray of gladneſs dart,
Where groans the dungeon to the captive's wail?
To eaſe tir'd Diſappointment's bleeding heart,
Will all your ſtores of ſoftening balm avail?

When ſtern Oppreſſion, in his harpy-fangs,
From Want's weak graſp the laſt ſad morſel bears,
Can ye allay the dying parent's pangs,
Whoſe infant craves relief with fruitleſs tears?

For ah! thy reign, Oppreſſion, is not paſt.
Who from the ſhivering limbs the veſtment rends?
Who lays the once rejoicing village waſte,
Burſting the ties of lovers and of friends?

But hope not, Muſe, vain-glorious as thou art,
With the weak impulſe of thy humble ſtrain,
Hope not to ſoften Pride's obdurate heart,
When ERROLL's bright example ſhines in vain.

Then ceaſe the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine eye,
Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight;
Thy haunts, alas! no gleams of joy ſupply,
Or tranſient gleams that flaſh and ſink in night.

Yet fain the mind its anguiſh would forego.
Spread then, hiſtoric Muſe, thy pictur'd ſcroll;
Bid thy great ſcenes in all their ſplendor glow,
And rouſe to thought ſublime th' exulting ſoul.

What mingling pomps ruſh on th' enraptur'd gaze!
Lo, where the gallant navy rides the deep!
Here glittering towns their ſpiry turrets raiſe,
There bulwarks overhang the ſhaggy ſteep.

Briſtling with ſpears, and bright with burniſh'd ſhields,
Th' embattled legions ſtretch their long array;
Diſcord's red torch, as fierce ſhe ſcours the fields,
With bloody tincture ſtains the face of day.

And now the hoſts in ſilence wait the ſign:
Keen are their looks whom Liberty inſpires:
Quick as the Goddeſs darts along the line,
Each breaſt impatient burns with noble fires.

Her form how graceful! in her lofty mien
The ſmiles of Love ſtern Wiſdom's frown controul;
Her fearleſs eye, determin'd tho' ſerene,
Speaks the great purpoſe, and th' unconquer'd ſoul.

Mark, where Ambition leads the adverſe band,
Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain!
With menace loud he cries, while from his hand
He vainly ſtrives to wipe the crimſon ſtain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the ſtorms,
Headlong to deeds of death the hoſts are driven;
Hatred to madneſs wrought each face deforms,
Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the heaven.

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful ſuccour lend,
Shield them for Liberty who dare to die—
Ah! Liberty, will none thy cauſe befriend!
Are thoſe thy ſons, thy generous ſons that fly!

Not Virtue's ſelf, when Heaven its aid denies,
Can brace the looſen'd nerves, or warm the heart;
Not Virtue's ſelf can ſtill the burſts of ſighs,
When feſters in the ſoul Misfortune's dart.

See, where by Terror and Deſpair diſmay'd
The ſcattering legions pour along the plain!
Ambition's car, in bloody ſpoils array'd,
Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But who is he, that, by yon lonely brook [b],
With woods o'erhung, and precipices rude,
Lies all abandon'd, yet with dauntleſs look
Sees ſtreaming from his breaſt the purple flood?

Ah, Brutus! ever thine be Virtue's tear!
Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns,
As ſcarce ſupported on her broken ſpear
O'er her expiring ſon the Goddeſs mourns.

Looſe to the wind her azure mantle flies,
From her diſhevell'd locks ſhe rends the plume;
No luſtre lightens in her weeping eyes,
And on her tear-ſtain'd cheek no roſes bloom.

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy ſway,
Fame's loudeſt trumpet labours with thy name;
For thee, the Muſe awakes her ſweeteſt lay,
And Flattery bids for thee her altars flame.

Nor in life's lofty buſtling ſphere alone,
The ſphere where monarchs and where heroes toil,
Sink Virtue's ſons beneath Misfortune's frown,
While Guilt's thrill'd boſom leaps at Pleaſure's ſmile.

Full oft where Solitude and Silence dwell,
Far, far remote amid the lowly plain,
Reſounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell,
Such is Man's doom; and Pity weeps in vain.

[b] Such, according to Plutarch, was the ſcene of Brutus's death.

Still Grief recoils—How vainly have I ſtrove
Thy power, O Melancholy, to withſtand!
Tir'd, I ſubmit; but yet, O yet remove,
Or eaſe the preſſure of thy heavy hand!

Yet for a while let the bewilder'd ſoul
Find in ſociety relief from woe;
O yield a while to Friendſhip's ſoft controul!
Some reſpite, Friendſhip, wilt thou not beſtow!

Come then, Philander, whoſe exalted mind
Looks down from far on all that charms the great;
For thou canſt bear, unſhaken and reſign'd,
The brighteſt ſmiles, the blackeſt frowns of Fate:

Come thou, whoſe love unlimited, ſincere,
Nor Faction cools, nor Injury deſtroys;
Who lend'ſt to Miſery's moan a pitying ear,
And feel'ſt with ecſtaſy another's joys:

Who know'ſt man's frailty, with a favouring eye,
And melting heart, behold'ſt a brother's fall;
Who, unenſlav'd by Faſhion's narrow tye,
With manly freedom follow'ſt Nature's call.

And bring thy Delia, ſweetly-ſmiling fair,
Whoſe ſpotleſs ſoul no rankling thoughts deform;
Her gentle accents calm each throbbing care,
And harmonize the thunder of the ſtorm.

Tho' bleſt with wiſdom, and with wit refin'd,
She courts no homage, nor deſires to ſhine;
In her each ſentiment ſublime is join'd
To female ſoftneſs and a form divine.

Come, and diſperſe th' involving ſhadows drear;
Let chaſten'd Mirth the ſocial hours employ:
O catch the ſwift-wing'd moment while 'tis near,
On ſwifteſt wing the moment flies of joy.

Even while the careleſs diſencumber'd ſoul
Sinks all diſſolving into Pleaſure's dream,
Even then to time's tremendous verge we roll
With headlong haſte along life's ſurgy ſtream.

Can Gaiety the vaniſh'd years reſtore,
Or on the withering limbs freſh beauty ſhed,
Or ſoothe the ſad inevitable Hour,
Or chear the dark, dark manſions of the Dead?

Still ſounds the ſolemn knell in Fancy's ear,
That call'd Eliza to the ſilent tomb:
With her how jocund roll'd the ſprightly year!
How ſhone the nymph in Beauty's brighteſt bloom!

Ah! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor Age's awful grace:
Moulder alike unknown the Prince and Slave,
Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race:

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing buſt,
  The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-liv'd pyramid ſhall ſink in duſt,
  To dumb Oblivion's ever-deſart ſhade.

Fancy from Joy ſtill wanders far aſtray;
  Ah! Melancholy, how I feel thy power!
Long have I labour'd to elude thy ſway—
  But 'tis enough; for I reſiſt no more.

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight waſte
  Thro' many a loneſome path is doom'd to roam,
'Wilder'd and weary ſits him down at laſt
  For the long night, and diſtant far his home.

ELEGY.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

STILL ſhall unthinking Man ſubſtantial deem
  The forms that fleet thro' life's deceitful dream!
On clouds, where Fancy's beam amuſive plays,
Shall heedleſs Hope his towering fabric raiſe!

Till

Till at Death's touch th' ideal glories fly,
And real ſcenes ruſh diſmal on the eye;
And, from the bowers of Beauty torn,
The ſtartled ſoul awakes to think—and mourn.

O Ye, whoſe hours in jocund train advance,
Whoſe ſpirits to the ſong of gladneſs dance;
Who flowery ſcenes in endleſs view ſurvey,
Glittering in beams of viſionary day!
O! yet while Fate delays th' impending woe,
Be rous'd to thought, anticipate the blow;
Leſt, like the light'ning's glance, the ſudden ill
Flaſh to confound, and penetrate to kill:
Leſt, thus encompaſs'd with funereal gloom,
Like me ye bend o'er ſome untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in night's frighted ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's ſacred doom ſevere.

Wiſe! Beauteous! Good!—O every grace combin'd,
That charms the eye, that captivates the mind!
Fair as the flowret opening on the morn,
Whoſe leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mild, as the ſtrains, that, at the cloſe of day
Warbling remote, along the vales decay!
Yet, why with thoſe compar'd? What tints ſo fine,
What ſweetneſs, mildneſs can be match'd with thine?
Why roam abroad? ſince ſtill, to Fancy's eyes,
I ſee, I ſee thy lovely form ariſe!

Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces ſmile;
That ſoul-expreſſing eye, benignly bright,
Where Meekneſs beams ineffable delight;
That brow, where Wiſdom ſits enthron'd ſerene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
Still let me liſten, while her words impart
The ſweet effuſions of the blameleſs heart;
Till all my ſoul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's eaſy ſway.

By thee inſpir'd, O Virtue, Age is young,
And muſic warbles from the faultering tongue;
Thy ray creative chears the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with roſy glow,
Brightens the joyleſs aſpect, and ſupplies
Pure heavenly luſtre to the languid eyes:
Each look, each action, while it awes, invites,
And Age with every youthful grace delights.
But when Youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Reſiſtleſs on the view the glory ſtreams,
Th' ecſtatic breaſt triumphant Virtue warms,
And Beauty dazzles with angelic charms.

Ah, whither fled!—ye dear illuſions ſtay!
Lo pale and ſilent lies the lovely clay!
How are the roſes on that lip decay'd,
Which Health in all the pride of bloom array'd!
Health on her form each ſprightly grace beſtow'd;
With active life each ſpeaking feature glow'd.

Fair

Fair was the flower, and ſoft the vernal ſky;
Elate with hope we deem'd no tempeſt nigh;
When lo! a whirlwind's inſtantaneous guſt
Left all its beauties withering in the duſt.

All cold the hand that ſooth'd Woe's weary head!
All quench'd the eye the pitying tear that ſhed!
All mute the voice whoſe pleaſing accents ſtole,
Infuſing balm into the rankled ſoul!—
O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
And ſpare the weed, yet lop the lovely flower!
Why fly thy ſhafts in lawleſs error driven!
To Virtue then no more the care of Heaven!—

But peace, bold thought! be ſtill, my burſting heart!
We, not ELIZA, felt the fatal dart.
Scap'd the dark dungeon does the ſlave complain,
Nor bleſs the hand that broke the galling chain?
Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn?
Where Reaſon's meteor-rays, with ſickly glow,
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw;
Diſcloſing dubious to th' affrighted eye
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
Black billowy ſeas in ſtorms perpetual toſt,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths loſt.
O happy ſtroke that burſts the bonds of clay,
Darts thro' the rending gloom the blaze of day,

And

And wings the ſoul with boundleſs flight to ſoar,
When dangers threat and fears alarm no more.

Tranſporting thought! here let me wipe away
The falling tear, and wake a bolder lay;
But ah! afreſh the ſwimming eye o'erflows—
Nor check the tear that ſtreams for human woes.
Lo! o'er her duſt, in ſpeechleſs anguiſh, bend
The hopeleſs Parent, Huſband, Brother, Friend!—
How vain the hope of Man!—But ceaſe thy ſtrain,
Nor Sorrow's dread ſolemnity prophane;
Mix'd with yon drooping mourners, o'er her bier
In ſilence ſhed the ſympathetic tear.

ABSENCE. A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY ——.

HOW ſweet to recall the ſweet moments of joy!
'Tis this, and this only can Abſence employ,
Can eaſe my fond heart, and beguile my ſoft pain,
Till I ſee with delight my dear charmer again.

Ah! who ever knew ſuch full tranſports as I,
While with her, the ſwift minutes unheeded paſs'd by,
Alas! with the ſweet recollection I burn,
Bring back your delights, ye dear moments, return!

Ah me! what delights in my boſom would riſe
While with eager attention I've hung on her eyes,
And watch'd the kind beams of Compaſſion and Love,
While ſhe pitied my paſſion, and ſeem'd to approve;
Ah me! with what raptur'd attention I've hung,
To catch the ſweet accents that flow'd from her tongue,
When tenderneſs bade the dear maiden impart
The pleaſing ſenſations that glow'd in her heart.

O how does my Fair one conſume the long day?
Is the Charmer quite eaſy while I am away?
Indeed if our thoughts like our hearts ſhould agree,
The dear lovely maiden is thinking on me:
Ah! did ſhe but think with ſuch fondneſs as I,
How much would ſhe grieve, and how oft would ſhe ſigh!
Yet with ſo much fond Love may her boſom ne'er burn,
If ſhe ſighs as I ſigh, if ſhe mourns as I mourn.

But why do I wander? why ſigh thus alone?
Alas! 'tis the loſs of my Fair that I moan.
Why thus every hour does my ſorrow increaſe?
Alas! it is Abſence that ruins my peace.

Why ſwells my ſad boſom with fear and with grief?
Ah! nought but her preſence can bring me relief.
Why thus down my cheek trickles faſt the big tear?
Alas! can I help it?—my Fair is not here.

Till I nouriſh'd this paſſion I all unconcern'd
Saw Peace my companion wherever I turn'd,
Till now with my heart all at eaſe I could reſt,
And a ſigh was a ſtranger unknown to my breaſt.
What then is this Love? and why do I endure
Theſe griefs in my mind, nor endeavour to cure?
When thus my fond heart is o'erwhelm'd with Deſpair,
And I know no delight when away from my Fair?

Yet, Colin, theſe pains, ſpite of all thou haſt ſaid,
By one hour of her preſence are far over-paid,
Theſe ſorrows from Abſence which now you deplore,
Then vaniſh, are loſt, and are thought of no more.
Recall thoſe raſh words, and forbear to complain,
Since the next tender meeting rewards all your pain,
Let ſweet Expectation then leſſen your care,
Let Hope ſoften Abſence, and keep off Deſpair.

Sure, ſure thoſe dear pleaſures once more will return;
How long in this Abſence diſtreſt muſt I mourn?
How long muſt I wiſh, while my lot I deplore,
That dear angel-face!—could I ſee it once more!

That

That dear angel-voice!—Time, how ſwift didſt thou ſeem,
While I liſten'd enchanted as Love was her theme!
O come thoſe dear hours! and to ſoothe my fond pain
Love again be her theme, and I liſten again!

How dull and how ſlow do the moments retreat!
Time was when they flew:—now there's lead on their feet.
Ye Loiterers, be gone; why ſo long do ye ſtay?
Ye fly when I'm with her, ye creep when away.
Ah! Colin, how fooliſh Time's progreſs to blame,
His paces are equal, his motions the ſame;
'Twas the joy of her Preſence made Time appear fleet,
'Tis the pain of her Abſence adds lead to his feet.

ODE TO HEALTH.

BY MRS. BROOKE.

THE Leſbian lute no more can charm,
Nor my once-panting boſom warm;
No more I breathe the tender ſigh;
Nor when my beauteous ſwain appears,
With down-caſt look, and ſtarting tears,
Confeſs the luſtre of his eye.

With

With Freedom bleſt, at early dawn
I wander o'er the verdant lawn,
And hail the ſweet returning Spring:
The fragrant breeze, the feather'd choir,
To raiſe my vernal joys conſpire,
While Peace and Health their treaſures bring.

Come, lovely Health! divineſt maid!
And lead me thro' the rural ſhade,
To thee the rural ſhades belong:
'Tis thine to bleſs the ſimple ſwain,
And, while he tries the tuneful ſtrain,
To raiſe the raptur'd Poet's ſong.

Behold the patient village-hind!
No cares diſturb his tranquil mind;
By thee, and ſweet Contentment, bleſt:
All day he turns the ſtubborn plain,
And meets at eve his infant train,
While guiltleſs pleaſure fills his breaſt.

O! ever good and bounteous! ſtill
By fountain freſh, or murmuring rill,
Let me thy bliſsful preſence find!
Thee, Goddeſs, thee my ſteps purſue,
When, careleſs of the morning dew,
I leave the leſſening vales behind.

O D E.

BY THE SAME.

O Far remov'd from my retreat
Be Avarice and Ambition's feet!
Give me, unconſcious of their power,
To taſte the peaceful, ſocial hour:
Give me, beneath the branching vine,
The woodbine ſweet, or eglantine,
While evening ſheds its balmy dews,
To court the chaſte inſpiring Muſe!
Or, with the partner of my ſoul
To mix the heart-expanding bowl!
Yes, dear Sabina, when with thee
I hail the Goddeſs, Liberty;
When, joyous, thro' the leafy grove,
Or o'er the flowery mead, we rove;
When thy dear, tender boſom ſhares
Thy faithful Delia's joys and cares;
Nor Pomp, nor Wealth my wiſhes move,
Nor the more ſoft deceiver, Love.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE SAME.

NO more fond Love ſhall wound my breaſt,
In all his ſmiles deceitful dreſt,
I ſcorn his coward ſway;
And now with pleaſure can explore
The galling chains I felt before,
Since I am free to-day.

To-day with Friendſhip I'll rejoice,
Whilſt dear Lucinda's gentle voice
Shall ſoften every care:
O Goddeſs of the joy ſincere!
The ſocial ſigh! the pleaſing tear!
Thy noble bonds I'll wear.

When firſt, ill-fated, hapleſs hour!
My ſoul confeſt Amintor's power,
Lucinda ſhar'd my grief;
And leaning on her faithful breaſt,
The fatal paſſion I confeſt,
And found a ſoft relief.

My ſteps ſhe oft was wont to lead
Along the fair enamell'd mead,
To ſoothe my raging pain;
And oft with tender converſe ſtrove
To draw the ſting of hopeleſs Love,
And make me ſmile again.

O! much-lov'd Maid! whilſt life remains
To thee I'll conſecrate my ſtrains,
For thee I'll tune my lyre;
And, echoing with my ſweeteſt lays,
The vocal hills ſhall ſpeak the praiſe
Of Friendſhip's ſacred fire.

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TO THE MOON.

BY MR. ROBERT LLOYD.

ALL hail! majeſtic Queen of Night,
Bright Cynthia! ſweeteſt Nymph, whoſe preſence brings
The penſive pleaſures, calm delight,
While Contemplation ſmooths her ruffled wings,
Which Folly's vain tumultuous joys,
Or buſineſs, care, and buzz of luſty day
Have all too ruffled.——Hence away
Stale Jeſt, and flippant Mirth, and Strife-engendering Noiſe.

When Evening dons her mantle grey,
I'll wind my ſolitary way,
And hie me to ſome lonely grove
(The haunt of Fancy and of Love)
Whoſe ſocial branches, far outſpread,
Poſſeſs the mind with pleaſing dread.
While Cynthia quivers thro' the trees
That wanton with the ſummer breeze,
And the clear brook, or dimpled ſtream,
Reflects oblique her dancing beam.
How often, by thy ſilver light,
Have lovers tongues beguil'd the Night?
When forth the happy pair have ſtray'd,
The amorous ſwain and tender maid,
And as they walk'd the groves along,
Chear'd the ſtill eve with various ſong.
While every artful ſtrain confeſt
The mutual paſſion in their breaſt.
To lovers hours fly ſwift away,
And Night reluctant yields to Day.

Thrice happy Nymph, thrice happy Youth,
When Beauty is the meed of Truth!

Yet not the happy Loves alone,
Has thy celeſtial preſence known.
To thee complains the Nymph forlorn
Of broken faith, and vows forſworn;
And, the dull Swain, with folded arms,
Still muſing on his falſe one's charms,

Frames

Frames many a ſonnet to her name,
(As lovers uſe to expreſs their flame)
Or pining wan with thoughtful care,
In downcaſt ſilence feeds Deſpair;
Or when the air dead ſtillneſs keeps,
And Cynthia on the water ſleeps;
Charms the dull ear of ſober night,
With love-born Muſic's ſweet delight.

Oft as thy orb performs its round,
Thou liſteneſt to the various ſound
Of Shepherds hopes and Maidens fears
(Thoſe conſcious Cynthia ſilent hears
While Echo, which ſtill loves to mock,
Bears them about from rock to rock).

But ſhift we now the penſive ſcene,
Where Cynthia ſilvers o'er the green.
Mark yonder ſpot, whoſe equal rim
Forms the green circle quaint and trim;
Hither the Fairies blithe advance,
And lightly trip in mazy dance;
Beating the panſie-paven ground
In frolic meaſures round and round;
Theſe Cynthia's Revels gaily keep,
While lazy mortals ſnore aſleep;
Whom oft they viſit in the night,
Not viſible to human ſight;
And as old prattling Wives relate,
Tho' now the faſhion's out of date,

Drop ſixpence in the Houſewife's ſhoe,
And pinch the Slattern black and blue.
They fill the mind with airy ſchemes,
And bring the Ladies pleaſant dreams.

Who knows not Mab, whoſe chariot glides,
And athwart men's noſes rides?
While Oberon, blithe Fairy, trips,
And hovers o'er the ladies lips;
And when he ſteals ambroſial bliſs,
And ſoft imprints the charming kiſs,
In Dreams the nymph her ſwain purſues,
Nor thinks 'tis Oberon that wooes.

Ye ſportive Youth, and lovely Fair,
From hence, my leſſon read, beware,
While Innocence and Mirth preſide,
We care not where the Fairies glide;
And Oberon will never miſs
To greet his favourites with a kiſs;
Nor ever more ambroſia ſips,
Than when he viſits ———'s lips.

When all things elſe in ſilence ſleep,
The blithſome Elfs their vigils keep,
And always hover round about,
To find our worth or frailties out.
Receive with joy theſe Elfin ſparks,
Their kiſſes leave no tell-tale marks,
But breathe freſh beauty o'er the face,
Where all is virtue, all is grace.

Not only elfin fays delight
To hail the ſober Queen of Night,
But that ſweet bird, whoſe gurgling throat
Warbles the thick melodious note,
Duly as evening ſhades prevail,
Renews her ſoothing love-lorn tale.
And as the Lover penſive goes,
Chaunts out her ſymphony of woes.
Which in boon Nature's wilder tone,
Beggar all ſounds which Art has known.

But hiſt—the melancholy bird
Among the groves no more is heard;
And Cynthia pales her ſilver ray
Before th' approach of golden Day,
Which on yon mountain's miſty height
Stands tiptoe with his gladſome light.
Now the ſhrill lark in æther floats,
And carols wide her liquid notes;
While Phœbus, in his luſty pride,
His flaming beams flings far and wide.
Cynthia farewell—the penſive Muſe
No more her feeble flight purſues,
But all unwilling takes her way,
And mixes with the buzz of Day:

A BALLAD.

BY THE SAME.

YE ſhepherds ſo careleſs and gay,
Who ſport with the nymphs of the plain,
Take heed leſt you frolic away,
The peace you can never regain.
Let not Folly your boſoms annoy;
And of Love, the dear miſchief, beware.
You may think 'tis all ſunſhine and joy,
—I know 'tis o'erſhadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithſome it ſhines,
With an aſpect deceitfully fair;
Its day oft in ſorrow declines,
And it ſets in the night of deſpair.
Hope paints the gay ſcene to the ſight,
While Fancy her viſions beſtows,
And gilds every dream with delight,
But to wake us to ſenſible woes.

How

How hard is my lot to complain
Of a nymph whom I yet muſt adore,
Tho' ſhe love not her ſhepherd again,
Her Damon muſt love her the more.
For it was not the pride of her ſex,
That treated his vows with diſdain,
For it was not the pleaſure to vex,
That made her delude her fond ſwain.

'Twas His, the fair nymph to behold,
He hop'd—and he raſhly believ'd.
'Twas Hers to be fatally cold;
—He lov'd—and was fondly deceiv'd.
For ſuch is of lovers the doom,
While paſſions their reaſon beguile,
'Tis warrant enough to preſume,
If they catch but a look or a ſmile.

Yet ſurely my Phillis would ſeem
To prize me moſt ſhepherds above;
But that might be only eſteem,
While I fooliſhly conſtrued it love.
Yet others, like Damon, believ'd
The nymph might have favour'd her ſwain,
And others, like Him, were deceiv'd,
Like Him, tho' they cannot complain.

Of Phyllis was always my ſong,
For ſhe was my pride and my care;
And the folks, as we wander'd along,
Would call us the conjugal pair.

They mark'd how I walk'd at her ſide,
How her hand to my boſom I preſt,
Each tender endearment I try'd,
And I thought none was ever ſo bleſt.

But now the deluſion is o'er,
Theſe day-dreams of pleaſure are fled,
Now Her Damon is pleaſing no more,
And the hopes of her ſhepherd are dead.
May he that my fair ſhall obtain,
May He, as thy Damon, be true;
Or haply thou'lt think of that ſwain,
Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.

A BALLAD.

BY THE SAME.

HARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away,
The grave of thy Colin has room
To reſt thee beſide his cold clay.
I come, my dear ſhepherd, I come,
Ye friends and companions adieu,
I haſte to my Colin's dark home,
To die on his boſom ſo true.

All

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, ſad Lucy, aroſe;
And forth to the green turf ſhe ſprung,
Where Colin's pale aſhes repoſe.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her boſom embrac'd the cold ground,
While ſtormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Colin, ſhe cry'd,
How long muſt thy Lucy complain?
How long ſhall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond ſhepherdeſs liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would ſhe fly;
For thee has ſhe ſorrow'd and griev'd;
For thee would ſhe lie down and die.

Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her ſwain!
Her face like the lily ſo fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain.
The ſhepherd that lov'd her is gone;
That face and thoſe eyes charm no more;
And Lucy forgot, and alone,
To death ſhall her Colin deplore.

While thus ſhe lay ſunk in deſpair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder ſhook dreadful the ground.

I hear

I hear the kind call, and obey,
O! Colin receive me, ſhe cried,
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-ſtone and died.

LOVE-ELEGIES.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

ELEGY I.

WHILE calm you ſit beneath your ſecret ſhade,
And loſe in pleaſing thought the ſummer-day,
Or tempt the wiſh of ſome unpractis'd maid,
Whoſe heart at once inclines and fears to ſtray:

The ſprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and ſick on Death is all my thought,
O ſpare, Perſephone [a], this guiltleſs head,
Love, too much Love, is all thy ſuppliant's fault.

No virgin's eaſy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boaſted of a feign'd embrace,
No poiſons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd deſtruction with a friendly face:

[a] The Goddeſs of Death.

No

No ſecret horrors gnaw this quiet breaſt,
  This pious hand ne'er robb'd the ſacred fane,
I ne'er diſturb'd the Gods eternal reſt
  With curſes loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No ſtealth of Time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
  Nor Age yet bent me with his iron hand;
Ah! why ſo ſoon the tender bloſſom tear?
  E'er Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand.

Ye Gods, whoe'er, in gloomy ſhades below,
  Now ſlowly tread your melancholy round,
Now wandering view the paleful rivers flow,
  And muſing hearken to their ſolemn ſound:

O let me ſtill enjoy the chearful day,
  Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,
  And tell how much we lov'd, e'er I grew old.

But you, who now with feſtive garlands crown'd
  In chace of Pleaſure the gay moments ſpend,
By quick enjoyment heal Love's pleaſing wound,
  And grieve for nothing but your abſent Friend.

ELEGY

ELEGY II.

BY THE SAME.

NOW Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that ſtill in town remain,
Venus herſelf attends on Delia there,
And Cupid ſports amid the ſylvan train.

O with what joy my Delia to behold,
I'd preſs the ſpade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the ſlow plough-ſhare thro' the ſtubborn mold,
And patient goad the loitering ox along:

The ſcorching heats I'd careleſsly deſpiſe,
Nor heed the bliſters on my tender hand;
The great Apollo wore the ſame diſguiſe,
Like me ſubdued to Love's ſupreme command.

No healing herbs could ſoothe their maſter's pain,
The art of phyſic loſt and uſeleſs lay,
To Peneus' ſtream, and Tempe's ſhady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray:

Oft

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His bluſhing Siſter [b] ſaw him pace along;
Oft would his voice the ſilent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender ſong.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the creſted Python ſlain?
Where are his Delphi? his delightful iſle?
The God himſelf is grown a cottage ſwain.

O Ceres, in your golden fields no more
With Harveſt's chearful pomp my fair detain,—
Think what for loſt Proſerpina [c] you bore,
And in a mother's anguiſh feel my pain.

Our wiſer fathers left their fields unſown,
Their food was acorns, Love their ſole employ,
They met, they lik'd, they ſtay'd but till alone,
And in each valley ſnatch'd the honeſt joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors to ſtop deſire,
Thrice happy times!—but O I fondly rave,
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inſpire
I'll do,—I'll plough or dig as Delia's ſlave.

[b] The Goddeſs Diana.
[c] The daughter of Ceres, taken from her by Pluto.

ELEGY III.

BY THE SAME.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers never ſound:

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet ſhall betray,
But cheaply bleſt I'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

With timely care I'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its maſter's hand,
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.

If late at duſk, while careleſsly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtleſs dam.

What

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt?
Or lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy ſink at laſt to reſt?

Or if the ſun in flaming Leo ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray,
And with my Delia, walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with Fancy's dream,
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for Delia, and myſelf alone.

Ah, fooliſh man! who thus of her poſſeſt,
Could float and wander with Ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
Not heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind.

With her I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
Nor truſt to happineſs that's not our own,
The ſmile of Fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope,

Stanhope, in wiſdom as in wit divine,
May riſe and plead Britannia's glorious cauſe,
With ſteady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly Senſe the deep attention draws:

Let Stanhope ſpeak his liſtening country's wrong,
My humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender ſong,
Securely ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

Stanhope ſhall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
With bluſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's patron cull the beſt.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am bleſt,
The favourite ſubject of her gentle reign,
By Love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock,
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And ſleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah! what avails to preſs the ſtately bed,
And far from her 'midſt taſteleſs grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the penſive head,
And, while they murmur, ſtrive in vain to ſleep?

Delia

Delia alone can pleaſe, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight,
With her, enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows thro' every night:

Beauty and Worth alike in her contend
To charm the Fancy, and to fix the mind,
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend;
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when other loves are o'er,
And dying preſs her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand.

O when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Tho' I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill:

O quit the room, O quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart,
O leave me, Delia, e'er thou ſee me dead,
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the coarſe in melancholy ſtate,
Thro' all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wonderous loves relate.

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST,

AS IT IS REPRESENTED ON THE EAST WINDOW OF WINCHESTER COLL. CHAPEL,

WRITTEN AT WINTON SCHOOL BY DR. LOWTH, LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.

AT once to raiſe our reverence and delight,
To elevate the mind, and pleaſe the ſight,
To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
And waft the ſoul on wings of extaſy;
For this the painter's art with nature vies,
And bids the viſionary ſaint ariſe;
Who views the ſacred forms in thought aſpires,
Catches pure zeal, and as he gazes, fires;
Feels the ſame ardour to his breaſt convey'd,
Is what he ſees, and emulates the ſhade.
Thy ſtrokes, great Artiſt, ſo ſublime appear,
They check our pleaſure with an awful fear;
While, thro' the mortal line, the God you trace,
Author himſelf, and Heir of Jeſſe's race;
In raptures we admire thy bold deſign,
And, as the ſubject, own the hand divine.
While thro' thy work the riſing day ſhall ſtream,
So long ſhall laſt thy honour, praiſe, and name.

And

And may thy labours to the Muſe impart
Some emanation from her ſiſter art,
To animate the verſe, and bid it ſhine
In colours eaſy, bright, and ſtrong, as Thine.
  Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
While ſofteſt ſlumbers ſeem to ſeal his eyes;
The hoary ſire Heaven's guardian care demands,
And at his feet the watchful angel ſtands.
The form auguſt and large, the mien divine
Betray the * founder of Meſſiah's line.
Lo! from his loins the promis'd ſtem aſcends,
And high to Heaven its ſacred Boughs extends:
Each limb productive of ſome hero ſprings,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th' eternal plant wide ſpreads its arms around,
And with the mighty Branch the myſtic top is crown'd.
  And lo! the glories of th' illuſtrious line
At their firſt dawn with ripen'd ſplendors ſhine,
In DAVID all expreſs'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man complete.
Serene he ſits, and ſweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See! with what art he ſtrikes the vocal ſtrings,
The God, his theme, inſpiring what he ſings!
Hark,—or our ears delude us—from his tongue
Sweet flows, or ſeems to flow, ſome heavenly ſong,
O! could thine art arreſt the fleeting ſound,
And paint the voice in magic numbers bound;

* Jeſſe.

Could the warm ſun, as erſt when Memnon play'd,
Wake with his riſing beam the vocal ſhade:
Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,
Bending to hear the lay, ſo ſweet, ſo like their own.
On either ſide the monarch's offſpring ſhine,
And ſome adorn, and ſome diſgrace their line.
Here Ammon glories; proud, inceſtuous lord!
This hand ſuſtains the robe, and that the ſword.
Frowning and fierce, with haughty ſtrides he towers,
And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs.
There Abſalom the raviſh'd ſceptre ſways,
And his ſtol'n honour all his ſhame diſplays:
The baſe uſurper Youth! who joins in one
The rebel ſubject, and th' ungrateful ſon.
Amid the royal race, ſee Nathan ſtand:
Fervent he ſeems to ſpeak, and lift his hand;
His looks th' emotion of his ſoul diſcloſe,
And eloquence from every geſture flows.
Such, and ſo ſtern he came, ordain'd to bring
Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty King:
When, at his dreadful voice, a ſudden ſmart
Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conſcious heart;
From his own lips condemn'd; ſevere decree!
Had his God prov'd ſo ſtern a Judge as He.
But man with frailty is ally'd by birth;
Conſummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth:
Thro' all the ſoul tho' virtue holds the rein,
Beats at the heart, and ſprings at every vein:
Yet ever from the cleareſt ſource have ran
Some groſs allay, ſome tincture of the man.

But who is he—deep muſing—in his mind,
He ſeems to weigh in Reaſon's ſcales, Mankind;
Fix'd Contemplation hold his ſteady eyes—
I know the Sage [b]; the wiſeſt of the wiſe.
Bleſt with all man could wiſh, or prince obtain,
Yet his great heart pronounc'd thoſe bleſſings vain.
And lo! bright glittering in his ſacred hands,
In miniature the glorious temple ſtands.
Effulgent frame! ſtupendous to behold!
Gold the ſtrong valves, the roof of burniſh'd gold.
The wandering ark, in that bright dome inſhrin'd,
Spreads the ſtrong light, eternal, unconfin'd!
Above th' unutterable glory plays
Preſence divine! and the full-ſtreaming rays
Pour thro' reluctant crowds intolerable blaze.

But ſtern Oppreſſion rends Reboam's reign;
See the gay prince, injurious, proud, and vain!
Th' imperial ſceptre totters in his hand,
And proud Rebellion triumphs in the land.
Curs'd with Corruption's ever-fruitful ſpring,
A beardleſs Senate, and a haughty King.

There Aſa, good and great, the ſceptre bears,
Juſtice attends his peace, ſucceſs his wars:
While Virtue was his ſword, and Heaven his ſhield,
Without controul the warrior ſwept the field;
Loaded with ſpoils, triumphant he return'd,
And half her ſwarthy ſons ſad Ethiopia mourn'd.

[b] Solomon.

But ſince thy flagging piety decay'd,
And barter'd God's defence for human aid;
See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,
Nor herbs, nor healthful arts avail thee now,
Nor is Heaven chang'd, apoſtate prince, but Thou.
No mean atonement does this lapſe require;
But ſee the Son, you muſt forgive the Sire:
He, [c] the juſt prince—with every virtue bleſt,
He reign'd, and goodneſs all the man poſſeſt,
Around his throne, fair happineſs and peace
Smooth'd every brow, and ſmil'd in every face.
As when along the burning waſte he ſtray'd,
Where no pure ſtreams in bubbling mazes play'd,
Where drought incumbent on the thirſty ground,
Long ſince had breath'd her ſcorching blaſts around;
The [d] prophet calls, th' obedient floods repair
To the parch'd fields, for Joſaphat was there.
The new-ſprung waves, in many a gurgling vein,
Trickle luxurious thro' the ſucking plain;
Freſh honours the reviving fields adorn,
And o'er the deſart Plenty pours her horn.
So, from the throne his influence he ſheds,
And bids the Virtues raiſe their languid heads:
Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
Oppreſſion flies, and Juſtice lifts her ſcales.
See, on his arm, the royal eagle ſtand,
Great type of conqueſt and ſupreme command;

[c] Joſaphat. [d] Eliſha.

Th' exulting

Th' exulting bird diſtinguiſh'd triumph brings,
And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.
Fierce Moab's ſons prevent th' impending blow,
Ruſh on themſelves, and fall without the foe.
The pious Hero vanquiſh'd Heaven by prayer;
His faith an army, and his vows a war.
Thee too, Ozias, fates indulgent bleſt,
And thy days ſhone, in faireſt actions dreſt;
Till that raſh hand, by ſome blind frenzy ſway'd,
Unclean, the ſacred office durſt invade.
Quick o'er thy limbs the ſurfy venom ran,
And hoary filth beſprinkled all the man.
Tranſmiſſive worth adorns the pious [e] Son,
The father's virtues with the father's throne.
Lo! there he ſtands: he who the rage ſubdued
Of Ammon's ſons, and drench'd his ſword in blood,
And doſt thou, Ahaz, Judah's ſcourge, diſgrace,
With thy baſe front, the glories of thy race?
See the vile King his iron ſceptre bear—
His only praiſe attends the pious [f] Heir;
He, in whoſe ſoul the virtues all conſpire,
The beſt good ſon, from the moſt wicked ſire.
And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
Long-exil'd Piety returns again;
Again, in genuine purity ſhe ſhines,
And with her preſence gilds the long-neglected ſhrines.
Ill-ſtarr'd does proud Aſſyria's impious [g] Lord
Bid Heaven to arms, and vaunt his dreadful ſword;

[e] Jotham. [f] Hezekiah. [g] Sennacherib.

His own vain threats th' inſulting King o'erthrow,
But breathe new Courage on the generous foe,
Th' avenging Angel, by divine command,
The fiery ſword full-blazing in his hand,
Leant down from Heaven: amid the ſtorm he rode,
March'd Peſtilence before him; as he trod,
Pale Deſolation bath'd his ſteps in blood.
Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud hoſt he paſt,
Diſpenſing death, and drove the furious blaſt;
Nor bade Deſtruction give her revels o'er,
Till the gorg'd ſword was drunk with human gore.
But what avails thee, pious Prince, in vain
Thy ſceptre reſcued, and th' Aſſyrian ſlain?
Ev'n now the ſoul maintains her lateſt ſtrife,
And Death's chill graſp congeals the fount of life.
Yet ſee, kind Heaven renews thy brittle thread,
And rolls full fifteen ſummers o'er thy head;
Lo! the receding ſun repeats his way,
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
Tho' Nature her inverted courſe forego,
The day forget to reſt, the time to flow,
Yet ſhall Jehovah's ſervants ſtand ſecure,
His mercy fix'd, eternal ſhall endure;
On them her ever-healing rays ſhall ſhine;
More mild, and bright, and ſure, O ſun! than thine.
At length, the long-expected Prince behold,
The laſt good King; in ancient days foretold,
When Bethel's altar ſpoke his future fame,
Rent to its baſe, at good Joſiah's name,

Bleſt,

Bleſt, happy prince! o'er whoſe lamented urn,
In plaintive ſong, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom ſad Sion's ſofteſt Sorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his ſweet melodious woes.
But now fall'n Sion, once the fair and great,
Sits deep in duſt, abandon'd, deſolate;
Bleeds her ſad heart, and ever ſtream her eyes,
And anguiſh tears her, with convulſive ſighs.
The mournful captive ſpreads her hands in vain,
Her hands, that rankle with the ſervile chain;
Till he, [h] Great Chief! in Heaven's appointed time,
Leads back her children to their native clime.
Fair Liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envy'd walls ſecurely riſe.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin ſpread,
Again ſhall lift ſublime thy ſacred head.
But ah! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
A faint reſemblance of the old in you.
No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful anſwers from the myſtic cloud:
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine,
And Heaven has left thy ſolitary ſhrine.
Yet, in thy courts, hereafter ſhalt thou ſee
Preſence immediate of the Deity,
The light himſelf reveal'd, the God confeſt in thee.
And now at length the fated term of years
The world's deſire have brought, and lo! the God appears.

[h] Zorobabel.

The

The Heavenly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,
And her fond looks confeſs the parent's cares,
The pleaſing burden on her breaſt ſhe lays,
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a ſmile ſurveys.
The Infant ſmiles, to her fond boſom preſt,
And wantons, ſportive, on the mother's breaſt.
A radiant glory ſpeaks him all Divine,
And in the Child the beams of Godhead ſhine.
But now alas! far other views diſcloſe
The blackeſt comprehenſive ſcene of woes.
See where man's voluntary ſacrifice
Bows his meek head, and God Eternal dies!
Fixt to the Croſs, his healing arms are bound,
While copious Mercy ſtreams from every wound.
Mark the blood-drops that life exhauſting roll,
And the ſtrong pang that rends the ſtubborn ſoul!
As all death's tortures, with ſevere delay,
Exult and riot in the nobleſt prey,
And can'ſt thou, ſtupid man, thoſe ſorrows ſee,
Nor ſhare the anguiſh which He bears for Thee?
Thy ſin, for which his ſacred Fleſh is torn,
Points every nail, and ſharpens every thorn;
Canſt thou?—while Nature ſmarts in every wound,
And each pang cleaves the ſympathetic ground!
Lo! the black ſun, his chariot backward driven,
Blots out the day, and periſhes from Heaven:
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bear a part,
And the rent rock upbraids man's ſtubborn heart.
The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead ſtart into life again.

And thou, O tomb, once more ſhalt wide diſplay
Thy ſatiate jaws, and give up all thy prey.
Thou, groaning earth, ſhalt heave, abſorpt in flame,
As the laſt pangs convulſe thy labouring frame;
When the ſame God unſhrouded thou ſhalt ſee,
Wrapt in full blaze of Power and Majeſty,
Ride on the clouds; whilſt, as his chariot flies,
The bright effuſion ſtreams thro' all the ſkies.
Then ſhall the proud diſſolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:
The molten deluge round the globe ſhall roar,
And all man's arts and labour be no more.
Then ſhall the ſplendors of th' enliven'd glaſs
Sink undiſtinguiſh'd in the burning maſs.
And, O! till earth, and ſeas, and Heaven decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away;
May winds and ſtorms thoſe beauteous colours ſpare,
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair,
All the vain rage of waſting time repell,
And his Tribunal ſee, whoſe Croſs they paint ſo well.

WINTER PROSPECTS IN THE COUNTRY.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN LONDON, 1756.

BY J. S.

WHile Learning's pleaſing cares my friend detain,
By Thames's banks on London's ſmoaky plain;
Where ſpacious ſtreets their peopled length extend,
And pompous domes and lofty ſpires aſcend:
Far different views the lonely country yields,
Deſerted roads, and unfrequented fields;
Bleak ſcenes, where hoary Winter holds command,
And from his throne of clouds o'erlooks the land;
He frowns—the power of Vegetation dies,
Froſts bind the earth, and Tempeſts rend the ſkies;
Or driving Snows deſcend, or pouring Rains,
Or chilling Vapours hover o'er the plains.
Sometimes awhile the hoary Tyrant ſleeps,
Hid in his cave beneath the watery deeps;
The diſtant ſun extends a chearing ray,
Bright ſmile the ſkies and ſoft the breezes play:

Then

Then airy lawns the morning walk invite,
And rural landſcapes charm the roving ſight,
Mix'd with brown ſtubble, leafleſs woods are ſeen,
And neat-plough'd furrows clad in ſcanty green;
While turbid waters edg'd with yellow reeds
Wind thro' the ruſſet herd-forſaken meads;
And groves that Winter's fierceſt rage diſdain
In fair plantations deck the ſhelter'd plain:
There painted hollies with red berries glow,
And their broad leaves the ſhining laurels ſhow,
And pines and firs their varied verdure blend,
And cedars ſpread, and cypreſſes aſcend.
Pleas'd with the ſcene, I range from field to field,
Till loftier lands remoter proſpects yield;
And there the curious optic tube apply
Till a new world approaches on the eye;
Till where dark wood the hills ſlope ſurface ſhrouds;
Or the blue ſummit mingles with the clouds;
There fair incloſures lie of varied hue,
And trees and houſes riſe diſtinct to view.
But this too oft th' inclement clime denies,
Involv'd in miſty or in watery ſkies;
And yet ev'n then with books engag'd, I find
A ſweet employment for th' exploring mind;
There fair Deſcription ſhews each abſent ſcene,
The corn-clad mountain and the daiſied green;
There over diſtant lands my fancy roves,
Thro' India's cany iſles and palmy groves;

Where clear ſtreams wander thro' luxuriant vales,
Midſt cloudleſs ſkies and ever-tepid gales,
While Spring ſits ſmiling in her brighteſt bloom,
And calls around her every rich perfume.

HYMN FROM PSALM LXV.

BY THE SAME.

PRAISE to th' Almighty Lord of Heaven ariſe,
Who fix'd the mountains, and who ſpread the ſkies;
Who o'er his works extends paternal care,
Whoſe kind protection all the nations ſhare;
From the glad climes whence morn in beauty dreſt,
Forth goes rejoicing to the fartheſt weſt;
On Him alone their whole dependance lies,
And his rich mercy every want ſupplies.
O Thou, great Author of th' extended Whole,
Revolving Seaſons praiſe thee as they roll:
By thee Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter riſe,
Thou giv'ſt the frowning, Thou the ſmiling ſkies;
By thy command the ſoftening ſhower diſtils,
Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills;
Then favouring ſunſhine o'er the clime extends,
And, bleſt by thee, the verdant blade aſcends:

Next Spring's gay products clothe the flowery hills,
And joy the wood, and joy the valley fills;
Then ſoon thy bounty ſwells the golden ear,
And bids the harveſt crown the fruitful year:
Thus all thy works conſpicuous worſhip raiſe,
And Nature's face proclaims her Maker's praiſe.

SONNET.

APOLOGY FOR RETIREMENT, 1766.

BY THE SAME.

WHY aſks my Friend what chears the paſſing day,
Where theſe lone fields my rural home incloſe;
That me no ſcenes the pompous city ſhows
Lure from that rural reſidence away?

Now thro' my laurel groves I muſing ſtray,
Now breathe the gale that o'er the lilac blows,
Now in my grotto's ſolemn cells repoſe,
Or down the ſmooth vale wind at evening gray;

Now charms the lofty Poet's tuneful lay,
Where Muſic fraught with fair Inſtruction flows;

Now

Now Delia's converſe makes the moments gay,
The nymph for love and innocence I choſe:
O Friend! the man who joys like theſe can taſte
On Vice and Folly needs no hour to waſte.

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

OF Adverſe Fortune gentle Shenſtone 'plain'd,
The liberal ſoul, the taſte that Nature gave;
In narrow bounds her partial hand reſtrain'd,
But pour'd profuſion on the titled ſlave:

Like his my lot, alike by me diſdain'd
The pomp of courts, one only boon I crave,
O'er my fields fair as thoſe Elyſian feign'd,
To bid the green walk wind, the green wood wave;

On the high hill to raiſe the higher tower,
To ope wide proſpects over diſtant plains,
Where by broad rivers, towns, and villa's riſe;
Taſte prompts the wiſh, but Fortune bounds the power,
Yet while Health chears, and Competence ſuſtains,
Theſe more than all Contentment bids me prize.

SONNET.

To DELIA.

BY THE SAME.

THRICE has the year its varied circuit run,
And chearful, Delia, have the moments flown,
Since with my love for thee, my care begun
To form thy tender mind to virtue prone:

The flatteries of my ſex I bade thee ſhun,
I bade thee ſhun the follies of thy own;
Fictitious manners by example won,
Alike to truth and innocence unknown:

Say, blooming Maiden, in whoſe gentle breaſt
Reigns ſimple Nature undiſguis'd by Art,
Now amply try'd by time's unerring teſt,
How juſt the dictates of this faithful heart,
That with the joys thy favouring ſmiles impart,
Deems all its cares repair'd, itſelf ſupremely bleſt.

SONNET.

To BRITANNIA.

BY THE SAME.

RENown'd Britannia! lov'd parental land,
Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye;
Whene'er the weight of Want's afflicting hand
Wakes o'er thy vales the Poor's perſuaſive cry:

When Slaves in office Freemen's rights withſtand,
When Wealth enormous ſets th' Oppreſſor high,
And Bribes thy ductile Senators command;
Then mourn, for then thy Fate approacheth nigh.

Not from perfidious Gaul, or haughty Spain,
Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main,
Tho' leagu'd in war tremendous round thy ſhore,
But from thyſelf, thy Ruin muſt proceed;
Nor boaſt thy Power, for know it is decreed,
Thy Freedom gone, thy Power ſhall be no more.

ON READING

MRS. MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY THE SAME.

TO Albion's Bards, the Muſe of Hiſtory ſpoke;
" Record the glories of your native land,
" How her brave ſons the bonds of Slavery broke,
" And Power's fell rod tore from th' Oppreſſor's hand.

" Give to renown the Patriot's noble deeds,
" Brand with diſgrace the Tyrant's hated name;
" Tho' Falſhood oft' awhile the mind miſleads,
" Impartial Time beſtows impartial Fame."

She ſaid, and ſoon the lofty lyre they ſtrung,
But, artful, chang'd the ſubject and the lore,
Applauſe of courts and courtly ſlaves they ſung,
But touch'd on Freedom's genuine notes no more.

The ſervile ſtrain the Muſe indignant heard,
Anxious for Truth, for Public Virtue warm,
She, Freedom's faithful advocate, appear'd,
And bore on earth the fair MACAULAY's form.

WRITTEN AT THE HERMITAGE

AT ALDERSBROOK, MDCCLXI.

BY MR. C———.

WHoe'er thou art whom chance or choice may bring
To theſe fair groves of venerable ſhade,
The group of tall elms and the ſilver ſpring,
Blame not the man who theſe his choice has made.

Haſt thou not heard, that in a venal age
Wiſe Scipio from the walls of Rome retir'd;
Content to muſe on Nature's ſimple page[1],
And ſcenes the oft'ner view'd, the more admir'd.

Silent, like him, oft let me range the wood,
At morn's inſpiring hour, or twilight grey,
And frequent ſit where Reddon's ancient flood
Winds thro' delightful meads its chryſtal way:
Ye Great! unenvy'd 'midſt your grandeur ſhine,
Whilſt days of tranquil Solitude are mine!

[1] In the words of Linternum, "Never leſs alone than when alone," was his favourite ſaying.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO A SHEPHERD.

BY THE SAME.

SHepherd! ſeek not wealth nor power,
Let the verdant woodbine bower,
And the hills, and vales, and trees,
And the lonely cottage pleaſe.
Can the gaudy gilded room
Vie with fields in vernal bloom?
Or Italian airs excel
Plaintive tuneful Philomel?
Can the futile arts of dreſs
Grace thy modeſt Shepherdeſs?
Happier in her humble ſphere,
Than the daughters of the peer.
'Midſt the city's tempting glare
Dwell Diſeaſe, and Strife, and Care:
Quit not then the farm or fold,
Nor exchange thy Peace for Gold.

ODE ON AUTUMN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXI.

BY THE SAME.

ADIEU the pleaſing rural ſcene,
Sequeſter'd ſhades and meadows green,
The field thick ſpread with ſheaves of corn,
The walk at early hour of morn.

No linnet's ſalutary ſong
Soft echoes now the ſprays among:
No nightingale's more plaintive ſtrain
Soothes the lone peaſant on the plain.

The vales their chearful green reſign,
And on their ſtems the flowers decline:
No more we wiſh to paſs the hour
Where elms and lilacs form a bower.

And ſee the ſwallows leave their home,
To diſtant, warmer climes they roam;
Where zephyrs coo and grateful ſhowers
Still wake the fair autumnal flowers.

How

How fade the glories of the year!
They bloom awhile and diſappear,
And, melancholy truth, fond man!
Thy life's a flower, thy day's a ſpan.

Parent of All! tremendous Power!
Whom every realm and tongue adore,
Whoſe mandate form'd earth's ſpacious plain,
And the immeaſurable main.

Proſtrate before thy throne we bow,
Author of circling ſeaſons Thou!
O haſten happier days, and bring
One glorious, One Eternal Spring.

EPITAPH ON A PEASANT.

BY THE SAME.

THE Swain who own'd yon rural cot
Now lies near this ſequeſter'd ſpot.
With his induſtrious faithful wife
He trod the path of humble life,
Nor knew the ſorrows which await
The trifling revels of the great:

Here village lads at evening hour
Shall ſtrew the lately gather'd flower,
And penſive nymphs aſſemble here,
To ſhed a ſympathetic tear.
O Stranger! thy ſad tribute give,
Like Damon die, like Damon live!
For Virtue laſting plaudit gains,
When freed from theſe terreſtrial plains.

PSALM CXXXVII.

BY THE SAME.

WHere the fair ſtreams of fam'd Euphrates ſtray,
And make the vales of Babylonia gay,
On the green borders of the ſilver flood,
Judea's exil'd mournful children ſtood:
A penſive band, oppreſt with grief ſevere,
For Zion's fate they ſhed the frequent tear;
Their ſilent harps, ſo tuneful late, unſtrung,
High on the branches of the willows hung;
When lo! their enemies demand the ſtrains
That erſt reſounded ſweet on Judah's plains.—
How ſhall theſe ſongs, Jehovah, Sovereign King!
In this ſtrange clime thy captive people ſing?

Let

Let my right hand forget the note to play,
Let my mute tongue forget to tune the lay,
If e'er my thought neglectful, faithleſs roves,
From thee, O Salem! and thy ſacred groves:
But, mighty Lord! remember thou their ſeed,
Who bade thy city mourn, thy people bleed!
Shall not e'er long proud Babel's turrets fall,
And in her fair ſtreets noiſome reptiles crawl;
Her haughty warriors pale and breathleſs lie,
Daſh'd on the ſtones her helpleſs infants die,
The woes we ſuffer be to her repaid,
And all her glory ſunk in everlaſting ſhade?

THE LATTER PART OF

HABBAKUK, CHAPTER III.

BY THE SAME.

THO' in Judea's mead the verdant blade
Nipt by ungenial froſt full ſudden fade;
Tho' the ripe fig, pride of the garden gay,
Touch'd by the ſun's too fervid beam decay;
Tho' fairer vines the raging whirlwind blaſt,
And olives uſeleſs on the heap are caſt;

Tho'

Tho' ſtruck by Death the bleating firſtlings fall,
Vacant the fold, untenanted the ſtall;
Yet ſtill to Thee, Jehovah! Power ſupreme!
My guide, my only hope, and conſtant theme!
I liſp the feeble ſtrain, and bow the knee,
And own inceſſant Strength belongs to Thee!
O let thy Love with rapture fill my breaſt,
And lead thro' life's untrodden wilds—to Reſt.

ODE TO SLEEP.

BY T—— S——, M. D.

SOFT Sleep, profoundly pleaſing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O liſten from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod;
Extend thy ſilent, ſoothing ſway,
And charm the canker Care away.
Whether thou lov'ſt to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and ſmiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better ſuit a king;

The

The glittering hoſt, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train:
Or ſhould a milder viſion pleaſe,
Preſent the happy ſcenes of Peace;
Plump Autumn bluſhing all around,
Rich Induſtry with Toil embrown'd;
Content with brow ſerenely gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

ODE TO MIRTH.

BY THE SAME.

PArent of Joy! heart-eaſing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
Yet Goddeſs ſure of heavenly birth,
Viſit benign a ſon of Grief forlorn:
Thy glittering colours gay,
Around him, Mirth, diſplay;
And o'er his raptur'd ſenſe
Diffuſe thy living influence:
So ſhall each hill in purer green array'd,
And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
The grove ſhall ſmooth the horrors of his ſhade,
And ſtreams in murmurs ſhall forget to flow.

Shine,

Shine, Goddeſs, ſhine with unremitting ray,
And gild (a ſecond ſun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can ſmile with thee,
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak the uplifted arm of Tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His univerſal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden ſhower.
Lo! Darkneſs trembling 'fore the hoſtile ray
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn;
The brood obſcene, that own her gloomy ſway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale ſhivering ghoſts, that dread th' all-chearing light,
Quick, as the lightnings flaſh, glide to ſepulchral night.

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple ſtream
O'er the long proſpect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I ſee her ſit
In majeſty of light,
With Laughter at her ſide.
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltleſs ſtrikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Paſſion's rage,

Nor

Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the ſuppliant Poet's prayer;
No cloud, that rides the blaſt, ſhall vex the troubled air.

ODE TO A SINGING BIRD.

BY MR. RICHARDSON,

OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXON.

O Thou that glad'ſt my loneſome hours
With many a wildly warbled ſong,
When Melancholy round me low'rs,
And drives her ſullen ſtorms along;
When fell Adverſity prepares
To lead her delegated train,
Pale Sickneſs, Want, Remorſe, and Pain,
With all her hoſt of carking cares—
The fiends ordain'd to tame the human ſoul,
And give the humbled heart to Sympathy's controul.

Sweet ſoother of my miſery, ſay,
Why doſt thou clap thy joyous wing?
Why doſt thou pour that artleſs lay?
How canſt thou, little priſoner, ſing?

Haſt

Haſt thou not cauſe to grieve
That man, unpitying man! has rent
From thee the boon which Nature meant
Thou ſhould'ſt, as well as he, receive?
The power to woo thy partner in the grove,
To build where inſtinct points; where chance directs, to rove.

Perchance, unconſcious of thy fate,
And to the woes of bondage blind,
Thou never long'ſt to join thy mate,
Nor wiſheſt to be unconfin'd;
Then how relentleſs he,
And fit for every foul offence,
Who could bereave ſuch innocence
Of life's beſt bleſſing, Liberty!
Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous ſnare,
To live a tuneful ſlave, and diſſipate his care.

But why for thee this fond complaint?
Above thy maſter thou art bleſt:
Art thou not free?—Yes; calm Content,
With olive ſceptre, ſways thy breaſt:
Then deign with me to live;
The falcon with inſatiate maw,
With hooked bill and griping claw,
Shall ne'er thy deſtiny contrive:
And every tabby foe ſhall mew in vain,
While penſively demure ſhe hears thy melting ſtrain.

Nor

Nor ſhall the fiend, fell Famine, dare
Thy wiry tenement aſſail;
Theſe, theſe ſhall be my conſtant care,
The limpid fount, and temperate meal:
And when the blooming Spring
In checquer'd livery robes the fields,
The faireſt flowrets Nature yields
To thee officious will I bring;
A garland rich thy dwelling ſhall entwine,
And Flora's freſheſt gifts, thrice happy bird, be thine.

From drear Oblivion's gloomy cave
The powerful Muſe ſhall wreſt thy name,
And bid thee live beyond the grave——
This meed ſhe knows thy merits claim;
She knows thy liberal heart
Is ever ready to diſpenſe
The tide of bland Benevolence,
And Melody's ſoft aid impart;
Is ready ſtill to prompt the magic lay,
Which huſhes all our griefs, and charms our pains away.

Erewhile when brooding o'er my ſoul
Frown'd the black dæmons of Deſpair,
Did not thy voice that power controul,
And oft ſuppreſs the riſing tear?
If Fortune ſhould be kind,
If e'er with affluence I'm bleſt,
I'll often ſeek ſome friend diſtreſt,
And when the weeping wretch I find,

Then,

Then, tuneful moraliſt, I'll copy thee,
And ſolace all his woes with ſocial ſympathy.

ELEGY ON A HUMMING-BIRD.

WRITTEN IN A FLOWER-GARDEN.

BY ———.

A Humming-Bird, by Nature led,
On Nature's bounteous honey fed;
In every flower beheld a feaſt,
And every ſip her charms increas'd:

Her plumage various, gaudy, bright,
Surpaſs'd Aurora's radiant light;
Tho' burniſh'd o'er with golden rays,
As dreſt in Arioſto's lays.

O had you ſeen her glowing breaſt,
Which every tint by turns expreſt,
Succeeding tints the paſt renewing,
You had wiſh'd to be for ever viewing.

But, ſweet inconſtant! ſhe would fly
From flower to flower, and foil the eye;
Each motion giving ſomething new,
No ſooner ſeen than vaniſh'd too.

One morn on murmuring wing ſuſpended,
She to thoſe well-known pinks deſcended;
Here hung a moment, ſipt the dew,
And elſewhere, gaily wanton, flew.

Her little crimſon pinions play'd,
As thro' th' enamell'd plain ſhe ſtray'd;
By every fragrant flower invited,
Which to delight her ſeem'd delighted.

I ſaw her, in an evil-hour,
Approach a deep-mouth trumpet-flower,
Within whoſe fatal tube, O me!
With mortal dagger, lurk'd a bee:

Deceitful weed! for ever may
Your filthy flower avoid the day,
Your nauſeous odours taint the morn,
Yourſelf the dire [k] Peruvian Thorn!

May you, compell'd, pernicious bees!
Supply your murmuring hives from theſe;
By day reſtrain your buſy flight,
Condemn'd to labour in the night.

Within her breaſt, ſecure of harm,
The feather'd Venus rais'd alarm,
Enrag'd the little, jealous thing,
And in her neck he plung'd his ſting.

[k] Thorny Apple of Peru, call'd in Virginia The James-Town Weed.

Say, haſt thou ſeen a courſer ſtart—
An arrow fly—the lightning dart?
Far ſwifter, wrung with raging pain,
The Beauty cleft the airy plain;

Her courſe unſteady, high and low,
Too well explain'd her inward woe;
Her ſtrength decreaſing, and her ſpeed,
Her feeble wings refuſing aid,

Her tender frame with fevers burn'd,
Her little brain to frenzy turn'd,
The charm of Nature, and the pride,
In many circles, ſunk and died.

Her pureſt nectar erſt ſhe drew
From hence, here lie her beauties too;
Where never flower the wandering eye
Hath ſince rejoic'd. (All bards will lie).
" The ways of Pleaſure promiſe fair,
" But Miſchief oft conceal'd lies there."

A MORNING SOLILOQUY ON DEAFNESS.

BY ——.

NATURE! thy genial call I hear,
Which wakes the morn and me,
And ſeems to ſtrike upon my ear,
Tho' deaf to all but thee:
To me the hours in ſilence roll away;
No muſic greets the dawn, or mourns the cloſe of day.

To me the ſky-larks, pois'd aloft,
In ſilence ſeem to play,
And hail no more in warblings ſoft
The riſing dawn of day;
For me in vain they ſwell their liquid throats,
Contemplative I muſe, nor hear the jocund notes.

To me the ſhepherd pipes in vain,
In vain the milkmaid ſings;
Loſt are the bleatings of the plain,
The gurgling of the ſprings;
No more I hear the nightingale complain,
When to the moon ſhe chaunts her ſad love-labour'd ſtrain.

And when with me Lucinda ſtrays
Along the breezy grove,
In tranſport on her charms I gaze,
And think ſhe talks of love:
Ah! ceaſe, dear maid, to talk of love in vain,
For ſmiles alone to me the voice of love explain.

Pygmalion thus, when he ſurvey'd
The work his hand had form'd,
Enamour'd wiſh'd to ſee the maid
With mutual paſſion warm'd,
And as he woo'd his ear he oft inclin'd,
Whilſt yet no voice of love reliev'd his anxious mind.

Ceaſe thy complaints (methinks ev'n now
The voice of Reaſon cries)
Diſpel the gloom that clouds thy brow,
Suppreſs the heaving ſighs:
What Fate decrees 'tis folly to bewail;
Weigh then the good and ill in Wiſdom's equal ſcale.

No more in Friendſhip's thin diſguiſe
Shall Flattery ſoothe thine ear,
Experienc'd kindneſs makes thee wiſe,
To know thy friend ſincere;
No more ſhalt thou attend to Faction's cries,
The taunts of jealous Pride, or Envy's blaſting lyes.

No more ſhall now thy mind be toſt
By every breath of praiſe;
No more thy reaſon ſhall be loſt
In controverſy's maze;
Thou ſafe thro' life's ſequeſter'd vale ſhalt go,
And learn from Nature's works her wiſe decrees to know.

THE HERMIT.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
"And guide my lonely way
"To where yon taper chears the vale
"With hoſpitable ray.

"For here, forlorn and loſt I tread,
"With fainting ſteps and ſlow,
"Where wilds immeaſurably ſpread
"Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my ſon," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom,
"For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
"To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houſeleſs child of Want
" My door is open ſtill;
" And tho' my portion is but ſcant,
" I give it with good will:

" Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
" Whate'er my cell beſtows;
" My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
" My bleſſing, and repoſe.

" No flocks that range the valley free
" To ſlaughter I condemn;
" Taught by that Power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them:

" But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
" A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
" A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
" And water from the ſpring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
" All earth-born cares are wrong:
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from Heaven deſcends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket opening with a latch
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crowds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And chear'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſt, and ſmil'd,
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the Hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſt:
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
" The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

" From better habitations ſpurn'd,
" Reluctant doſt thou rove?
" Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
" Or unregarded love?

" Alas! the joys that fortune brings
" Are trifling, and decay;
" And thoſe who prize the paltry thing
" More trifling ſtill than they.

" And what is Friendſhip but a name,
" A charm that lulls to ſleep,
" A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
" And leaves the wretch to weep?

" And Love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
" The modern fair-one's jeſt,
" On earth unſeen, or only found
" To warm the turtles neſt.

" For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
" And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms,
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

"And ah! forgive a ſtranger rude,
"A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd,
"Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
"Where Heaven and you reſide.

"But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
"Whom Love has taught to ſtray;
"Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
"Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
"A wealthy Lord was he;
"And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
"He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
"Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
"Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
"And felt or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
" With richeſt proffers ſtrove ;
" Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humble ſimpleſt habit clad,
" No wealth or power had he ;
" Wiſdom and worth were all he had ;
" But theſe were all to me.

" The bloſſom opening to the day
" The dews of heaven refin'd,
" Could nought of purity diſplay
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the bloſſoms of the tree,
" With charms inconſtant ſhine ;
" Their charms were his, but woe to me,
" Their conſtancy was mine.

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain ;
" And while his paſſion touch'd my heart
" I triumph'd in his pain ;

" Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride,
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn
" In ſecret, where he died.

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life ſhall pay,
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
" And ſtretch me where he lay—

" And there forlorn, deſpairing hid,
" I'll lay me down and die;
" 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
" And ſo for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt;
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide;
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear;
" My charmer, turn to ſee
" Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
" Reſtor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And every care reſign;
" And ſhall we never, never part,
" My life—my all that's mine.

" No, never, from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love ſo true;
" The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE BELDAMES.

BY ——,

HAIL, happy Beldames! yours thoſe joys
Which time, nor accident deſtroys.
Sickneſs and cares your bliſs dilate,
And pain but whets your luſt of hate.
The flower of Youth will ſoon decay,
Health, Beauty, Pleaſure fade away:
Sharp ſorrows ſting the breaſt humane,
And hopes are falſe, and wiſhes vain.
But hence your joys eternal flow,
Their ſource exhauſtleſs, human woe.
For you fierce War high-piles his dead,
Diſeaſe thick-ſtrews her ſqualid bed;
Famine and Plagues their myriads ſweep,
And Tempeſts laſh th' all-whelming deep.
The fiery meteors hear your call,
And houſes blaze, and temples fall.
But far remote from Britain's eye
The vaſter ſcenes of ruin lie:
The cities in Vulcanos loſt,
The ſcatter'd realms in whirlwinds toſt,
Or, feller ſcourge, a Tyrant's brand
Wide-flaming o'er a blaſted land:

Imperfect

Imperfect joy, the wretch unknown,
Unmark'd the pang, unheard the groan.
Here mighty Horror ſcarce appears;
One plague perhaps in ninety years:
And Faction, long depriv'd of food,
Sits pining over public good;
Or feeds, with ſelf-tormenting ſpleen,
In preſent bliſs, on ills foreſeen.
But here more exquiſite delight
From private woes ſoothes rancorous Spight.
In pride of youth our Frederic dies,
And Anguiſh ſeals my Lonſdale's eyes:
Richmond his generous ſoul reſign'd,
And Ca'ndiſh, friend to human kind,
Ev'n thoughtleſs [1] Pleaſure droop'd her head,
While Britain wept o'er Pelham's bed.
Yet ſuch your joys, as when the bell
Firſt toll'd unhappy S ——'s knell;
When by that hand, which thouſands fed,
The beſt, the braveſt Briton bled;
And clos'd a life in virtue paſt
With one wrong deed, his firſt and laſt.
Whether impure and hard of ſoul
The Daughter mix'd the deadly bowl;
Or if ſeducing Love betray'd
To crimes unknown the yielding maid;
Whether in weakneſs or in guilt,
One joy is ſure, her blood is ſpilt:

[1] Upon Mr. Pelham's death the places of public diverſion were for a time deſerted.

And

And ſtill to raiſe the tranſport higher,
Believe her innocent expire!
  By no degree, no ſex defin'd,
Their Virtues ſtamp the Beldame-kind,
Who cringe and ſlander, ſting and fawn,
In rags, or lace, or fur, or lawn;
Whether in perriwigs or pinners,
If Whitefield's ſaints, or Arthur's ſinners;
If now the ſcold at Wapping flames,
Or flaunts a Dutcheſs at St. James';
Alike, if they revile or flatter,
(Who lie in praiſe, will lie in ſatire)
All the foul ſiſterhood compoſe,
All thoſe, and all reſembling thoſe.
  But ſome, in hoary Age's train,
By ſixty winters chill'd in vain,
With hearts that melt, and nerves that feel,
Diſplay a breaſt unarm'd with ſteel.
How few are theſe! and of theſe few
Good Heaven hath ſeiz'd on Montagu.
Germain yet lives, not half reveal'd,
Her bounties more than half conceal'd;
And ſhould I add another name,
Bluſhing ſhe flies purſuing Fame.
For ſuch is Virtue's aukward pride,
Scarce more intent to give than hide.
Peace to all ſuch in ſilent ſtate,
So few ſcarce worth the Beldame's hate.
  'Tis not enough that Nature's plan
To Cares, to Death predeſtines Man;

That

That ev'n thoſe few, we happy call,
Bend to the general doom of all,
While bliſs, a ſcanty portion, flows
Mixt in the ſtream of bitter woes:
Not one eſcapes the Beldame's hate,
Great leveller to one eſtate.
As in the Sun's meridian blaze
A cloud obſcene of inſects plays,
Or with invenom'd ſting invades
The quiet of ſequeſter'd ſhades,
Now ſwarms on filth, and now pollutes
The nectar of the faireſt fruits:
So thro' each rank, thro' every ſtage
Wantons the ceaſeleſs Beldame's rage.
Sublimely rapt in patriot heat,
Furious ſhe ſhakes the Monarch's ſeat,
Now ſtooping ſpurns the lowly cell
Where calm Content, and Concord dwell,
Well pleas'd degraded Worth to ſee,
Or Felons load the groaning tree.
Yet ſhall the tear of Pity flow,
Yet ſhall her hand exalt the low;
Shall pull aſpiring Merit down,
And deck the baſe with Honor's crown;
Intent to lower, not fond to raiſe,
Hatred her friendſhip, ſpite her praiſe.
Or when ſome all-reſpected name,
High-borne upon the tide of Fame,
In Glory's pomp reſiſtleſs draws
A nation breathleſs in applauſe;

The Beldame loud exalts her voice,
And bids a gladden'd world rejoice;
Yet then diſſembling Art will blend
Th' unwilling cenſure of a Friend:
Laviſh in praiſe ſhe pours her ſoul,
But one Exception damns the whole.

Behold the Fiend all pallid ſtand,
A pencil trembling in her hand:
See Malice mix the various dies
Of fainter truths and bolder lies.
The deepening gloom thick ſpreads around
And lowering ſhades the duſky ground.
There Sickneſs blights the cheek of Health,
And Beggary ſoils the robe of Wealth.
Here, Columns moulder in decay;
There, Virtue ſets with dubious ray.
Now heavenly Beauty fades, and now
The laurel droops on Valour's brow.

Around the Dæmon throngs her race,
The weak, the buſy, and the baſe;
Eager to copy, and diſperſe:
Hence ſlanderous Proſe, and ribald Verſe;
The heaps that crowd Suilla's board,
And ſwell wiſe Paulo's precious hoard.
There Scandal all its ſtore unloads,
Ballads, and Epigrams, and Odes:
Stern Party whets her blunted knife,
And ſtabs the Huſband thro' the Wife;
While Notes hiſtorically ſage
Fill the broad margin of each Page;

Initials,

Initials, daſhes well ſupply'd,
And all that fear or ſhame would hide;
Faithful record for future times
To harden by their fathers' crimes.
No Beldam Bard with phrenzy fir'd,
No propheteſs by hell inſpir'd,
Creative boaſts ſo rich a vein
As ſwells the Beldame's teeming brain,
And mocking ſtudy, wit, and ſenſe,
Flows in unletter'd eloquence.
Thus beyond Truth's contracted line
Invention's Univerſe is thine.
Thine every tale that Fiction brings,
Whether ſhe ſoars with painted wings,
Or plunges in the depths of night
For horrid deeds, unknown to light.
There ſhould ſhe mark ſome real blot,
Tho' long forgiv'n, tho' long forgot;
God's cancell'd Grace her rage reſumes,
The crime rejudg'd, the man ſhe dooms;
In deeper dyes ſhe ſpreads the ſtain,
And pitying Heaven relents in vain.
Fitly, o'er Libya's horrid ſand,
The javelin arms the Huntſman's hand.
Lo! where the mangled traveller lies,
Drawn by the falſe Hyæna's cries;
And dreadful ſtalking o'er the plain,
The Lion ſhakes his brindled main.
But why ſhall barbarous Rage invade
The tenant of yon peaceful ſhade,

While iſſuing with the morning's dawn,
Playful ſhe prints the dewy lawn?
O why that hoſtile pomp prepare
To vex the timorous harmleſs hare?
As if ſome monſter, yet untam'd,
Single a hoſt of Heroes claim'd:
While Echo o'er the hills reſounds
Horſemen, and ſteeds, and horns, and hounds.
Such, nor leſs eager in their chace,
Forth ſprings the clamorous Beldame race:
Harſh Chorus of diſcordant notes
From yelping tongues and time-crack'd throats:
Where lewder Youth outſtrips the wind,
And limping Eighty lags behind:
Yet faithful to the beaten track
The ſlow-pac'd ſluggard hunts the pack.
Meek Virtue to the covert flies
With panting heart and clouded eyes.
Ah! ſpare the gentle coward's fears
Who only anſwers with her tears;
And trembles at imputed ſin
Tho' all be innocence within.
But Lions to their ſhaggy breaſt
Shall foſtering preſs the fearleſs gueſt;
The ſooth'd Hyæna ſhed a tear
O'er proſtrate man, with ſoul ſincere;
The Prieſt with heſitating hand
Awhile ſuſpend th' uplifted brand;
Ere Pity melts the Beldame's eyes,
Glutted with human ſacrifice.

With liquid fire the goblet crown'd,
The livid tapers gleaming round,
While Wiſdom, Valour, Beauty ſleep,
The midnight hags their ſabbath keep:
And recent from impure delights
Fell Hecat' leads th' infernal rites.
O'er her wan cheek diffuſely ſpread
Fierce glares the bright vermillion's red.
The borrow'd hair in ringlets flows
Adown her neck of art-form'd ſnows;
While baleful drugs in vain renew
Departing Beauty's faded hue.
Some ſpotleſs name their rage demands,
The name rebellowing thro' the bands;
Some holy Sage of ſainted life,
A Virgin pure, a faithful Wife.
And you, who dauntleſs dar'd to brave
The ruthleſs foe and threatening wave,
Vainly you 'ſcap'd th' unequal fight;
Deep yawns the gulph of deadlier ſpight;
There plung'd—th' inſatiate Beldames roar,
And the wide ruin gapes for more.
Where trees their mantling foliage ſpread,
And roſes bend their blooming head,
Ye, Virgins, tread with cautious feet,
And cautious pluck the tempting ſweet:
There lurks the ſnake with ſpeckled creſt,
There broods the toad with bloated breaſt;
With poiſons dire the reptiles fill'd,
From Heaven's tranſparent dews diſtill'd.

—But O! more wary trace the maze,
Where Youth in frolic paſtime plays:
There dread the ſpight-ſwoln Beldame's wrath,
Glancing thro' Pleaſure's flowery path,
And ſubtle drawing foul offence
From the chaſte breath of innocence.
Or ſhould the tender boſom yield
Tranſpierc'd thro' Honor's frailer ſhield;
O Virtue ſmooth thy brow auſtere,
Accept the penitential tear:
Raiſe the fall'n mourner from the ground,
And pour ſweet mercy o'er the wound;
Nor join theſe furies in their chace,
Nor drive her 'midſt that helliſh race.
Angels ſhall hear the ſuppliant's voice,
And Beldames howl, and Heaven rejoice.
Let the obdurate Stoic's pride
Climb the ſteep mountain's craggy ſide;
Where far remote from mortal ken
Virtue uſurps the Tyger's den,
And ſcowling on the crowd below
Nor feels, nor pities human woe.
Let holy zeal, with frantic mien,
And haggard look and garb obſcene,
Spurn every gift the Heavens diſpenſe,
And pine in ſullen abſtinence;
Yet drink with eager ears and eyes
The tortur'd wretches agonies.
Hence, hell-born Fiends! nor dare bely
The Seraph with indulgent eye:

Whence Science beams eternal day,
Enlightening millions with her ray;
Whence Arts their genial influence ſpread
O'er ſmiling Nature's teeming bed;
Whence Bounty with extended hand
Scatters her bleſſings o'er the land;
And Love, the univerſal ſoul,
Pervades, unites, inſpires the whole.
So Virtue dwelt, celeſtial gueſt,
O Lonſdale! in thy ſpotleſs breaſt.
Tho' pure as Heaven from moral ſtain,
Tho' torn with unrelenting pain,
'Twas thine for others woes to melt,
And pardon frailties never felt.
While Youth thy gayer converſe ſought,
And Age inſtructed heard and thought.
And thou, my Friend, for ſuch my claim,
And ſuch my beſt, my deareſt Fame,
Tho' Time with ſhrivel'd fingers throws
Thick o'er thy head unmingled ſnows,
Still in that eye the ſpark divine
Shall with unfading luſtre ſhine;
Still flow the ſtream of copious ſenſe
Clear as in Attic eloquence.
So thro' the meadow's ſilver bed,
With lilies and with ſnow-drops ſpread,
Far-honour'd Thames, our Britain's pride,
Majeſtic rolls his cryſtal tide,
Where many an ancient brook diſtils
Its wealth in tributary rills.

And in the happy ſocial hour
Well ſav'd from ſtate, and cares, and power,
Long may I come a welcome gueſt
To ſhare the treaſures of that breaſt,
Where Spleen ne'er rankled at the heart,
Nor Malice lodg'd her ruſty dart.

ODE TO THE RIVER EDEN.

BY DR. J. LANGHORNE.

DElightful Eden! parent ſtream,
Yet ſhall the maids of Memory ſay,
When, led by Fancy's fairy dream,
My young ſteps trac'd thy winding way;
How oft along thy mazy ſhore,
Where ſlowly wav'd the willows hoar,
In penſive thought their poet ſtray'd;
Or, dozing near thy meadow'd ſide,
Beheld thy dimply waters glide,
Bright thro' trembling ſhade.

Yet ſhall they paint thoſe ſcenes again,
Where once with infant-joy he play'd,
And bending o'er thy liquid plain,
The azure worlds below ſurvey'd:

Led

Led by the roſy-handed hours,
When Time tript o'er that bank of flowers,
Which in thy cryſtal boſom ſmil'd:
Tho' old the God, yet light and gay,
He flung his glaſs, his ſcythe away,
And ſeem'd himſelf, a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near
Would whiſper to thy murmurs free;
Yet ruſtling ſeems to ſoothe mine ear,
And trembles when I ſigh for thee.
Yet ſeated on thy ſhelving brim,
Can Fancy ſee the Naiads trim
Burniſh their green locks in the ſun;
Or at the laſt lone hour of day,
To chace the lighty glancing jay,
In airy circles run.

But, Fancy, can thy mimic power
Again thoſe happy moments bring?
Canſt thou reſtore that golden hour,
When young Joy wav'd his laughing wing?
When firſt in Eden's roſy vale,
My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,
The vow ſincere, devoid of guile!
While Delia in her panting breaſt,
With ſighs, the tender thought ſuppreſt,
And look'd as angels ſmile.

O Goddeſs of the cryſtal brow,
That dwell'ſt the golden meads among;
Whoſe ſtreams ſtill fair in memory flow,
Whoſe murmurs melodize my ſong!
O! yet thoſe gleams of joy diſplay,
Which brightening glow'd in Fancy's ray,
When, near thy lucid urn reclin'd,
The Dryad, Nature, bar'd her breaſt,
And left, in naked charms impreſt,
Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of Memory fair
No more in golden viſions play;
No friendſhip ſmooths the brow of care,
No Delia's ſmile approves my lay.
Yet, love and friendſhip loſt to me,
'Tis yet ſome joy to think of thee,
And in thy breaſt this moral find;
That life, tho' ſtain'd with ſorrow's ſhowers,
Shall flow ſerene, while Virtue pours
Her ſunſhine on the mind.

ON THE DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN's RETIRING INTO A CONVENT.

BY THE SAME.

YE holy cares that haunt theſe lonely cells,
Theſe ſcenes where ſalutary ſadneſs dwells;
Ye ſighs that minute the ſlow waſting day,
Ye pale regrets that wear my life away;
O bid theſe paſſions for the world depart,
Theſe wild deſires, and vanities of heart!
Hide every trace of vice, of follies paſt,
And yield to Heaven the victory at laſt.

To that the poor remains of life are due,
'Tis Heaven that calls, and I the call purſue.
Lord of my life, my future cares are thine,
My love, my duty greet thy holy ſhrine:
No more my heart to vainer hopes I give,
But live for thee, whoſe bounty bids me live.

The power that gave theſe little charms their grace,
His favours bounded, and confin'd their ſpace;
Spite of thoſe charms ſhall time, with rude eſſay,
Tear from the cheek the tranſient roſe away;

But

But the free Mind, ten thouſand ages paſt,
Its maker's form, ſhall with its maker laſt.

Uncertain objects ſtill our hopes employ;
Uncertain all that bears the name of joy!
Of all that feels the injuries of fate
Uncertain is the ſearch, and ſhort the date:
Yet ev'n that boon, what thouſands wiſh to gain?
That boon of Death, the ſad reſource of pain!

Once on my path all fortune's glory fell,
Her vain magnificence, and courtly ſwell:
Love touch'd my ſoul at leaſt with ſoft deſires,
And Vanity there fed her meteor fires.
This truth at laſt the mighty ſcenes let fall,
An hour of Innocence was worth them all.

Lord of my life! O let thy ſacred ray
Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away!
Deluding, flattering, faithleſs world adieu!
Long haſt thou taught me GOD IS ONLY TRUE.
That God alone I truſt, alone adore,
No more deluded, and miſled no more.

Come, ſacred hour, when wavering doubts ſhall ceaſe!
Come, holy ſcenes of long repoſe and peace!
Yet ſhall my heart, to other intereſts true,
A moment balance 'twixt the world and you?
Of penſive nights, of long-reflecting days,
Be yours, at laſt, the triumph and the praiſe!

Great,

Great, gracious Maſter! whoſe unbounded ſway,
Felt thro' ten thouſand worlds, thoſe worlds obey,
Wilt thou for once thy awful glories ſhade,
And deign t' eſpouſe the creature thou haſt made?
All other ties indignant I diſclaim,
Diſhonour'd thoſe, and infamous to name!

O fatal ties, for which ſuch tears I've ſhed,
For which the pleaſures of the world lay dead!
That world's ſoft pleaſures you alone diſarm;
That world without you ſtill might have its charm.
But now thoſe ſcenes of tempting hope I cloſe,
And ſeek the peaceful ſtudies of Repoſe;
Look on the paſt as time that ſtole away,
And beg the bleſſings of a happier day.

Ye gay ſaloons, ye golden-veſted halls,
Scenes of high treats, and heart-bewitching balls!
Dreſs, figure, ſplendor, charms of play, farewel,
And all the toilet's ſcience to excel!
Ev'n Love, that ambuſh'd in this beauteous hair,
No more ſhall lie, like Indian archers, there.
Go, erring Love! for nobler objects given!
Go, beauteous hair, a ſacrifice to Heaven!

Soon ſhall the veil theſe glowing features hide,
At once the period of their power and pride!
The hapleſs lover ſhall no more complain
Of vows unheard, or unrewarded pain;
While calmly ſleep in each untortur'd breaſt
My ſecret ſorrow, and his ſighs profeſt.

Go,

Go, flattering train! and, ſlaves to me no more,
With the ſame ſighs ſome happier fair adore!
Your alter'd faith I blame not, nor bewail—
And haply yet (what woman is not frail?)
Yet, haply, might I calmer minutes prove,
If he that lov'd me knew no other love!

Yet were that ardor, which his breaſt inſpir'd,
By charms of more than mortal beauty fir'd,
What nobler pride! could I to Heaven reſign
The zeal, the ſervice that I boaſted mine!
O change your falſe deſires, ye flattering train!
And love me pious, whom ye love profane!

Theſe long adieus with lovers doom'd to go,
Or prove their merit, or my weakneſs ſhew;
But Heaven, to ſuch ſoft frailties leſs ſevere,
May ſpare the tribute of a female tear,
May yield one tender moment to deplore
Thoſe gentle hearts that I muſt hold no more.

THE

THE TULIP AND MYRTLE.

BY THE SAME.

'TWAS on the border of a ſtream
A gaily-painted Tulip ſtood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And ſure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wiſtful eye,
Than crimſon fading into gold,
In ſtreaks of faireſt ſymmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
Ah me! that Pride with Beauty dwells!
Vainly affects ſuperior ſtate,
And thus in empty fancy ſwells:

"O luſtre of unrivall'd bloom!
"Fair painting of a hand divine,
"Superior far to mortal doom,
"The hues of Heaven alone are mine!

"Away,

" Away, ye worthleſs, formleſs race!
" Ye weeds, that boaſt the name of flowers!
" No more my native bed diſgrace,
" Unmeet for tribes ſo mean as yours!

" Shall the bright daughter of the ſun
" Aſſociate with the ſhrubs of earth?
" Ye ſlaves, your ſovereign's preſence ſhun!
" Reſpect her beauties and her birth.

" And thou, dull, ſullen ever-green!
" Shalt thou my ſhining ſphere invade?
" My noon-day beauties beam unſeen,
" Obſcur'd beneath thy duſky ſhade!"

" Deluded flower!" the Myrtle cries,
" Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?
" The meaneſt ſhrub that you deſpiſe,
" The meaneſt flower has merit more.

" That daiſy, in its ſimple bloom,
" Shall laſt along the changing year;
" Bluſh on the ſnow of winter's gloom,
And bid the ſmiling ſpring appear.

" The violet, that, thoſe banks beneath,
" Hides from thy ſcorn its modeſt head,
" Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
" When thou art in thy duſty bed.

" Ev'n

" Ev'n I, who boaſt no golden ſhade,
" Am of no ſhining tints poſſeſt,
" When low thy lucid form is laid,
" Shall bloom on many a lovely breaſt.

" And he, whoſe kind and foſtering care
" To thee, to me, our beings gave,
" Shall near his breaſt my flowrets wear,
" And walk regardleſs o'er thy grave.

" Deluded flower! the friendly ſcreen
" That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
" And mocks thy paſſion to be ſeen,
" Prolongs thy tranſitory day.

" But kindly deeds with ſcorn repaid,
" No more by Virtue need be done:
" I now withdraw my duſky ſhade,
" And yield thee to thy darling ſun."

Fierce on the flower the ſcorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder ſwell.

Expanded by the ſearching fire,
The curling leaves the breaſt diſclos'd;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expos'd.

But when the ſun was ſliding low,
And evening came with dews ſo cold;
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,
And ſought her bending leaves to fold.

Thoſe leaves, alas! no more will cloſe;
Relax'd, exhauſted, ſickening, pale;
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the riſing gale.

RURAL SIMPLICITY.

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, whom Love and Fancy lead
To wander near this woodland hill,
If ever muſic ſooth'd thy quill,
Or pity wak'd thy gentle reed,
Repoſe beneath my humble tree,
If thou lov'ſt Simplicity.

Stranger,

Stranger, if thy lot has laid
In toilſome ſcenes of buſy life,
Full ſorely may'ſt thou ſee the ſtrife
Of weary paſſions ill repaid,
In a garden live like me,
If thou lov'ſt Simplicity.

Flowers have ſprung for many a year
O'er the village-maiden's grave,
That, one memorial-ſprig to ſave,
Bore it from a ſiſter's bier;
And homeward walking, wept o'er me
The true tears of Simplicity.

And ſoon, her cottage-window near,
With care my ſlender ſtem ſhe plac'd,
And fondly thus her Grief embrac'd,
And cheriſh'd ſad Remembrance dear;
For Love ſincere and Friendſhip free
Are children of Simplicity.

When paſt was many a painful day,
Slow-pacing o'er the village-green
In white were all its maidens ſeen,
And bore my guardian friend away.
Ah, Death! what ſacrifice to thee
The ruins of Simplicity!

One generous ſwain her heart approv'd,
A youth, whoſe fond and faithful breaſt,
With many an artleſs ſigh confeſt,
In Nature's language that he lov'd:
But, Stranger, 'tis no tale for thee,
Unleſs thou lov'ſt Simplicity.

He died—and ſoon her lip was cold,
And ſoon her roſy lip was pale,
The village wept to hear the tale
When for both the ſlow bell toll'd—
Beneath yon flowery turf they lie,
The lovers of Simplicity.

Yet one boon have I to crave;
Stranger, if thy pity bleed,
Wilt thou do one tender deed,
And ſtrew my pale flowers o'er their grave?
So lightly lie the turf on thee,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt Simplicity!

WRITTEN ON A CHINESE TEMPLE

IN MR. SCOTT'S GARDEN AT AMWELL.

BY THE SAME.

TO ſcenes where Taſte and Genius dwell,
Unwillingly we bid farewell:
For theſe, of more than mortal birth,
Strangers and ſojourners on earth,
Have, far from every vulgar road,
At Amwell fix'd their fair abode.

WRITTEN ON ANOTHER OPEN TEMPLE

UNDER THE WORDS "MIHI ET AMICIS."

BY THE SAME.

THY friends have acceſs to a nobler part,
They claim the open Temple of thy heart,
O may no ſighs from that calm region borne,
Thy ſhade's ſoft whiſpers turn to ſounds forlorn,

Far, far be thence each monument of pain,
No paintings there of ſorrows paſt remain!
To pleaſe by Art, by Nature's charms to pleaſe,
The firſt great object is a mind at eaſe.

L I N E S

OCCASIONED BY LORD LYTLETON'S VERSES TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

BY THE SAME.

SWEET Muſe of Hagley, whoſe melodious lyre
To ſtrains divine the Britiſh Petrarch ſtrung,
Wilt thou thy long revolted bard inſpire,
And wake loſt memory to the lays he ſung?

Ah no! no more with ſighs of penſive love,
No more with ſorrow fill his melting ſtrain!
Elſe other woes my paſſive heart would prove,
My eyes would weep with Lytleton again.

But ſhould he now, by nobler motives fir'd,
Unfold the riper treaſures of his mind,
And tune thoſe lays which love and grief inſpir'd,
To Truth and Freedom may'ſt thou ſtill be kind.

A SON-

A SONNET

MADE ON ISABELLA MARKHAME, WHEN I FIRSTE THOUGHT HER FAYER AS SHE STOOD AT THE PRINCESS'S WINDOWE IN GOODLYE ATTYRE, AND TALKEDE TO DYVERS IN THE COURTE-YARD.

FROM A MS. OF JOHN HARRINGTON, dated 1564.

WHence comes my love, O hearte, diſcloſe,
'Twas from cheeks that ſhamed the roſe;
From lips that ſpoyle the rubies prayſe;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely owne,
Ah me! 'twas from a hearte lyke ſtone.

The bluſhynge cheek ſpeakes modeſt mynde,
The lipps befitting wordes moſte kynde;
The eye does tempte to love's deſyre,
And ſeems to ſay, 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all ſo faire, but ſpeak my moane,
Syth noughte dothe ſaye the heart of ſtone.

Why thus, my love, ſo kynde beſpeake,
Sweet lyppe, ſweet eye, ſweet bluſhynge cheeke,
Yet not a hearte to ſave my paine,
O Venus, take thy giftes againe,
Make not ſo faire to cauſe our moane,
Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.

THE HOSPITABLE OAKE.

BY ——.

ERST in Arcadia's londe much prais'd was found,
A luſtie tree far rearing t'ward the ſkies,
Sacred to Jove, and placed on high ground,
Beneath whoſe ſhade did gladſome ſheperds hie,
Met plenteous good, and oft were wont to ſhunne
Bleak winter's drizzle, ſummer's parching ſunne.

Outſtretch'd in all the luxurie of eaſe
They pluck'd rich miſletoe of virtue rare;
Their lippe was tempted by each kindlie breeze,
That wav'd the branch to proffer acorns fair;
While out the hollow'd root, with ſweets inlaide,
The murm'ring bee her daintie hoard betrayde.

The

The fearleſs bird ſafe boſom'd here its neſte,
Its ſturdie ſide did brave the nipping winde,
Where many a creeping ewe mought gladlie reſte;
Warme comforte here to all and every kinde;
Where hunge the leaf well ſprint with honey dew,
Whence dropt their cups, the gamboling fairie knew.

But ah! in luckleſs day what miſchief 'gan
Midſt fell debate, and maddening revelrie,
When tipſie Bacchus had bewitched Pan,
For ſober ſwain ſo thankleſs ne'er mought be;
Tho' paſſinge ſtrange—'twas bruited all arounde,
This goodlie tree did ſhadowe too much grounde.

With much deſpight they aim its overthrow,
And ſorrie jeſtes its wonted giftes deride,
How ſnaring birdlimes made of miſletoe;
Nor truſt their flocks to ſhelter 'neath its ſide;
It drops chill venom on our ewes, they cry,
And ſubtle ſerpent at its root doth lie.

Eftſoons the axe doth rear its deadlie blowe,
Arounde dothe eccho bear each labouringe ſtroke;
Now to the grounde its loftie head doth bowe,
Then angry Jove aloud in thunder ſpoke.
On high Olympus next mine tree I'll place,
Heaven's ſtill unſcann'd by ſich ungrateful race.

TO A LOVER.

BY ———.

WHY didſt thou raſe ſuch woeful wayle,
And waſte in briny tears thyne days;
Cauſe ſhee, that wont to flout and rayl,
At laſt gave proof of woman's waies?
Shee did, in ſoothe, diſplay the hearte
That mought have wroughte thee greater ſmarte.

Why thank her then, not weepe nor mone,
Let others guard their careleſs hearte;
And praiſe the day that thus made knowne
The faithleſs hold on woman's art.
Their lips can gloze and gain ſuche roote,
That gentle youthe hathe hope of fruite.

But, ere the bloſſom faire dothe riſe,
To ſhoot its ſweetneſs o'er the taſte,
Creepeth diſdain in canker-wiſe,
And chilling ſcorne the fruite dothe blaſte.
There is no hope of all our toyl,
There is no fruit from ſuch a ſoil.

Give o'er thy playnt, the danger's o'er,
Shee might have poyſon'd all thyne lyfe;
Such wayward mynde had bred thee more
Of ſorrowe, had ſhe prov'd a wyfe.
Leave her to meet all hopeleſs meed,
And bleſs thyſelf that ſo art freed.

No youthe ſhall ſue ſuche one to winne,
Unmark'd by all the ſhyning fair,
Save for her pride and ſcorn, ſuch ſinne
As hearts of love can never bear;
Like leafleſs plant in blaſted ſhade,
So liveth ſhee a barren mayde.

THE HERMITE's ADDRESSE TO YOUTHE.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING-GARDEN AT BATH.

BY ——.

SAY, gentle youthe, that tread'ſt untouch'd with care,
Where Nature hath ſo guerdon'd Bathe's gay ſcene;
Fedde with the ſonge that daunceth in the aire;
'Midſt faireſt wealthe of Flora's magazine;
Hath eye or eare yet founde, thine ſteppes to bleſſe,
That gem of life y-clep'd true happineſſe.

With

With Beautie reſtes ſhe not; nor wooes to lighte
Her hallow'd taper at proud Honour's flame;
Nor Circe's cuppe doth crown; nor comes in flighte
Upon th' Icarian winge of bablinge Fame:
Not ſhrine of golde dothe this fair ſainte embower,
She glides from Heaven, but not in Danae's ſhower.

Go, Bloſſome, wanton in ſuche joyous aire,
But ah!—oft ſoone thy buxome blaſt is oer!
When the ſleek pate ſhall grow far 'bove its haire,
And creepinge Age ſhall reap this piteous lore!
To broode o'er Follie, and with me confeſſe,
"Earth's flattering dainties prove but ſweete diſtreſſe."

THE OLDE HERMITE.

**********:*******:******

THE FEMINEAD: OR FEMALE GENIUS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLI.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

SHall lordly man, the theme of every lay,
Uſurp the Muſe's tributary bay?
In kingly ſtate on Pindus' ſummit ſit,
Tyrant of verſe, and arbiter of wit?

By

By Salic law the female right deny,
And view their genius with regardleſs eye?
Juſtice forbid! and every muſe inſpire
To ſing the glories of a ſiſter-choir!
Riſe, riſe, bold ſwain; and to the liſtening grove
Reſound the praiſes of the ſex you love;
Tell how, adorn'd with every charm, they ſhine,
In mind and perſon equally divine,
Till man, no more to female merit blind,
Admire the perſon, but adore the mind.

To theſe weak ſtrains, O thou! the ſex's friend
And conſtant patron, [m] Richardſon! attend:
Thou, who ſo oft with pleas'd, but anxious care,
Haſt watch'd the dawning genius of the fair,
With wonted ſmiles wilt hear thy friend diſplay
The various graces of the female lay;
Studious from Folly's yoke their minds to free,
And aid the generous cauſe eſpous'd by thee.

Long o'er the world did Prejudice maintain,
By ſounds like theſe, her undiſputed reign:
" Woman! ſhe cried, to thee, indulgent Heaven
" Has all the charms of outward beauty given:
" Be thine the boaſt, unrival'd, to enſlave
" The great, the wiſe, the witty, and the brave;
" Deck'd with the Paphian roſe's damaſk glow,
" And the vale-lily's vegetable ſnow,

[m] The author of thoſe three celebrated works, Pamela, Clariſſa, and Sir Charles Grandiſon.

" Be

" Be thine, to move majeſtic in the dance,
" To roll the eye, and aim the tender glance,
" Or touch the ſtrings, and breathe the melting ſong,
" Content to emulate that airy throng,
" Who to the ſun their painted plumes diſplay,
" And gaily glitter on the hawthorn ſpray,
" Or wildly warble in the beechen grove,
" Careleſs of aught but muſic, joy, and love."
Heavens! could ſuch artful, ſlaviſh ſounds beguile
The free-born ſons of Britain's poliſh'd iſle?
Could they, like fam'd Ulyſſes' daſtard crew,
Attentive liſten, and enamour'd view,
Nor drive the Syren to that dreary plain,
In loathſome pomp, where eaſtern tyrants reign;
Where each fair neck the yoke of ſlavery galls,
Clos'd in a proud ſeraglio's gloomy walls,
And taught, that levell'd with the brutal kind,
Nor ſenſe, nor ſouls to women are aſſign'd.
Our Britiſh nymphs with happier omens rove,
At freedom's call, thro' wiſdom's ſacred grove,
And, as with laviſh hand each ſiſter grace
Shapes the fair form, and regulates the face,
Each ſiſter muſe, in bliſsful union join'd,
Adorns, improves, and beautifies the mind.
Ev'n now fond Fancy in our poliſh'd land
Aſſembled ſhews a blooming, ſtudious band:
With various arts our reverence they engage,
Some turn the tuneful, ſome the moral page;
Theſe, led by Contemplation, ſoar on high,
And range the Heavens with philoſophic eye;

While

While thoſe, ſurrounded by a vocal choir,
The canvas tinge, or touch the warbling lyre.
Here, like the ſtars' mix'd radiance, they unite
To dazzle and perplex our wandering ſight:
The muſe each charmer ſingly ſhall ſurvey,
And tune to each her tributary lay.
So when, in blended tints, with ſweet ſurprize
Aſſembled beauties ſtrike our raviſh'd eyes,
Such as in Lely's melting colours ſhine,
Or ſpring, great Kneller! from a hand like thine,
On all with pleaſing awe at once we gaze,
And, loſt in wonder, know not which to praiſe,
But, ſingly view'd, each nymph delights us more,
Diſcloſing graces unperceiv'd before.

First let the muſe with generous ardor try
To chaſe the miſt from dark opinion's eye:
Nor mean we here to blame that father's care,
Who guards from learned wives his booby heir,
Since oft that heir with prudence has been known
To dread a genius that tranſcends his own:
The wiſe themſelves ſhould with diſcretion chuſe,
Since letter'd nymphs their knowledge may abuſe,
And huſbands oft experience to their coſt
The prudent houſewife in the ſcholar loſt:
But thoſe incur deſerv'd contempt, who prize
Their own high talents, and their ſex deſpiſe,
With haughty mien each ſocial bliſs defeat,
And ſully all their learning with conceit:
Of ſuch the parent juſtly warns his ſon,
And ſuch the muſe herſelf will bid him ſhun.

But lives there one, whoſe unaſſuming mind,
Tho' grac'd by nature, and by art refin'd,
Pleas'd with domeſtic excellence, can ſpare
Some hours from ſtudious eaſe to ſocial care,
And with her pen that time alone employs
Which others waſte in viſits, cards, and noiſe;
From affectation free, tho' deeply read,
"With wit well natur'd, and with books well bred?"
With ſuch (and ſuch there are) each happy day
Muſt fly improving, and improv'd away;
Inconſtancy might fix and ſettle there,
And wiſdom's voice approve the choſen fair.

Nor need we now from our own Britain rove,
In ſearch of Genius, to the Leſbian grove,
Tho' Sappho there her tuneful lyre has ſtrung,
And amorous griefs in ſweeteſt accents ſung,
Since here, in Charles's days, amidſt a train
Of ſhameleſs bards, licentious and profane,
The chaſte [n] Orinda roſe; with purer light,
Like modeſt Cynthia, beaming thro' the night:
Fair Friendſhip's luſtre, undiſguis'd by art,
Glows in her lines, and animates her heart;
Friendſhip, that jewel, which, tho' all confeſs
Its peerleſs value, yet how few poſſeſs!
For her the never-dying myrtle weaves
A verdant chaplet of her odorous leaves;

[n] Mrs. Catherine Philips: ſhe was diſtinguiſhed by moſt of the wits of king Charles's reign, and died young. Her pieces on friendſhip are particularly admired.

If Cowley's or Roſcommon's ſong can give
Immortal fame, her praiſe ſhall ever live.
Who can unmov'd hear ° Winchelſea reveal
Thy horrors, Spleen! which all, who paint, muſt feel?
My praiſes would but wrong her ſterling wit,
Since Pope himſelf applauds what ſhe has writ.
But ſay, what matron now walks muſing forth
From the bleak mountains of her native North?
While round her brows two ſiſters of the Nine
Poetic wreaths with philoſophic twine!
Hail, P Cockburne, hail! ev'n now from Reaſon's bowers
Thy Locke delighted culls the choiceſt flowers
To deck his great, ſucceſsful champion's head,
And Clarke expects thee in the laurel ſhade.
Tho' long to dark, oblivious want a prey,
Thy aged worth paſs'd unperceiv'd away,
Yet Scotland now ſhall ever boaſt thy fame,
While England mourns thy undiſtinguiſh'd name,
And views with wonder, in a female mind,
Philoſopher, divine, and poet join'd!
The modeſt muſe a veil with pity throws
O'er vice's friends, and virtue's female foes;

° Anne counteſs of Winchelſea, a lady of great wit and genius, wrote (among others) a poem, much admired, on the Spleen, and is praiſed by Mr. Pope, &c. under the poetical name of Ardelia.

P Mrs. Catherine Cockburne was the wife of a clergyman, lived obſcurely, and died a few years ago in an advanced age in Northumberland; her works on dramatic, philoſophical, and ſacred ſubjects have been lately collected by the learned Dr. Birch, and are generally admired.

Abaſh'd

Abaſh'd ſhe views the bold unbluſhing mien
Of modern [q] Manley, Centlivre, and Behn;
And grieves to ſee one nobly born diſgrace
Her modeſt ſex, and her illuſtrious race.
Tho' harmony thro' all their numbers flow'd,
And genuine wit its every grace beſtow'd,
Nor genuine wit, nor harmony, excuſe
The dangerous ſallies of a wanton muſe:
Nor can ſuch tuneful, but immoral, lays
Expect the tribute of impartial praiſe:
As ſoon might [r] Philips, Pilkington, and V——
Deſerv'd applauſe for ſpotleſs virtue gain.
But hark! what [s] nymph, in Frome's embroider'd vale,
With ſtrains ſeraphic ſwells the vernal gale?
With what ſweet ſounds the bordering foreſt rings?
For ſportive Echo catches, as ſhe ſings,
Each falling accent, ſtudious to prolong
The warbled notes of Rowe's ecſtatic ſong.
Old Avon pleas'd his reedy forehead rears,
And poliſh'd Orrery delighted hears.
See with what tranſport ſhe reſigns her breath,
Snatch'd by a ſudden, but a wiſh'd-for death!

[q] The firſt of theſe wrote the ſcandalous memoirs called Atalantis, and the other two are notorious for the indecency of their plays.

[r] Theſe three ladies have endeavoured to immortalize their ſhame by writing their own memoirs.

[s] The character of Mrs. Rowe and her writings is too well known to be dwelt on here. It may be ſufficient to ſay, that without any previous illneſs ſhe met at laſt with that ſudden death for which ſhe had always wiſhed.

Releas'd from earth, with ſmiles ſhe ſoars on high
Amidſt her kindred ſpirits of the ſky,
Where faith and love thoſe endleſs joys beſtow,
That warm'd her lays, and fill'd her hopes below.
Nor can her noble [t] friend eſcape unſeen,
Or from the muſe her modeſt virtues ſcreen;
Here, ſweetly blended, to our wondering eyes,
The peereſs, poeteſs, and Chriſtian riſe:
And tho' the Nine her tuneful ſtrains inſpire,
We leſs her genius, than her heart, admire,
Pleas'd, 'midſt the great, one truly good to ſee,
And proud to tell that Somerſet is ſhe.
By generous views one [u] peereſs more demands
A grateful tribute from all female hands;
One, who to ſhield them from the worſt of foes,
In their juſt cauſe dar'd Pope himſelf oppoſe.
Their own dark forms deceit and envy wear,
By Irwin touch'd with [w] truth's celeſtial ſpear.
By her diſarm'd, ye witlings! now give o'er
Your empty ſneers, and ſhock the ſex no more.

[t] Frances, Counteſs of Hertford, and afterwards dutcheſs dowager of Somerſet, Mrs. Rowe's illuſtrious friend, lamented her death in ſome verſes prefixed to her poems, and was author of the letters in her collection ſigned Cleora.

[u] Anne, viſcounteſs Irwin, and aunt to the preſent earl of Carliſle: this lady, in a poetical epiſtle to Mr. Pope, has reſcued her ſex's cauſe from the aſperſions caſt on them by that ſatyriſt in his eſſay on the characters of women.

[w] See Milton, book iv. ver. 811.

Thus bold Camilla, when the Trojan chief
Attack'd her country, flew to its relief;
Beneath her lance the braveſt warriors bled,
And fear diſmay'd the hoſt which great Æneas led.
But ah! why heaves my breaſt this penſive ſigh?
Why ſtarts this tear unbidden from my eye?
What breaſt from ſighs, what eye from tears refrains,
When, ſweetly-mournful, hapleſs [x] Wright complains?
And who but grieves to ſee her generous mind,
For nobler views and worthier gueſts deſign'd,
Admit the hateful form of black deſpair,
Wan with the gloom of ſuperſtitious care?
In pity-moving lays, with earneſt cries,
She call'd on Heaven to cloſe her weary eyes,
And, long on earth by heart-felt woes oppreſt,
Was borne by friendly death to welcome reſt.
In nervous ſtrains, lo! [y] Madan's poliſh'd taſte
Has poetry's ſucceſſive progreſs trac'd,
From antient Greece, where firſt ſhe fix'd her reign,
To Italy, and Britain's happier plain.
Praiſe well-beſtow'd adorns her glowing lines,
And manly ſtrength with female ſoftneſs joins.
So female charms and manly virtues grace,
By her example form'd, her blooming race,

[x] Mrs. Wright, ſiſter to the famous Weſleys, has publiſhed ſome pieces, which, tho' of a melancholy caſt, are written in the genuine ſpirit of poetry.

[y] Mrs. Madan is author of a poem called the Progreſs of Poetry, wherein the characters of the beſt Grecian, Roman, and Engliſh poets are juſtly and elegantly drawn.

And, fram'd alike to pleaſe our ears and eyes,
There new Cornelias and new Gracchi riſe.
O that you now, with genius at command,
Would ſnatch the pencil from my artleſs hand,
And give your ſex's portraits, bold and true,
In colours worthy of themſelves and you!
Now in ecſtatic viſions let me rove,
By Cynthia's beams, thro' Brackley's glimmering grove,
Where ſtill each night, by ſtartled ſhepherds ſeen,
Young [z] Leapor's form flies ſhadowy o'er the green.
Thoſe envied honours nature lov'd to pay
The briar-bound turf, where erſt her Shakeſpear lay,
Now on her darling Mira ſhe beſtows;
There o'er the hallow'd ground ſhe fondly ſtrows
The choiceſt fragrance of the breathing ſpring,
And bids each year her favourite linnet ſing.
Let cloiſter'd pedants, in an endleſs round,
Tread the dull mazes of ſcholaſtic ground;
Brackley unenvying views the glittering train
Of learning's uſeleſs trappings idly vain;
For, ſpite of all that vaunted learning's aid,
Their fame is rivall'd by her rural maid.
So, while in our Britannia's beechen ſprays
Sweet Philomela trills her mellow lays,

[z] Mrs. Leapor, daughter to a Northamptonſhire gardener, has lately convinced the world of the force of unaſſiſted nature, by imitating and equalling ſome of our moſt approved poets, by the ſtrength of her parts, and the vivacity of her genius.

We to the natives of the ſultry line
Their boaſted race of parrots pleas'd reſign:
For tho' on citron boughs they proudly glow
With all the colours of the watery bow,
Yet thro' the grove harſh diſcord they prolong,
Tho' rich in gaudy plumage, poor in ſong.
Now bear me, Clio, to that Kentiſh ſtrand,
Whoſe rude o'erhanging cliffs and barren ſand
May challenge all the myrtle-blooming bowers
Of fam'd Italia, when, at evening hours,
Thy own [a] Eliza muſes on the ſhore,
Serene, tho' billows beat, and tempeſts roar.
Hail, Carter, hail! your favourite name inſpires
My raptur'd breaſt with ſympathetic fires;
Ev'n now I ſee your lov'd Ilyſſus lead
His mazy current thro' th' Athenian mead;
With you I pierce thro' academic ſhades,
And join in Attic bowers th' Aonian maids;
Beneath the ſpreading plane with Plato rove,
And hear his morals echo thro' the grove.
Joy ſparkles in the ſage's looks, to find
His genius glowing in a female mind;
Newton admiring ſees your ſearching eye
Dart thro' his myſtic page, and range the ſky;

[a] Mrs. Eliza Carter of Deal, well known to the learned world for her late tranſlation of Epictetus, has tranſlated, from the Italian, Algarotti's dialogues on light and colours; and lately publiſhed a ſmall collection of elegant poems.

By

By you his colours to your ſex are ſhown,
And Algarotti's name to Britain known.
While, undiſturb'd by pride, you calmly tread
Thro' life's perplexing paths, by wiſdom led;
And, taught by her, your grateful muſe repays
Her heavenly teacher in nocturnal lays.
So when Prometheus from th' Almighty Sire,
As ſings the fable, ſtole celeſtial fire,
Swift thro' the clay the vital current ran,
In look, in form, in ſpeech reſembling man;
But in each eye a living luſtre glow'd,
That ſpoke the heavenly ſource from whence it flow'd.
" What magic powers in [b] Celia's numbers dwell,
" Which thus th' unpractis'd breaſt with ardor ſwell
" To emulate her praiſe, and tune that lyre
" Which yet no bard was able to inſpire!
" With tears her ſuffering Virgin we attend,
" And ſympathize with father, lover, friend!
" What ſacred rapture in our boſom glows,
" When at the ſhrine ſhe offers up her vows!
" Mild majeſty and virtue's awful power
" Adorn her fall, and grace her lateſt hour."
Tranſport me now to thoſe embroider'd meads,
Where the ſlow Ouze his lazy current leads;
There, while the ſtream ſoft-dimpling ſteals along,
And from the groves the green-hair'd Dryads throng,

[b] We could not here, with juſtice, with-hold our tribute of praiſe from Mrs. Brooke, author of the tragedy of Virginia.

Clio herſelf, or [c] Ferrar tunes a lay,
Sweet as the darkling Philomel of May.
Haſte, haſte, ye Nine, and hear a ſiſter ſing
The charms of Cynthia, and the joys of ſpring:
See! night's pale goddeſs with a grateful beam
Paints her lov'd image in the ſhadowy ſtream,
While, round his votary, ſpring profuſely ſhowers
"A ſnow of bloſſoms, and a wild of flowers."
O happy nymph, tho' winter o'er thy head,
Blind to that form, the ſnow of age ſhall ſhed;
Tho' life's ſhort ſpring and beauty's bloſſoms fade,
Still ſhall thy reaſon flouriſh undecay'd;
Time, tho' he ſteals the roſeate bloom of youth,
Shall ſpare the charms of virtue and of truth,
And on thy mind new charms, new bloom beſtow,
Wiſdom's beſt friend, and only beauty's foe.

Nor ſhall thy much-lov'd [d] Pennington remain
Unſung, unhonour'd in my votive ſtrain.
See where the ſoft enchantreſs, wandering o'er
The fairy ground that Philips trod before,
Exalts her chymic wand, and ſwift behold
The baſeſt metals ripen into gold:
Beneath her magic touch, with wondering eye,
We view vile copper with pure ſterling vie;
Nor ſhall the farthing, ſung by her, forbear
To claim the praiſes of the ſmiling fair;

[c] This lady has written two beautiful odes to Cynthia and the Spring.

[d] Mrs. Pennington has happily imitated Mr. Philips's Splendid Shilling, in a burleſque poem called The Copper Farthing.

Till

Till chuck and marble ſhall no more employ
The thoughtleſs leiſure of the truant boy.
  Returning now to Thames's flowery ſide,
See how his waves in ſtill attention glide!
And, hark! what ſongſtreſs ſhakes her warbling throat?
Is it the nightingale, or [e] Delia's note?
The balmy zephyrs, hovering o'er the fair,
On their ſoft wings the vocal accents bear;
Thro' Sunbury's low vale the ſtrains rebound,
Ev'n neighbouring Chertſey hears the chearful ſound,
And wondering ſees her Cowley's laurel'd ſhade
Tranſported liſten to the tuneful maid.
O may thoſe nymphs, whoſe pleaſing power ſhe ſings,
Still o'er their ſuppliant wave their foſtering wings!
O long may Health and ſoft-ey'd Peace impart
Bloom to her cheek, and rapture to her heart!
Beneath her roof the red-breaſt ſhall prolong,
Unchill'd by froſts, his tributary ſong;
For her the lark ſhall wake the dappled morn,
And linnet twitter from the bloſſom'd thorn.
Sing on, ſweet maid! thy Spenſer ſmiles to ſee
Kind Fancy ſhed her choiceſt gifts on thee,
And bids his Edwards, on the laurel ſpray
That ſhades his tomb, inſcribe thy rural lay.

[e] This lady has written odes to Peace, Health, and the Robin Red-breaſt, which are here alluded to; and ſhe has been celebrated in a ſonnet by Mr. Edwards, author of the Canons of Criticiſm.

With lovely mien [f] Eugenia now appears,
The muſe's pupil from her tendereſt years;
Improving taſks her peaceful hours beguile,
The ſiſter arts on all her labours ſmile,
And while the Nine their votary inſpire,
" One dips the pencil, and one ſtrings the lyre."
O may her life's clear current ſmoothly glide,
Unruffled by misfortune's boiſterous tide!
So while the charmer leads her blameleſs days
With that content which ſhe ſo well diſplays,
Her own Honoria we in her ſhall view,
And think her allegoric viſion true.

Thus wandering wild among the golden grain
That fruitful floats on Banſted's airy plain,
Careleſs I ſung, while ſummer's weſtern gale
Breath'd health and fragrance thro' the duſky vale;
When from a neighbouring hawthorn, in whoſe ſhade
Conceal'd ſhe lay, up-roſe th' Aonian maid:
Pleas'd had ſhe liſten'd; and, with ſmiles, ſhe cried,
" Ceaſe, friendly ſwain! be this thy praiſe and pride,
" That thou, of all the numerous tuneful throng,
" Firſt in our cauſe haſt fram'd thy generous ſong.
" And ye, our ſiſter choir! proceed to tread
" The flowery paths of fame, by ſcience led!
" Employ by turns the needle and the pen,
" And in their favourite ſtudies rival men!

[f] This lady has ſucceſsfully applied herſelf to the ſiſter arts of drawing and poetry, and has written an ingenious allegory, wherein two pilgrims, Fidelio and Honoria, after a fruitleſs ſearch for the palace of Happineſs, are at laſt conducted to the houſe of Content.

" May all our ſex your glorious track purſue,
" And keep your bright example ſtill in view!
" Theſe laſting beauties will in youth engage,
" And ſmooth the wrinkles of declining age,
" Secure to bloom, unconſcious of decay,
" When all Corinna's roſes fade away.
" For ev'n when love's ſhort triumph ſhall be o'er,
" When youth ſhall pleaſe, and beauty charm no more,
" When man ſhall ceaſe to flatter; when the eye
" Shall ceaſe to ſparkle, and the heart to ſigh,
" In that dread hour, when parent duſt ſhall claim
" The lifeleſs tribute of each kindred frame,
" Ev'n then ſhall wiſdom for her choſen fair
" The fragrant wreaths of virtuous fame prepare;
" Thoſe wreaths which flouriſh in a happier clime,
" Beyond the reach of envy and of time;
" While here, th' immortalizing muſe ſhall ſave
" Your darling names from dark Oblivion's grave;
" Thoſe names the praiſe and wonder ſhall engage
" Of every poliſh'd, wiſe, and virtuous age;
" To lateſt times our annals ſhall adorn,
" And ſave from folly thouſands yet unborn."

ODE

ODE TO THE HON. JOHN YORK.

IMITATED FROM HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

BY THE SAME.

FOR quiet, on Newmarket's plain,
The ſhivering curate prays in vain,
When wintery ſhowers are falling,
And ſtumbling ſteed, and whiſtling wind,
Quite baniſh from his anxious mind
The duties of his calling.

With thoughts engroſs'd by routs and plays,
The gallant ſoph for quiet prays,
Confuted and confuting;
And quiet is alike deſir'd
Ev'n by the king's profeſſor, tir'd
With wrangling and diſputing.

In crowded ſenate, on the chair
Of our vice-chancellor ſits Care,
Undaunted by the Mace;

Care

Care climbs the yatcht, when adverſe gales
Detain or tear our patron's ſails,
And ruffles ev'n his Grace.

How bleſt is he whoſe annual toil
With well-rang'd trees improves a ſoil
For ages yet unborn!
Such as at humble [g] Barley, plann'd
By mitred Herring's youthful hand,
The cultur'd glebe adorn.

From place to place we ſtill purſue
Content, and hope in each to view
The viſionary gueſt;
Vainly we fly intruding care,
Not all, like you, the joys can ſhare
Of Wimple and of Wreſt.

Then let us ſnatch, while in our power,
The preſent tranſitory hour,
And leave to Heaven the morrow;
Youth has its griefs; a friend may die,
Or nymph deceive; for none can fly
The giant hand of ſorrow.

[g] Dr. Herring, late lord archbiſhop of Canterbury, was ſome time rector of Barley, a village near Barkway in Hertfordſhire.

His country's hope, and parent's pride,
In bloom of life young Blandford died:
His godlike father's eyes
Were dimm'd with age and helpleſs tears;
And Heaven to me may grant the years
Which it to you denies.

Your riſing virtues ſoon will claim
A portion of your brother's fame;
And catch congenial fire;
They ſhine in embaſſy and war,
They grace the ſenate and the bar,
And emulate their ſire.

Inveſted with the ſacred gown,
You ſoon, to rival their renown,
The glorious taſk ſhall join;
And while they guard Britannia's laws,
You, ſteady to Religion's cauſe,
Shall guard the laws divine.

SOLI-

SOLITUDE. A SONG.

TO LADY COVENTRY'S MINUET.

BY DR. COTTON.

SWEET companion of the muſe!
Gentle Solitude! appear,
All thy calm content infuſe,
Soften anguiſh, baniſh care:
Lead me, O majeſtic queen!
Thro' the aromatic ſcene:

Nature's copied here by art,
Joyful we the fraud confeſs,
Yet ſo well performs her part,
'Tis but Nature's better dreſs:
Solitude here fix my ſeat,
Here in Cowley's ſoft retreat.

Lay me in the ſilent mead,
Where the murmuring river flows,
Where the elm expands the ſhade,
And each riſing beauty blows:
There I'll ſay, in peace of mind,
"Empty greatneſs fall behind."

Teach

Teach thy votary all the powers
Of each plant, and every tree,
Tell how ſhort-liv'd are the flowers;
Bring the moral home to me,
Bid me fleeting life deſpiſe,
Make me humble, make me wiſe.

Pride within my lowly cell
Never yet up-rear'd her head,
Solitude, with thee I'll dwell!
Pride with me is long ſince dead:
Cold to Pleaſure, deaf to Praiſe,
Here I wiſh to end my days.

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER,

MDCCXLVIII.

BY THE SAME.

PAtient to hear, and bounteous to beſtow,
A mind that melted at another's woe;
Studious to act the ſelf-approving part,
That midnight muſic of the honeſt heart;

Theſe

Theſe ſilent joys th' illuſtrious youth poſſeſt,
This cloudleſs ſunſhine of th' unſullied breaſt:
From pride of peerage, and from folly free;
Life's early morn fair Virtue gave to thee.
The tear no longer ſtole from Sorrow's eye,
And Poverty rejoic'd, when he was nigh;
Like Titus, knew the value of a day,
And Want went ſmiling from his gates away.
Titles and rank are borrow'd from the throne:
Theſe honours, Egerton, were all thy own.

THE AFRICAN PRINCE,

NOW IN ENGLAND, TO ZARA AT HIS FATHER'S COURT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIX.

BY DR. DODD.

PRINCES, my fair, unfortunately great,
Born to the pompous vaſſalage of ſtate,
Whene'er the public calls, are doom'd to fly
Domeſtic bliſs, and break the private tie.
Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,
And love's ſoft joys are chang'd for glorious care;

Yet

Teach thy votary all the powers
Of each plant, and every tree,
Tell how ſhort-liv'd are the flowers;
Bring the moral home to me,
Bid me fleeting life deſpiſe,
Make me humble, make me wiſe.

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Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,
And love's ſoft joys are chang'd for glorious care;

Yet

Yet conſcious virtue, in the ſilent hour,
Rewards the hero with a noble dower.
For this alone I dar'd the roaring ſea,
Yet more, for this I dar'd to part with thee.
But while my boſom feels the nobler flame,
Still unreprov'd, it owns thy gentler claim.
Tho' virtue's awful form my ſoul approves,
'Tis thine, thine only, Zara, that it loves.
A private lot had made the claim but one,
The prince alone muſt love, for virtue, ſhun.
Ah! why diſtinguiſh'd from the happier crowd,
To me the bliſs of millions diſallow'd?
Why was I ſingled for imperial ſway,
Since love and duty point a different way?
Fix'd the dread voyage, and the day decreed,
When, duty's victim, love was doom'd to bleed,
Too well my memory can theſe ſcenes renew,
We met to ſigh, to weep our laſt adieu.
That conſcious palm, beneath whoſe towering ſhade
So oft our vows of mutual love were made;
Where hope ſo oft anticipated joy,
And plann'd of future years the beſt employ;
That palm was witneſs to the tears we ſhed,
When that fond hope, and all thoſe joys were fled.
Thy trembling lips, with trembling lips, I preſt,
And held thee panting to my panting breaſt.
Our ſorrow, grown too mighty to ſuſtain,
Now ſnatch'd us, fainting, from the ſenſe of pain.
Together ſinking in the trance divine,
I caught thy fleeting ſoul, and gave thee mine!

O!

O! bleſt oblivion of tormenting care!
O! why recall'd to life and to deſpair?
The dreadful ſummons came, to part—and why?
Why not the kinder ſummons but to die?
To die together were to part no more,
To land in ſafety on ſome peaceful ſhore,
Where love's the buſineſs of immortal life,
And happy ſpirits only gueſs at ſtrife.
" If in ſome diſtant land my prince ſhould find
" Some nymph more fair, you cried, as Zara kind"—
Myſterious doubt! which could at once impart
Relief to mine, and anguiſh to thy heart.
Still let me triumph in the fear expreſt,
The voice of love that whiſper'd in thy breaſt;
Nor call me cruel, for my truth ſhall prove
'Twas but the vain anxiety of love.
Torn from thy fond embrace, the ſtrand I gain,
Where mourning friends inflict ſuperfluous pain;
My father there his ſtruggling ſighs ſuppreſt,
And in dumb anguiſh claſp'd me to his breaſt,
Then ſought, conceal'd the conflict of his mind,
To give the fortitude he could not find;
Each life-taught precept kindly he renew'd,
" Thy country's good, ſaid he, be ſtill purſued!
" If, when the gracious gods my ſon reſtore,
" Theſe eyes ſhall ſleep in death, to wake no more;
" If then theſe limbs, that now in age decay,
" Shall mouldering mix with earth's parental clay;
" Round my green tomb perform the ſacred rite,
" Aſſume my throne, and let thy yoke be light;

" From lands of freedom glorious precepts bring,
" And reign at once a father and a king."
How vainly proud, the arrogantly great
Preſume to boaſt a monarch's godlike ſtate!
Subject alike, the peaſant and the king,
To life's dark ills, and care's corroding ſting.
From guilt and fraud, that ſtrikes in ſilence ſure,
No ſhield can guard us, and no arms ſecure.
By theſe, my fair, ſubdued, thy prince was loſt,
A naked captive on a barbarous coaſt.
Nurtur'd in eaſe, a thouſand ſervants round,
My wants prevented, and my wiſhes crown'd,
No painful labours ſtretch'd the tedious day,
On downy feet my moments danc'd away.
Where-e'er I look'd, officious courtiers bow'd,
Where-e'er I paſs'd, a ſhouting people crowd;
No fears intruded on the joys I knew,
Each man my friend, my lovely miſtreſs you.
What dreadful change! abandon'd and alone,
The ſhouted prince is now a ſlave unknown;
To watch his eye, no bending courtiers wait,
No hailing crowds proclaim his regal ſtate;
A ſlave condemn'd, with unrewarded toil,
To turn, from morn to eve, a burning ſoil.
Fainting beneath the ſun's meridian heat,
Rouz'd by the ſcourge, the taunting jeſt I meet:
" Thanks to thy friends, they cry, whoſe care recalls
" A prince to life, in whom a nation falls!"
Unwholeſome ſcraps, my ſtrength but half ſuſtain'd,
From corners glean'd, and ev'n by dogs diſdain'd;

At night I mingled with a wretched crew,
Who by long uſe with woe familiar grew;
Of manners brutiſh, mercileſs, and rude,
They mock'd my ſufferings, and my pangs renew'd;
In groans, not ſleep, I paſs'd the weary night,
And roſe to labour with the morning light.
Yet, thus of dignity and eaſe beguil'd,
Thus ſcorn'd and ſcourg'd, inſulted and revil'd,
If Heaven with thee my faithful arms had bleſt,
And fill'd with love my intervals of reſt,
Short tho' they were, my ſoul had never known
One ſecret wiſh to glitter on a throne;
The toilſome day had heard no ſigh of mine,
Nor ſtripes, nor ſcorn, had urg'd me to repine.
A monarch, ſtill beyond a monarch bleſt,
Thy love my diadem, my throne thy breaſt;
My courtiers, watchful of my looks, thy eyes,
Should ſhine, perſuade, and flatter, and adviſe;
Thy voice my muſic, and thy arms ſhould be—
Ah! not the priſon of a ſlave in me!
Could I with infamy content remain,
And wiſh thy lovely form to ſhare my chain?
Could this bring eaſe? forgive th' unworthy thought,
And let the love that ſinn'd atone the fault.
Could I, a ſlave, and hopeleſs to be free,
Crawl, tamely recent from the ſcourge, to thee?
Thy blooming beauties could theſe arms embrace?
My guilty joys enſlave an infant race?
No: rather blaſt me lightnings, whirlwind tear,
And drive theſe limbs in atoms thro' the air;

Rather than this, O! curſe me ſtill with life,
And let my Zara ſmile a rival's wife:
Be mine alone th' accumulated woe,
Nor let me propagate my curſe below.
But, from this dreadful ſcene, with joy I turn;
To truſt in Heaven, of me let Zara learn.
The wretch, the ſordid hypocrite, who ſold
His charge, an unſuſpecting prince, for gold,
That Juſtice mark'd, whoſe eyes can never ſleep,
And death, commiſſion'd, ſmote him on the deep.
The generous crew their port in ſafety gain,
And tell my mournful tale, nor tell in vain;
The king, with horror of th' atrocious deed,
In haſte commanded, and the ſlave was freed.
No more Britannia's cheek, the bluſh of ſhame,
Burns for my wrongs, her king reſtores her fame:
Propitious gales, to Freedom's happy ſhore
Waft me triumphant, and the prince reſtore;
Whate'er is great and gay around me ſhine,
And all the ſplendor of a court is mine.
Here knowledge too, by piety refin'd,
Sheds a bleſt radiance o'er my brightening mind;
From earth I travel upward to the ſky,
I learn to live, to reign, yet more, to die.
O! I have tales to tell, of love divine—
Such bliſsful tidings! they ſhall ſoon be thine.
I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I ſee,
What habits, buildings, trades, and polity!
How art and nature vie to entertain
In public ſhows, and mix delight with pain.

O!

O! Zara[P], here, a ſtory like my own,
With mimic ſkill, in borrow'd names, was ſhown;
An Indian chief, like me, by fraud betray'd,
And partner in his woes an Indian maid.
I can't recal the ſcenes, 'tis pain too great,
And, if recall'd, ſhould ſhudder to relate.
To write the wonders here, I ſtrive in vain;
Each word would aſk a thouſand to explain.
The time ſhall come, O! ſpeed the lingering hour!
When Zara's charms ſhall lend deſcription power;
When plac'd beſide thee in the cool alcove,
Or thro' the green Savannahs as we rove,
The frequent kiſs ſhall interrupt the tale,
And looks ſhall ſpeak my ſenſe, tho' language fail.
Then ſhall the prodigies, that round me riſe,
Fill thy dear boſom with a ſweet ſurprize;
Then all my knowledge to thy faithful heart,
With danger gain'd, ſecurely I'll impart.
Methinks I ſee thy changing looks expreſs
Th' alternate ſenſe of pleaſure and diſtreſs;
As all the windings of my fate I trace,
And wing thy fancy ſwift from place to place.
Yet where, alas! has flattering thoughts convey'd
The raviſh'd lover with his darling maid?
Between us, ſtill unmeaſur'd oceans roll,
Which hoſtile barks infeſt, and ſtorms controul.
Be calm my boſom, ſince th' unmeaſur'd main,
And hoſtile barks, and ſtorms, are God's domain:

[P] He alludes to the Play of Oroonoko, at which he was preſent, and ſo affected as to be unable to continue, during its performance, in the houſe.

He rules reſiſtleſs, and his power ſhall guide
My life in ſafety o'er the roaring tide;
Shall bleſs the love that's built on virtue's baſe,
And ſpare me to evangelize my race.
Farewell! thy prince ſtill lives, and ſtill is free:
Farewell! hope all things, and remember me.

ZARA,

AT THE COURT OF ANAMABOE, TO THE AFRICAN PRINCE WHEN IN ENGLAND.

BY THE SAME.

SHOULD I the language of my heart conceal,
Nor warmly paint the paſſion that I feel;
My riſing wiſh ſhould groundleſs fears confine,
And doubts ungenerous chill the glowing line;
Would not my prince, with nobler warmth, diſdain
That love, as languid, which could ſtoop to feign?
Let guilt diſſemble—in my faithful breaſt
Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confeſt.
I give my boſom naked to thy view,
For, what has ſhame with innocence to do?
In fancy, now, I claſp thee to my heart,
Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.

I catch

I catch new tranſport from thy ſpeaking eye;—
But whence this ſad involuntary ſigh?
Why pants my boſom with intruding fears?
Why, from my eyes, diſtil unbidden tears?
Why do my hands thus tremble as I write?
Why fades thy lov'd idea from my ſight?
O! art thou ſafe on Britain's happy ſhore,
From winds that bellow, and from ſeas that roar?
And has my prince—(Oh, more than mortal pain!)
Betray'd by ruffians, felt the captive's chain?
Bound were thoſe limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
The toils of empire, and the ſweets of love?
Hold, hold! Barbarians of the fierceſt kind!
Fear Heaven's red lightning—'tis a prince ye bind;
A prince, whom no indignities could hide,
They knew, preſumptuous! and the gods defied.
Where-e'er he moves, let love-join'd reverence riſe,
And all mankind behold with Zara's eyes!
Thy breaſt alone, when bounding o'er the waves
To Freedom's climes, from ſlavery and ſlaves;
Thy breaſt alone the pleaſing thought could frame
Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came:
A thouſand times I held them to my breaſt,
A thouſand times my lips the paper preſt:
My full heart panted with a joy too ſtrong,
And "Oh, my prince!" died faultering on my tongue:
Fainting I ſunk, unequal to the ſtrife,
And milder joys ſuſtain'd returning life.
Hope, ſweet enchantreſs, round my love-ſick head
Delightful ſcenes of bleſt deluſion ſpread.

" Come, come, my prince! my charmer! haſte away;
" Come, come, I cried, thy Zara blames thy ſtay.
" For thee, the ſhrubs their richeſt ſweets retain;
" For thee, new colours wait to paint the plain;
" For thee, cool breezes linger in the grove,
" The birds expect thee in the green alcove;
" Till thy return, the rills forget to fall,
" Till thy return, the ſun, the ſoul of all!—
" He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,
" He comes refulgent to his Zara's arms:
" With jocund ſongs proclaim my love's return;
" With jocund hearts his nuptial bed adorn.
" Bright as the ſun, yet gentle as the dove,
" He comes, uniting majeſty and love."—
Too ſoon, alas! the bleſt deluſion flies;
Care ſwells my breaſt, and ſorrow fills my eyes.
Ah! why do thy fond words ſuggeſt a fear—
Too vaſt, too numerous, thoſe already here!
Ah! why with doubts torment my bleeding breaſt,
Of ſeas which ſtorms controul, and foes inſeſt!
My heart, in all this tedious abſence, knows
No thoughts but thoſe of ſeas, and ſtorms, and foes.
Each joyleſs morning, with the riſing ſun,
Quick to the ſtrand my feet ſpontaneous run:
" Where, where's my prince! what tidings have ye brought?"
Of each I met, with pleading tears I ſought.
In vain I ſought, ſome, conſcious of my pain,
With horrid ſilence pointed to the main.
Some with a ſneer the brutal thought expreſt,
And plung'd the dagger of a barbarous jeſt.

Day

Day follow'd day, and ſtill I wiſh'd the next,
New hopes ſtill flatter'd, and new doubts perplex'd;
Day follow'd day, the wiſh'd to-morrow came,
My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties the ſame.
At length—" O Power Supreme! whoe'er thou art,
" Thy ſhrine the ſky, the ſea, the earth, or heart;
" Since every clime, and all th' unbounded main,
" And hoſtile barks, and ſtorms, are thy domain,
" If faithful paſſion can thy bounty move,
" And goodneſs ſure muſt be the friend of love,
" Safe to theſe arms my lovely prince reſtore,
" Safe to his Zara's arms, to part no more.
" O! grant to virtue thy protecting care,
" And grant thy love to love's availing prayer,
" Together then, and emulous to praiſe,
" A flowery altar to thy name we'll raiſe;
" There, firſt and laſt, on each returning day,
" To thee our vows of gratitude we'll pay."
Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind,
Why, when thou went'ſt, did Zara ſtay behind?
How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,
'Midſt all the wild anxieties of love?
Had fate in other mold, thy Zara form'd,
And my bold breaſt in manly friendſhip warm'd,
How had I glow'd exulting at thy ſide!
How all the ſhafts of adverſe fate defied!
Or yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,
With thee, O! had I turn'd a burning ſoil!
In the cold priſon had I lain with thee,
In love ſtill happy, we had ſtill been free;

Then fortune brav'd, had own'd ſuperior might,
And pin'd with envy, while we forc'd delight.
Why ſhouldſt thou bid thy love remember thee?
Thine all my thoughts have been, and ſtill ſhall be.
Each night the cool Savannahs have I ſought,
And breath'd the fondneſs of enamour'd thought;
The curling breezes murmur'd as I ſigh'd,
And hoarſe, at diſtance, roar'd my foe the tide:
My breaſt ſtill haunted by a motly train,
Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now pain.
Now fix'd I ſtand, my ſpirit fled to thine,
Nor note the time, nor ſee the ſun decline;
Now rouz'd I ſtart, and wing'd with fear I run,
In vain, alas! for 'tis myſelf I ſhun.
When kindly ſleep its lenient balm ſupplied,
And gave that comfort waking thought denied.
Laſt night—but why, ah Zara! why impart,
The fond, fond fancies of a love-ſick heart?
Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,
And love's ſoft raptures realiz'd in thought—
Laſt night I ſaw, methinks I ſee it now—
Heaven's awful concave round thy Zara bow;
When ſudden thence a flaming chariot flew,
Which earth receiv'd, and ſix white courſers drew.
Then——quick tranſition——did thy Zara ride,
Borne to the chariot—wonderous—by thy ſide:
All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,
Each happy clime with ſweet ſurprize we view.

A thouſand

A thouſand voices ſung—" All bliſs betide
" The prince of Lybia, and his faithful bride."
" 'Tis done, 'tis done," reſounded thro' the ſkies,
And quick aloft the car began to riſe;
Ten thouſand beauties crowded on my ſight,
Ten thouſand glories beam'd a dazzling light.
My thoughts could bear no more, the viſion fled,
And wretched Zara view'd her lonely bed.—
Come, ſweet interpreter, and eaſe my ſoul;
Come to my boſom, and explain the whole.
Alas! my prince——yet hold, my ſtruggling breaſt!
Sure we ſhall meet aga'n, again be bleſt.
" Hope all, thou ſay'ſt, I live, and ſtill am free;"
O! then prevent thoſe hopes, and haſte to me.
Eaſe all the doubts thy Zara's boſom knows,
And kindly ſtop the torrent of her woes.
But, that I know too well thy generous heart,
One doubt, than all, more torment would impart:
'Tis this, in Britain's happy courts to ſhine,
Amidſt a thouſand blooming maids, is thine—
But thou, a thouſand blooming maids among,
Art ſtill thyſelf, incapable of wrong;
No outward charm can captivate thy mind,
Thy love is friendſhip heighten'd and refin'd;
'Tis what my ſoul, and not my form inſpires,
And burns with ſpotleſs and immortal fires.
Thy joys, like mine, from conſcious truth ariſe,
And, known theſe joys, what others canſt thou prize?

Be jealous doubts the curſe of ſordid minds;
Hence, jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds.—
Once more, O come! and ſnatch me to thy arms!
Come, ſhield my beating heart from vain alarms!
Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy breaſt,
Weep pleaſing tears, and be with joy diſtreſt!
Let me ſtill hear, and ſtill demand thy tale,
And, oft renew'd, ſtill let my ſuit prevail!
Much ſtill remains to tell and to enquire,
My hand ſtill writes, and writing prompts deſire;
My pen denies my laſt farewell to write,
Still, ſtill, " return," my wiſhful thoughts indite;
O! hear, my prince, thy love, thy miſtreſs call,
Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all.
O! pleaſing intercourſe of ſoul with ſoul,
Thus, while I write, I ſee, I claſp thee whole;
And theſe kind letters trembling Zara drew,
In every line ſhall bring her to thy view.
Return, return, in love and truth excell;
Return, I write; I cannot add—Farewell.

HYMN TO HOPE.

BY THE SAME.

ALL hail, bright Hope! Thou, when the fatal box,
Replete with ills, was ſent by angry Jove
In puniſhment of Japhet's [q] daring ſon,
When every woe of fearful name flew forth
To vex the human race, thou kindly deign'dſt
To ſtay behind, man's gentle comforter,
Life's balm and bleſſing! or, without the aid
Of truth-aſſimilated fiction, thou
Waſt given by God himſelf, a chearing light
To guide man's feet, driv'n from fair Eden's groves
Acroſs the untrack'd wilderneſs of life
To Heaven's bleſt manſions: where, and where alone
Thy office, friendly Hope, ſhall ſweetly ceaſe
To full fruition yielded! But on earth,
Nay, not, perchance, ev'n in fair Eden's groves,
Are thy aſſuaſive conſolations vain:
For what is life, or what its higheſt ſcenes
Of boaſted happineſs, if preſent bliſs

[q] Prometheus,

Bounds

Bounds the horizon of our views; nor Hope,
With eagle eye, kens aught beyond, on which
To fix the future, ardent, heart's deſire,
To fill the ſoul, and make the rapid wiſh
Run o'er with plenitude of joy?—Vain, vain,
To man's felicity, in youth or age,
The preſent draught of pleaſure, tho' once wiſh'd
With all the eagerneſs of panting thirſt.
Deep, deep he drinks, and longs for more! From hope
To hope he ſprings: he views, and ſtill extends
His view: o'er cloud-capt Alps new Alps ariſe!
He gains the ſummit: ſtill the proſpect wide
Enlarges to his eye: forward he fares
Nor ceaſes to aſcend, till high in heaven
He rides at anchor, and then Hope's no more.
But O! thou general bleſſing, ſmiling Hope!
Thy lucid ray, not only leads us on
From view to view; not only doſt thou chear
With expectation ſweet of future good;
But with ſerenity of preſent bliſs
Thou fill'ſt the heart expectant! Hope can give
Habitual good-humour! To the ſoul
A vital heat: ſhe quickens the ſtill parts,
Nay, ev'n in motion keeps the ſprings of life!
And when moſt indolent, and moſt remiſs,
Or rouzes, or preſerves the mind awake.
See, too, how few—and ev'n thoſe few how ſhort—
Are actual enjoyments! But thro' thee,
Bleſt Hope, we gain a taſte, delicious taſte
Of pleaſures poſſible! Taſte, not leſs ſweet,

Perchance,

Perchance, than real: for kind Hope beſtows
A bliſs in expectation, not leſs full,
And fuller oft than ripe fruition brings:
Fruition, haughty nymph, ſhe never deigns
To walk with humble Hope, who, at her ſight
Retires, abaſh'd, unnotic'd, and unthank'd!
But O! bleſt comforter, ingrate to thee
Let me not ever prove, ſhould wiſh'd ſucceſs
Crown my heart's hope! let me not e'er forget
The dear indulgences thy ſoothing views
Have to my ſoul preſented! Yet, O yet—
Thy promis'd conſummation too, too long
Delay'd, the heart in deep deſpondence ſighs,
And ſickens ſad with care. O then, indulge
Thy votary's prayer, nor ever let me loſe
Thy chearing aſpect; never let the night
Of black deſpondence, with its diſmal veil,
My little proſpects in thick darkneſs wrap!
Nor yet too long delay to grant my wiſh
Accompliſhment, if worthy! So my ſoul
Invigorated ſtill ſhall onward preſs
To more and more improvement: nor grow faint
Till the big buds of Hope terreſtrial burſt
To bloſſoms full and fair in better climes!
But ſay, bright Hope, what numbers ſhall be found,
Worthy to ſing thy praiſe: for that thy hand
Not only to the happieſt life imparts
Its zeſt, its reliſh; but with tender care
Is ſtretch'd forth to aſſuage the wretch's woe,

To ſoothe the anguiſh of diſeaſe and pain;
And ſoften ſad adverſity's rough bed!
Thou only cheap and univerſal cure
Of human ills—of human ſorrow, thou
Beſt comforter, and oft, full oft, alas!
The only comforter the wretched find!

Ah! ſee from that unfortunate, o'erwhelm'd
In the deep gulph of ſorrow, with what ſpeed,
What cruel ſpeed, as from contagion, all
With one conſent are flying!—and will none,
For gentle pity's ſake, remain behind
To comfort the diſtreſt! Yes, faithful Hope
Benevolently ſtays! and, flatterer kind,
Her far-foreſeeing tube applies, thro' which
The eye, tho' dim with mourning, oft diſcerns
Future and happier days, thro' the black gloom
Of melancholy proſpects ſhining bright.

Ah, honeſt flatterer!—yes, for once the muſe
Commends, what moſt the worthy mind abhors,
And calls thee honeſt flatterer: for while all
Aſſiduous join to adulate the bleſt,
Hope, tender Hope alone, with ſoft concern,
Flatters th' unhappy! and when every friend
Flies from the ſhip-wreck'd, naked, ruin'd wretch;
When every woe, in dire array, crowds round,
Ev'n then, in that ſad hour, Hope ſtill remains,
As loth to leave (divine philanthrophiſt!)
Her labour of diſintereſted love!

See—with thoſe anxious ſailors [r], ſee her watch
Her eye! almoſt exhauſted on the maſt,
The top-maſt of yon high Admiral
Juſt peeping from thoſe waves! that have ingulph'd
The gallant veſſel with its hapleſs crew,
Save thoſe who ſit, as if for bitterer fate
Reſerv'd, long wakeful nights and anxious days
High on the top-maſt! fearing inſtant death
From each inſulting wave! yet, yet, not yet
Will Hope deſert them! See, ſhe ſtrains her eye
Far o'er the trackleſs ocean: ſee, ſhe looks,
With eager expectation, looks around!
Wild winds alone are heard: green waves alone,
Foaming with fury, are beheld! O Hope,
Bleſt Hope! forſake them not: ſhould'ſt thou forſake,
And from the top maſt fly, they fall, they ſink
Irrevocably loſt!—She will not go;
Still will ſhe watch; nor watch in vain! ſhe ſpies
A white ſail, riſing from the waves: it comes;
Behold! it comes, and in its boſom bears
Thrice-precious life! They faint for joy! their feet
Scarce bear them trembling to the welcome bark;

[r] This refers to a real event, which happened two winters paſt. Theſe mariners, when their veſſel was ſunk, continued two days and nights on the maſt, where they found an accidental keg of brandy, which, under God, preſerved their lives till a veſſel from Margate came with great hazard to their preſervation: the perſon who firſt ſaw the veſſel immediately fainted away.

Where ſafely boarded—Hope her golden wings
Plumes, and exulting ſhoots acroſs the deep,
Quick as in winter's ſkies the radiant ſtar!
  But whither thus precipitate her flight
Urges the general comforter? Behold
Where, ſtretch'd upon the bed of ſore diſeaſe,
Worn out with pain, the ſick man languid lies!
She comes, bleſt Hope! and lo! her kindly arm
Rears from the pillow his enfeebled head,
And lenient ſooths his melancholy heart!
Now, pointing to fair Health, with roſeate bloom,
Rekindling vigour in the mantling cheek:
Now, to the robe of white and crown of gold,
Reſerv'd for Chriſt's true ſervants, in the realms
Of everlaſting day!—Thrice faithful Hope,
Thou, like the heart, liv'ſt firſt, and dieſt laſt;
Nor, ev'n in death's extremeſt pangs, wilt leave
The fluttering ſoul——but, when earth's fears and joys
Sink into darkneſs all, thy beaming light
Unvelopes proſpects new, and better far,
Proſpects which make man, man: and cauſe the ſoul
In death to triumph, and defy the grave.
  Nor ceaſes with the man of ſorrow, ſtretch'd
On bed of ſickneſs, Hope's indulgent aid:
The balm of comfort, ſee, how ſhe preſents
To the dear tender partner of his heart,
The wife, with weeping love, beſide the couch
Watching ſolicitous, with ſleepleſs eye!
Hope ſhews her the fond huſband, to her arms
Once more reſtor'd: Hope to her aching heart

The valued parent repreſents, once more
Smiling amidſt his children: and endear'd,
As thus endanger'd, tenfold more endear'd!
Look thro' the varied ſcenes of hapleſs life,
Hope, all-beneficent, is ever found
Where-e'er is found affliction! None ſo low
Can ſink, but Hope will to their wretchedneſs
Deſcend, and point out conſolation's ſtar
Bright'ning in better ſkies! not ev'n the ſlave,
Loaden with cruel chains, deep in the mines
Of rich Potoſi, toiling, though from light
Ever ſequeſter'd of all-cheering day,
Can, from her light, be hid! See, through his ſoul
It ſhoots illuminating: and affords
Bright bleſſing glances of his native land,
Recover'd freedom, and rejoicing friends!
All hail, bright Hope! O, thro' the weary ways
Of this bad world, be thou the pilgrim's ſtaff
On which my hands may lean, and find ſupport
'Gainſt all deſpondency! yet, Goddeſs! ſay,
While on thy altars all of human race
Devoutly ſacrifice; while to thy ſhrine
All mortals bend the knee; whence doth it hap,
That oft the mournful tongue proclaims thee falſe,
And dares to defecrate thy hallow'd name,
Deceitful calling thee; and apt to ſlide
Full oft from the embrace, ev'n in the hour
Of higheſt expectation: often found
To promiſe what thou never doſt beſtow?

" Vain mortals—(yes, with ſerious ſolemn heed,
I mark thy words, celeſtial!)—" Mortals! know,
" 'Tis not in Hope, 'tis in yourſelves, deceiv'd
" And ſtill deceiving, that the error lies:
" Short-liv'd, and of a ſpan, ye ſtretch your hopes,
" Proud hopes of ſublunary happineſs,
" Far into time, as if of time ſecure,
" As if on earth immortal! or thoſe hopes
" On objects fix, incapable to bleſs,
" When granted to your wiſhes! or, more vain,
" By ſelf-deluſion blinded, fancy-led,
" Ye idly hope, where reaſon's ſelf recoils:
" Thus rendering your exiſtence, dream at beſt,
" Still more a dream!—Leſs credulous and fond,
" Mortals, be wiſe; either as mortals hope,
" Or, ſtill more wiſe, hope as immortals!" Yes!
With ſacred awe thy counſel I receive,
Bleſt teacher: O aſſiſt me to obey
Its dictates: far above this waning moon,
Teach me to riſe o'er momentary bliſs,
Triumphant: and to ſoar on thy bright wings
Beyond the leſſen'd clouds, beyond all time
Deep into vaſt immenſity! where thou,
Tho' born of immortality, and proof
Of thy high parent's glory—where, ev'n thou,
Earth's bleſſing—never, never ſhalt be known!
Then, farewell, Hope, for ever!—then adieu,
Sweet expectation; when each raviſh'd ſenſe
Lives in the plenitude of God's own joy!

But, till that hour, O deign, all-cheering Hope,
To ſmile before me: gild my proſpects round
With thy reviving ſplendor: full in view
Preſent the vaſt realities, which wait
Th' immortal ſtranger, travelling from this world
To his eternal home, his reſt, his haven!
So ſhall my heart ne'er with impatient throbs
Pant for th' uncertain, ſublunary gifts
Of this e'er-changing life! So Reaſon's hand
With Fortitude attending, on ſhall lead
To the neat cottage of retir'd Content,
Where dwells man's trueſt happineſs! there lodg'd,
Like Cæſar, with a generous diſdain
Preſent poſſeſſions nobly I'll deſpiſe,
And from them frankly part, in the full hope,
Hope, which can ne'er deceive, nor mount too high,
Hope of poſſeſſions, future, better far:
Boundleſs duration: bliſs immutable!
Hail then, bright Hope! of immortality
True, genuine daughter! hail, man's chiefeſt good,
And his beſt portion, while no mor than man!
Smile o'er the human race: and ſtill vouchſafe
To gild, to gladden all their joys: to ſoothe
With gentle blandiſhment their woes: to fill
With juſt contempt of tranſitory life!
Still realizing to their raptur'd view
Heaven's high felicities! O! while ſtrong Faith,
With ſteady finger, points us to our home,
Do thou invigorate our active feet
Along the rugged way: full, full in ſight

Place that home's glories: while thy ſiſter Love
Charms us the while, the weary journey through;
And, when it ends, receive us from the arms
Of Faith and thee; to take up our abode
In realms, where GOD and LOVE are all in all.

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY A PRESENT OF A MOSS ROSE-BUD, FROM MISS JACKSON OF SOUTHGATE.

BY THE SAME.

THE ſlighteſt of favours beſtow'd by the fair
With rapture we take, and with tranſport we wear;
But a MOSS-WOVEN ROSE-BUD, Eliza, from thee,
A well-pleaſing gift to a monarch would be:
—Ah! that illneſs, too cruel, forbidding ſhould ſtand,
And refuſe me the gift from thine own lovely hand!

With joy I receive it, with pleaſure will view,
Reminded of thee by its odour and hue;
"Sweet roſe! let me tell thee, tho' charming thy bloom,
"Tho' thy fragrance exceeds Saba's richeſt perfume;
"Thy breath to Eliza's hath no fragrance in't;
"And thy bloom is but dull to her cheeks bluſhing tint.

"Yet

" Yet alas! my fair flower, that bloom will decay,
" And all thy fine beauties ſoon wither away;
" Tho' pluck'd by her hand, to whoſe touch thou muſt own
" Harſh and rough is the cygnet's moſt delicate down:
" Thou too, ſnowy hand;—nay, I mean not to preach;
" But the Roſe, lovely moraliſt! ſuffer to teach."

" Extol not, fond maiden, thy beauties o'er mine,
" They too are ſhort-liv'd, and they too muſt decline;
" And ſmall in concluſion, the difference appears
" In the bloom of few days, or the bloom of few years!
" But remember a virtue the Roſe hath to boaſt,
" —Its Fragrance remains, when its Beauties are loſt."

THE EQUALITY OF MANKIND.

BY MR. WODHULL.

THERE was a time when from thoſe hapleſs ſchools,
Where Science droops, and penſion'd Litchfield rules,
Inhaling faction, with the Tory race
On Right Divine, Hereditary Grace,
Much did I waver, much did I unite
The names of Patriot, and of Jacobite:

Thanks to my friendly ſtars thoſe days are o'er,
And now, not meanly pinion'd as before,
Untaught to bend the pliant knee, and join
The ſlaves, who flock to Grandeur's tinſel ſhrine,
Kindling at thy perpetual flame the brand
Of honeſt Satire, with officious hand
To thee, O Truth, I conſecrate the blaze;—
Receive, exalt, invigorate my lays.

The ſtudious Pilgrim, as his bare feet tread
O'er holy Carmel! with religious dread,
If, ſunk in mouldering rubbiſh, he deſcries
Where ſome old fane, or maſſive altar lies,
Kneeling adores it with a ſtedfaſt gaze,
And ruminates the works of mightier days,
Feaſts his rapt ſoul on pure devotion's fires,
And ſlowly from the much-lov'd ſpot retires.
Led by dark Legend on from clime to clime
Amid th' hiſtoric ravages of Time,
Thus the bold Muſe aſſerts her liberal plan
To mark the genuine privilege of man,
To prove how Fiction, and how Fact agree,
That God was juſt, and all Mankind were free.

From Jura's mount, from thoſe inclement ſkies,
(Where pale and wan Helvetia's Genius lies,
His arms revers'd, his ſhield thrown idly by,
To note the ſad decays of Liberty;)
Come, ſtern Philoſophy,—that garb of woe
Beſits thee moſt, majeſtically ſlow

Thy

Thy gait, while rais'd aloof thy red right hand
Waves in the gale Reſentment's flaming brand,
Such as, from Seine's proud banks when Roſſeau fled,
Thy Vengeance hurl'd at mitred Beaumont's head:
Beneath thy auſpices in Albion's plain,
While Juſtice triumphs in a George's reign,
Alone, yet ſcorning Caution's coward maſk,
Will I encounter this adventurous taſk;
Tho' far too ſanguine to conceal their rage,
My Foes already curſe each opening page,
And Friends, half ſhrinking at ſo rude a teſt,
Glance o'er my title, and forſwear the reſt.

Back to Creation's infancy, when Earth
Few revolutions dated from its birth,
My theme invites:—poor Exile doom'd to rove
Far from the ſweets of Eden's happy grove
Behold our firſt Progenitor;—his race
Plung'd in a lineal ſeries of diſgrace,
Become a prey from that ill-fated hour
To pain, diſeaſe, and death's remorſeleſs power.

Some evils ſoon attain'd their utmoſt prime,
To perfect others was a work of time.
Perhaps in thoſe rude ages, when no law
Kept the warm paſſions of mankind in awe,
Rapine was frequent; from his neighbour's fold
Some proud Oppreſſor, of gigantic mold,
His fleecy charge, his only treaſure bore,
And left the ſhepherd weltering in his gore:

Yet

Yet then no dire neceſſity had made
Murder a ſyſtem, war a needful trade;
No Frederick, foe to nature and to man,
Juſtice his pretext, tyranny his plan,
Born every right of nations to betray,
O'er Leipzick's walls had forc'd his deſperate way;
Coarſe was their food, their ſordid dwelling ſmall,
Such was the lot of one, the lot of all:
In ſome deep vale their ſhapeleſs altar ſtood
Rais'd with the caſual turf, or unhewn wood;
Thither, by grateful adoration taught,
On ſome choice feſtival the Ruſtic brought
A decent offering from his little ſtock,
Fruits of the ground, or firſtlings of his flock:
No temple rear'd its fretted roof on high,
No golden cenſer's blaze perfum'd the ſky,
No vain High-Prieſt with ſurly grandeur trod,
As if to ſhame the meanneſs of his God.

When, like the Titans, earth's rebellious crew
To Heaven's high bulwarks rais'd their hoſtile view,
In vain, their boaſtful arrogance to quell,
Their leaders were diſpers'd, their turret fell;
On Shinar's plains Deſpotic Power unfurl'd
Her banner, and to vex the groaning world
From ſhore to ſhore the ſtrange contagion ran;
Fraternal concord ceas'd, and Monarchy began.

Thus while the ſtorms in hollow caverns ſleep,
And ſcarce a zephyr fans the quiet deep,

Suddenly

Suddenly from the rock's impending brow
A cumbrous fragment on the tide below
Comes ruſhing downwards; boils the vaſt profound,
Waves upon waves daſh'd on the beach reſound.

Deteſted Hunter! Nimrod led the way,
War was his ſavage paſtime, man his prey;
For brutal ſtrength by trembling vaſſals fear'd
The walls of ancient Babylon he rear'd:
In his high dome, with crayons rude portray'd,
The warrior's dread atchievements were diſplay'd;
Here pierc'd with darts th' expiring tyger lay,
There ruſh'd embattled hoſts in firm array;
There in his car the thickeſt ranks he broke,
And nations yielded to his galling yoke.

Such empire's origin:—with horrid yell
From the black confines of his native hell
Emerg'd the Demon of tyrannic pride,
And Vice came onward with a larger ſtride:
Ungrateful were the taſk, and endleſs toil
To trace its progreſs thro' each diſtant ſoil
Fertile of Tyrants. Craft with Proweſs join'd
Soon tam'd the generous fierceneſs of mankind.
Dominion firſt was gain'd by lawleſs might;
The claim of long Hereditary Right
Succeeded; when to varniſh o'er each flaw,
And bow the world with ſuperſtitious awe,
The Prieſts dreſs'd up ſome bugbear of their own,
Call'd him a King, and plac'd him on a throne;

Then

Then caught the weakneſs of thoſe darker times,
And dragg'd in Heaven to ſanctify his crimes.

Search well its inmoſt ſource, and tell whence ſprings
This ſacred claim of Iſrael's vaunted Kings:
When that audacious crew renounc'd their God,
Deſpis'd his mercies, brav'd his heavieſt rod;
And for his Patronage too mighty grown
Set up a little Idol of their own:
Say, did their Prophet urge Saul's Right Divine?—
His incenſe blaz'd not at ſo vile a ſhrine.
Or did ſome ill in myſtic leaves foretold,
And chronicled by graveſt ſeers of old,
While on deluſive hopes they fondly built,
O'erwhelm them with involuntary guilt?
No; 'twas their baffled pride whoſe laſt reſource
Dragg'd this perdition on their heads by force.

From that black period each intenſer crime,
That brands with infamy its parent clime,
Aſſail'd the palace, overſpread the land,
And in their temple took its guilty ſtand.

The ſeat of Chemoſh by the purple vine
Was planted, and at Moloch's brazen ſhrine,
As with inhuman zeal the trembling ſire
Conſign'd his ſhrieking infants to the fire,
While with loud din their hideous cymbals rung,
His Worſhippers obſcene their uncouth orgies ſung.

Belief,

Belief, in various ſenſes underſtood,
Is man's ſevereſt curſe, or ſureſt good.
Thus, in the meads where hallow'd Jordan glides,
Enriching Paleſtine with copious tides,
Where ſprings the branching palm, where ſtreams the oil,
Where fruitful vineyards bleſs the peaſant's toil;
Deep in the heart of Siddim's odious vale,
Impregnating with death each tainted gale,
The black Aſphaltes from its ſlimy bed
Sees pitchy clouds, ſulphureous vapours, ſpread.

Let Mecca tell, big with aſpiring ſchemes,
Seraphic trances, counterfeited dreams,
How ſubtle Mahomet, of ſervile birth,
Diffus'd his tenets thro' th' aſtoniſh'd earth,
By fire and ſword the Nations undeceiv'd
Confeſs'd their former errors, and believ'd.

In Judah's ſoil the tree of knowledge grew,
Whoſe fruit unſound, yet ſpecious to the view,
Entruſted to the treacherous Levite's care,
Fell, ere it ripen'd, in that baleful air;
Relentleſs Cowards! with a brutal hand
Urging their fraudful progreſs thro' the land,
O'er Nature's parting agonies they trod,
And ſlaughter'd millions in the name of God,
Each right of arms infringing, nor forbore
To dip their reeking blades in infant gore;
Till mighty conſcience, whoſe prevailing call
Opes the dread volume of her laws to all,

Bewail'd

Bewail'd them darken'd by ſo ſtrong a taint,
That none diſcern'd the villain from the ſaint.

Far other fame the Chriſtian doctrine gain'd,
From Heaven tranſmitted, and by Heaven maintain'd,
With ſcepter'd arrogance to vex the earth,
Yet moſt thoſe realms which gave his grandeur birth,
To make divided Faith and Virtue foes,
On its firm baſe no ſecond David roſe:
Yet from this pure and unpolluted ſource,
Ere long, the ſtreams in a perverted courſe
Ran foul: Fanatics ſoon began to call
Merit a ſound, Religion all in all;
Infuriate Prieſts the bonds of nature tore,
And Perſecution drench'd the world with gore.
Arm'd with the Croſs, o'er Aſia's ravag'd lands,
See ſainted Champions pour their deſperate bands,
A dreaming Hermit leads them, and aloud
Preaches ſalvation to the frantic crowd:
Zeal whets the poniard, and with ruthleſs joy
They come, they ſack, they raviſh, they deſtroy.

The Muſe rejecting this hiſtoric draught
With bitter truths, ſtrict teſtimonies fraught,
Its civil diſcords, and religious ſtrife
O'erlooks, to take a fairer view of life;
Borne on the rapid wings of Thought ſhe flies,
Opes new creations, ſeeks for other ſkies,
Revolving all that ſportive Ovid told
Of cloudleſs ſuns, of ages wing'd with gold,

Thoſe ages, when in Peneus' chearful grove
Man knew no ſorrows, no diſeaſe but Love;
When Nature's ſelf was unconſtrain'd and young,
And Bards rang'd lawleſs as the Gods they ſung.

Ye happier times of innocence and truth,
Pleaſing inſtructors of my thoughtleſs youth,
When none the image of his God belied,
No Minions crouch'd beneath a Sultan's pride,
No wealth enſnar'd, no poverty diſtreſs'd,
No ruffians plunder'd, and no kings oppreſs'd;
Tho' doom'd to grovel in a baſer age,
Will I from Memory's enchanting page
Retrace your ſcatter'd annals.—When of old
Arcadia's peaceful ſhepherds uncontroul'd
Their ranging flocks thro' boundleſs paſtures drove,
Or tun'd their pipes beneath the myrtle grove,
Their laws on brazen tablets unimpreſt
Were deeply grav'd on each ingenuous breaſt,
No proud Vicegerent of Aſtrea reign'd,
Aſtrea's ſelf her own decrees maintain'd.

Books, uſeleſs lumber, yet in embryo ſlept,
No Damon rav'd in rhime, no Delia wept;
Nor had, nor needed they the caſuiſt's page,
Plain were the duties of that ſimpler age:
For Nature, beſt of mothers, pleas'd to teach
Virtues no modern theoriſt can reach;
With characters indelible, on high
Blazon'd her ſyſtem of Equality.

Alas!

Alas! how gladly would Illuſion's beam
For ever vibrate on this glittering theme:
Here let me finiſh; nor, my ſoul to wring,
From Fable's ſweets proceed to Fable's ſting:
I muſt;—theſe fairy dreams have had their ſpace,
And now the dreadful ſequel claims a place.
Like the preſumptuous Mariner, whoſe ſails,
Wafted from port with ſoft Eteſian gales,
Urge his o'erweening eagerneſs to brave
Without a Pilot the perfidious wave,
Soon o'er whoſe bark th' impetuous tempeſts ſweep,
And bury all his fortunes in the deep:
Seduc'd by Fancy's charms, amidſt a grove
Of pleaſing errors have I dar'd to rove,
Till, half deſponding, comfortleſs, aghaſt,
I but ſurvey bright Freedom's form at laſt,
To ſee her periſh by as ſure a wound
Mid theſe enchantments, as on vulgar ground.

Fond Epimetheus! when thy luckleſs hand
Scatter'd Pandora's curſes o'er the land,
Forth from the caſket glittering to the view
Scepters, and crowns, deluſive trumpery, flew;
Man ey'd the bait, and with an ideot joy
Eagerly ruſh'd to ſnatch the gilded toy:
Freedom thenceforth, and Peace, and Juſtice fled,
Infernal Diſcord rear'd her ſnaky head
From blackeſt Erebus, whoſe ſcorpions hurl'd
By dread Oppreſſion curb'd a wretched world;

Too late remorſe congeal'd each guilty ſoul,
And forky lightnings flaſh'd from pole to pole.

Where-e'er we ſearch the vaſt inſtructive page
Of Fact, or Fiction, we in every age
See Saints impal'd and tortur'd at the ſtake
Thro' fervent zeal, and for Religion's ſake;
Murders and ſorceries, and Men, whoſe heart
Ne'er prompted one humane, one generous part,
While ſome vain Mortal, arbiter of ill,
Govern'd the reſt; at whoſe imperious will
Millions of ſlaughter'd Heroes bit the duſt
To ſoothe a Tyrant's pride, a Strumpet's luſt;
Till loathing both the preſent, and the paſt,
We learn this melancholy truth at laſt;
" On Life's rough ſea by ſtormy paſſions toſt,
" Freedom and Virtue were together loſt."

Shame on our vaunted reaſon, when we find
No creature elſe ſo ſenſeleſs, and ſo blind;
The Brutes indeed to force ſuperior yield,
And leave the ſtrongeſt maſter of the field,
Yet this imperial claim to none deſcends,
With the poſſeſſor's ſtrength his title ends;
Nor, if their enterprizing Leader calls,
Do they forſake their well-repleniſh'd ſtalls,
And with heroic frenzy riſk their life,
Fomenting ſome unneceſſary ſtrife.
Unfall'n, and uncorrupted, they fulfil
Their Nature's end, their mighty Maker's will:

Stoop then, ye ſons of Reaſon, ſtoop, and own
The verieſt beaſt more worthy of a throne.

The Chain, whoſe two Extremities unite,
Preſenting ſtill a middle to our ſight,
Where link by link in fruitleſs ſearch we tend,
Yet find not a beginning, or an end,
Talk as we pleaſe, diſſemble how we can,
Preſents a juſt ſimilitude of Man;
Who, in each ſtate of life conſtrain'd to own
A ſtrict dependance, uſeleſs when alone,
Cleaves, tho' a Monarch, to his native dung,
And venerates the ſoil from whence he ſprung.

View firſt the Slave, whom his unhappy fate
In galling fetters to ſome foreign ſtate
Tears from his deareſt home; there baſely ſold
By thoſe, who truck humanity for gold,
Abus'd, neglected, ſinking with diſtreſs,
When all is dark, and Hope alone can bleſs;
Ev'n then thro' Life's dim curtain he deſcries
Some happier regions, and ſerener ſkies,
Where Commerce never rears her impious head,
No Fiends approach, no Miſſionaries tread.

Next him the Peaſant, whoſe inceſſant toil,
Harſly requited, tills the rugged ſoil,
Preſs'd by the barbarous inſults of the great,
The fooliſh prodigality of ſtate:

Yet

Yet his low couch no thorny cares moleſt,
His even ſpirits yield unbroken reſt.

Thoſe reſtleſs Beings next in order place,
Whoſe motley ſtations wear a doubtful face,
Who dragg'd by Fortune into Middle Life,
That vortex of malevolence and ſtrife,
Envying the great, and ſcoffing at the mean,
Or ſwol'n with pride, or waſted with chagrin,
Like Mahomet's unſettled aſhes, dwell,
Midway ſuſpended, between Heaven and Hell.

Clad with thoſe Titles antient Juſtice gave
To grace the wiſe, the generous, and the brave,
O'er theſe aſcend the Sycophants of Power,
Their maſter's tools, the minions of an hour.

Laſt of the Group, to cloſe this irkſome ſcene,
Childiſhly great, and eminently mean,
Behold the Monarch, whoſe exalted throne,
Dupes to their fear, his Eaſtern Vaſſals own;
When by the toil, which earns the Hind's hard bread,
His ſplendor is maintain'd, his lux'ry fed;
Is not a wretch like this, to either ſide
Of Life's perverſe extremities allied?
Here to its ſource the line revolving tends,
Here cloſe the points, and here the circle ends.

When luſt, when rapine, when ungovern'd rage
Strongly characteris'd the iron age,

Law ſoon became a neceſſary ill,
Vice edg'd the ſword, and gave it force to kill;
Monarchs, we ſee, were then at firſt deſign'd
A general good, a bleſſing unconfin'd:
For public welfare, not for private ends,
From ſire to ſon the regal crown deſcends.
When Kings ſupport afflicted Virtue's cauſe,
Curb potent Vice, and vindicate the laws,
Our high reſpect deſervedly they ſhare,
Not for themſelves, but for the truſt they bear.

As on the ſlippery pinnacle they ſtand
Of brittle grandeur, with rapacious hand
If they aſſume unlimited domain,
And madly govern with perverted rein
The vaſt Machine of Empire; to the ſkies
Aſcend the widow's tears, the orphan's cries;
A Cato's ſpirit, or a Cicero's tongue
With keen reſentment animates the throng;
Some Hampden hears his gaſping country's groan,
And in juſt vengeance ſhakes a guilty throne.

Should inauſpicious Fortune tear away
From Virtue's graſp the triumphs of a day,
Should Tyranny, by long ſucceſs grown great,
Cruſh the defenceleſs victims of her hate,
Grim Superſtition with an haggard eye
Points to the ſpoils, and rears her torch on high,
From regal conqueſt her own inference draws,
And blends with that of Heaven its dearer cauſe.

Blind

Blind to the treacherous ſnare, when Fate decreed
That Troy ſhould periſh by the wooden ſteed;
The reſt ſtood fix'd with heſitating fear,
While bold Laocoon hurl'd his forceful ſpear
Againſt the monſter, from whoſe knotty ſide
Reſounding arms, and Grecian ſhrieks replied:
Stung by a ſnake the pious Prieſt expir'd,
While Folly gaz'd, and Ignorance admir'd;
This moral curb'd th' infatuated crew—
" The ſacrilegious wretch Minerva ſlew."

When virtuous [s] Greville thus in civil ſtrife
Crown'd with that honeſt prayer his cloſing life;
Can we unmov'd with indignation bear
To ſee grave Clarendon, whoſe ſtile, whoſe air,
'Twixt tortur'd facts, and ſcripture-phraſes quaint,
Shews half the royaliſt, and half the ſaint,
Stamp on his aſhes with a dotard's pride,
And execrate the cauſe for which he died?

Ye fields of Naſeby, where the thundering hand
Of Freedom greatly proſper'd; where that band
Of hardy Patriots reſolutely bore,
Thro' ſtorms of horror, and thro' ſeas of gore,
Their country's charter, ſnatch'd in happieſt hour
From Sacerdotal wrath, and Kingly power:
Oft as your towers, on which dread Vengeance wrote
Strong characters, and blaſted where ſhe ſmote,

[s] Lord Brooke, ſee Clarendon's Hiſtory.

In youth's gay ſeaſon fix'd my roving eye,
How did I hail that ſcene of victory!
Ev'n now methinks I ſee brave Fairfax tread
Th' enſanguin'd plain;—to grace the warrior's head
From Fame's unſullied grove let Virtue bring
Thoſe laurels green with everlaſting ſpring:
Illuſtrious meed, too oft profuſely ſtrewn
To deck the precincts of Ambition's throne,
To crown ſome proud Infringer of the laws:
But due to vengeance, due to Britain's cauſe.

Nor, tho' the Muſe forlorn and helpleſs ſtray
O'er thy bare coaſt, nor glean one fragrant bay,
Bleak Caledonia, ſhalt thou paſs unſung,
For Freedom on thy hills her arm new-ſtrung:
When thy firm ſons, who lov'd the public weal,
Or inly burn'd to ſee tyrannic Zeal
Againſt their altars lift an impious hand,
And threat th' accuſtom'd worſhip of the land,
From their huge cliffs deſcending like a flood,
Stood forth, prepar'd to ſeal their faith with blood;
At their approach while perjur'd Holland fled,
Falſe to his Maſter's cauſe, his Maſter's bed;
And Hierarchy, that fiend, whom Scripture paints
Drunk with the blood of Martyrs and of Saints,
Conſign'd by Fate in penal chains to dwell,
Slunk unregarded to her native hell.

Curſe on the ſhouts of that licentious Throng,
Whoſe merriment (more brutal than the ſong

Of

Of mad Agave, when wild Hæmus o'er
Her Pentheus' mangled limbs the mother bore;)
Proclaims the fall of Liberty:—ye ſhades
Of mighty Chiefs, from your Elyſian glades
Look down benign, avert the dire preſage,
Nor with two Charles's brand one ſinful age.
O, my poor country! what capricious tide
Of Fortune ſwells the Tyrant's motley pride!
Around his brows yon ſervile Prelates twine
The ſtale and blaſted wreath of Right Divine;
While Harlots, like the Coan Venus fair,
Move their light feet to each laſcivious air.

Hence with your orgies!—righteous Heaven ordains
A purer worſhip, leſs audacious ſtrains.
When falls by William's ſword (as ſoon it muſt)
This Edifice of bigotry and luſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſtart from her inglorious trance,
And give to Satire's graſp her vengeful lance,
At Truth's hiſtoric ſhrine ſhall victims ſmoke,
And a freſh Stuart bleed at every ſtroke:
Thine too, perfidious Albemarle (whoſe ſteel,
Drawn to protect embroil'd Britannia's weal,
Shrunk from thy coward arm, conſign'd the reins
Of power to Charles, and forg'd a nation's chains)
Compar'd with nobler villainies of old,
High deeds, on plates of adamant enroll'd,
Shall meet the felon's undiſtinguiſh'd fate,
Sure of contempt, unworthy of our hate.

Once more emerging from this baleful reign
Of Stuart Kings, and from the Pontiff's chain,
By Boyne's ſwift current Freedom rear'd her head,
When from thoſe banks the Papal Tyrant fled;
Then every vale with Io Pæans rung
As the glad reaper at his harveſt ſung,
Thee, great Naſſau, benevolently brave,
Equally born to conquer, and to ſave,
When Glory's ſounding trump to Gallia's ſhore,
Th' exulting ſhouts of Britiſh Freedom bore,
Diſmay'd ſhe ſaw the kindling ardor burn,
And Seine hung trembling o'er her waſted urn.

Warm with the ſame benevolence of mind,
Friends to the native rights of human kind,
Succeeding Kings extend the generous plan,
And Brunſwick perfects what Naſſau began.
Thrice happy Albion! in whoſe favour'd land
Impartial Juſtice with a ſteady hand
Poiſes the ſcales of empire; where the names
Of ſervile tenure, and the feudal claims
Of Norman Peers in muſty tomes decay,
Swept by obliterating years away.

But if in Faction's loud and empty ſtrain
Yon frontleſs rabble vex a gentle reign,
In Peace itſelf ideal dangers find,
Provoke new wars, and challenge half mankind;
What tho' another Tully at their head
From breaſt to breaſt the rank contagion ſpread:

Say,

Say, what are we? ſome penſion'd Patriot's tools,
Meer artleſs, unſuſpecting, Britiſh fools.

Born in a changeful clime, beneath a ſky
Whence ſtorms deſcend, and hovering vapours fly,
Stung with the fever, tortur'd with the ſpleen,
Boiſterouſly merry, churliſhly ſerene,
By each vague blaſt dejected or elate,
Dupes in their love, immoderate in their hate,
With ſtrange formality, or beariſh eaſe,
Then moſt diſguſtful, when they ſtrive to pleaſe,
No happy mean the ſons of Albion know,
Their wavering tempers ever ebb and flow,
Rank contraries, in nothing they agree;
Untaught to ſerve, unable to be free.

While parties rage, O Truth! with honeſt zeal
To thee, protectreſs of my lays, I kneel;
O deign to ſhew me in their real light,
Stript of that glare which cheats the dazzled ſight,
The Chiefs, whoſe blazon'd deeds and ſounding worth
Uſurp a ſphere above the ſons of earth;
Ope dark Futurity's inſtructive womb,
Conduct me to the manſions of the tomb,
Where titles ceaſe, where worldly pomp is o'er,
Mute are the Nine, and Flattery ſoothes no more:
So may I take a more impartial view,
Forget the rank, and give the man his due.

Yet what regards it or the world, or me,
How Fame awards her poſthumous decree,
If man, unconſcious of her loudeſt breath,
Sleep a cold tenant of the vale of death?
Let the delirious Siamois compute
How Sommonokodon his worſhipp'd brute,
Thro' being's long progreſſive ſtages trod,
Began an Ox, and ended in a God.
Our fleeting ſouls let the weak [t] Samian trace
In birds, in beaſts, and all the finny race;
Theſe baſeleſs ſtructures, fictions light and vain,
Coin'd in the foldings of an idle brain,
To their abſurd inventors I reſign,
They are not in the Church's creed, or mine.

But ſhall the Peaſant from his turf-bound grave
Or riſe no more, or wake again a Slave?
And ſhall the Monarch in a future ſtate,
With the ſame viſionary pomp elate,
Reſume the trappings of his loſt command,
And wield a mimic ſcepter in his hand?

Tho' gloomy Bigots paint a partial God,
Bare his red arm, and lift his ſcorpion rod;
Tho' on a text perverting Zealots dwell,
Till Scripture ſuits the purpoſes of hell;
Think for thyſelf;—ſuppoſe life's voyage o'er;
Think for thyſelf, and envy Kings no more:

[t] Pythagoras.

Reſign'd

Reſign'd and calm await that awful hour,
That criſis of all ſublunary power,
When wreaths of glory ſhall adorn the Juſt,
And Empire's proud Coloſſus ſink to duſt.

LOVE ELEGIES.

BY ——.

ELEGY I.

'TIS night, dead night; and o'er the plain
Darkneſs extends her ebon ray,
While wide along the gloomy ſcene
Deep Silence holds her ſolemn ſway:

Throughout the earth no chearful beam
The melancholic eye ſurveys,
Save where the worm's fantaſtic gleam
The 'nighted traveller betrays:

The ſavage race (ſo Heaven decrees)
No longer thro' the foreſt rove;
All nature reſts, and not a breeze
Diſturbs the ſtillneſs of the grove:

All nature reſts ; in Sleep's ſoft arms
The village ſwain forgets his care :
Sleep, that the ſting of Sorrow charms,
And heals all ſadneſs but Deſpair :

Deſpair alone her power denies,
And, when the ſun withdraws his rays,
To the wild beach diſtracted flies,
Or chearleſs thro' the deſart ſtrays ;

Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,
While fearful echoes burſt around,
On ſome cold ſtone he leans his head,
Or throws his body on the ground.

To ſome ſuch drear and ſolemn ſcene,
Some friendly power direct my way,
Where pale Misfortune's haggard train,
Sad luxury! delight to ſtray.

Wrapp'd in the ſolitary gloom,
Retir'd from life's fantaſtic crew,
Reſign'd, I'll wait my final doom,
And bid the buſy world adieu.

The world has now no joy for me,
Nor can life now one pleaſure boaſt,
Since all my eyes deſir'd to ſee,
My wiſh, my hope, my all, is loſt ;

Since

Since ſhe, ſo form'd to pleaſe and bleſs,
So wiſe, ſo innocent, ſo fair,
Whoſe converſe ſweet made ſorrow leſs,
And brighten'd all the gloom of care,

Since ſhe is loſt:—Ye powers divine,
What have I done, or thought, or ſaid,
O ſay, what horrid act of mine
Has drawn this vengeance on my head!

Why ſhould Heaven favour Lycon's claim?
Why are my heart's beſt wiſhes croſt?
What fairer deeds adorn his name?
What nobler merit can he boaſt?

What higher worth in him was found
My true heart's ſervice to outweigh?
A ſenſeleſs fop!—A dull compound
Of ſcarcely animated clay!

He dreſs'd, indeed, he danc'd with eaſe,
And charm'd her by repeating o'er
Unmeaning raptures in her praiſe,
That twenty fools had ſaid before:

But I, alas! who thought all art
My paſſion's force would meanly prove,
Could only boaſt an honeſt heart,
And claim'd no merit but my love.

Have I not ſate—Ye conſcious hours
Be witneſs—while my Stella ſung,
From morn to eve, with all my powers
Rapt in th' enchantment of her tongue!

Ye conſcious hours, that ſaw me ſtand
Entranc'd in wonder and ſurprize,
In ſilent rapture preſs her hand,
With paſſion burſting from my eyes,

Have I not lov'd?—O earth and Heaven!
Where now is all my youthful boaſt?
The dear exchange I hop'd was given
For ſlighted fame and fortune loſt!

Where now the joys that once were mine?
Where all my hopes of future bliſs?
Muſt I thoſe joys, theſe hopes reſign?
Is all her friendſhip come to this?

Muſt then each woman faithleſs prove,
And each fond lover be undone?
Are vows no more!—Almighty Love!
The ſad remembrance let me ſhun!

It will not be——My honeſt heart
The dear ſad image ſtill retains;
And, ſpight of reaſon, ſpight of art,
The dreadful memory remains.

Ye powers divine, whoſe wondrous ſkill
Deep in the womb of time can ſee,
Behold, I bend me to your will,
Nor dare arraign your high decree.

Let her be bleſt with health, with eaſe,
With all your bounty has in ſtore;
Let ſorrow cloud my future days,
Be Stella bleſt!—I aſk no more.

But lo! where, high in yonder eaſt,
The ſtar of morning mounts apace!
Hence—let me fly th' unwelcome gueſt,
And bid the Muſe's labour ceaſe.

ELEGY II.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN, young, life's journey I began,
The glittering proſpect charm'd my eyes,
I ſaw along th' extended plan
Joy after joy ſucceſſive riſe:

And

And Fame her golden trumpet blew;
And Power diſplay'd her gorgeous charms;
And Wealth engag'd my wandering view;
And Pleaſure woo'd me to her arms:

To each by turns my vows I paid,
As Folly led me to admire;
While Fancy magnified each ſhade,
And Hope increas'd each fond deſire:

But ſoon I found 'twas all a dream;
And learn'd the fond purſuit to ſhun,
Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,
And thouſands daily are undone:

And Fame, I found, was empty air;
And Wealth had Terror for her gueſt;
And Pleaſure's path was ſtrewn with care;
And Power was vanity at beſt.

Tir'd of the chace, I gave it o'er;
And, in a far ſequeſter'd ſhade,
To Contemplation's ſober power
My youth's next ſervices I paid.

There Health and Peace adorn'd the ſcene;
And oft, indulgent to my prayer,
With mirthful eye and frolic mien,
The Muſe would deign to viſit there:

There would ſhe oft delighted rove
The flower-enamell'd vale along;
Or wander with me thro' the grove,
And liſten to the woodlark's ſong;

Or, 'mid the foreſt's awful gloom,
Whilſt wild amazement fill'd my eyes,
Recal paſt ages from the tomb,
And bid ideal worlds ariſe.

Thus in the Muſe's favour bleſt,
One wiſh alone my ſoul could frame,
And Heaven beſtow'd, to crown the reſt,
A friend, and Thyrſis was his name.

For manly conſtancy, and truth,
And worth, unconſcious of a ſtain,
He bloom'd the flower of Britain's youth,
The boaſt and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendſhip grew;
No cares did then my peace deſtroy;
Time brought new bleſſings as he flew,
And every hour was wing'd with joy.

But ſoon the bliſsful ſcene was loſt,
Soon did the ſad reverſe appear;
Love came, like an untimely froſt,
To blaſt the promiſe of my year.

I ſaw young Daphne's angel-form,
(Fool that I was, I bleſs'd the ſmart)
And, while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,
The dear infection ſeiz'd my heart.

She was—at leaſt in Damon's eyes—
Made up of lovelineſs and grace,
Her heart a ſtranger to diſguiſe,
Her mind as perfect as her face:

To hear her ſpeak, to ſee her move,
(Unhappy I, alas! the while)
Her voice was joy, her look was love,
And Heaven was open'd in her ſmile!

She heard me breathe my amorous prayers,
She liſten'd to the tender ſtrain,
She heard my ſighs, ſhe ſaw my tears,
And ſeem'd at length to ſhare my pain:

She ſaid ſhe lov'd—and I, poor youth!
(How ſoon, alas, can Hope perſuade!)
Thought all ſhe ſaid no more than truth,
And all my love was well repaid.

In joys unknown to courts or kings,
With her I ſate the live-long day,
And ſaid and look'd ſuch tender things,
As none beſide could look or ſay!

How ſoon can Fortune ſhift the ſcene,
And all our earthly bliſs deſtroy?
Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train
Still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's beſt boaſt,
My ſoul's chief bleſſing, and my pride,
In one ſad moment all were loſt,
And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrſis died.

O who, that heard her vows ere-while,
Could dream theſe vows were inſincere?
Or who could think, that ſaw her ſmile,
That fraud could find admittance there?

Yet ſhe was falſe—my heart will break!
Her frauds, her perjuries were ſuch—
Some other tongue than mine muſt ſpeak—
I have not power to ſay how much!

Ye ſwains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,
O ſhun her paths, the traitreſs ſhun!
Her voice is death, her ſmile is fate,
Who hears, or ſees her, is undone.

And, when Death's hand ſhall cloſe my eye,
(For ſoon, I know, the day will come)
O chear my ſpirit with a ſigh,
And grave theſe lines upon my tomb!

THE EPITAPH.

Conſign'd to duſt, beneath this ſtone,
In manhood's prime is Damon laid;
Joyleſs he liv'd, and dy'd unknown
In bleak misfortune's barren ſhade.

Lov'd by the Muſe, but lov'd in vain—
'Twas beauty drew his ruin on;
He ſaw young Daphne on the plain;
He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone.

His heart then ſunk beneath the ſtorm,
(Sad meed of unexampled truth)
And ſorrow, like an envious worm,
Devour'd the bloſſom of his youth.

Beneath this ſtone the youth is laid—
O greet his aſhes with a tear!
May Heaven with bleſſings crown his ſhade,
And grant that peace he wanted here!

AN INSCRIPTION

WRITTEN UPON ONE OF THE [u] TUBS IN HAM-WALKS, SEPTEMBER, 1760.

BY THE SAME.

DARK was the ſky with many a cloud,
The fearful lightnings flaſh'd around,
Low to the blaſt the foreſt bow'd,
And bellowing thunders rock'd the ground;

Faſt fell the rains upon my head,
And weak and weary were my feet,
When lo! this hoſpitable ſhed
At length ſupply'd a kind retreat.

That in fair memory's faithful page
The bard's eſcape may flouriſh long,
Yet ſhuddering from the tempeſt's rage,
He dedicates the votive ſong.

[u] Two ſeats in Ham-walks, called Tubs, from their form, which reſembles an hogſhead ſplit in two.

For ever ſacred be the earth
From whence the tree its vigour drew!
The hour that gave the ſeedling birth!
The foreſt where the ſcyon grew!

Long honour'd may his aſhes reſt,
Who firſt the tender ſhoot did rear!
Bleſt be his name!—But doubly bleſt
The friendly hand that plac'd it here!

O ne'er may war, or wind, or wave,
This pleaſurable ſcene deform,
But time ſtill ſpare the ſeat, which gave
The poet ſhelter from the ſtorm!

VERSES

VERSES

WRITTEN UPON A PEDESTAL BENEATH A ROW OF ELMS IN A MEADOW NEAR RICHMOND FERRY, BELONGING TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ. SEPTEMBER 1760.

BY THE SAME.

[w] YE green-hair'd Nymphs, whom Pan allows
To guard from harm theſe favour'd boughs;
Ye blue-ey'd Naiads of the ſtream,
That ſoothe the warm poetic dream;
Ye elves and ſprights, that thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic meaſures uncontroul'd,
Your fairy ſports and revels hold,
And up and down, where-e'er ye paſs,
With many a ringlet print the graſs;
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power
At morn's grey dawn, or evening hour;

[w] The firſt line of this little piece is borrowed from an Ode of Mr. Maſon's, publiſhed in Dodſley's Miſcellanies.

If e'er by moon-light on the plain
Your ears have caught th' enraptur'd ſtrain;
From every flow'ret's velvet head,
From reverend Thames's oozy bed,
From theſe moſs'd elms, where, priſon'd deep,
Conceal'd from human eyes, ye ſleep,
If theſe your haunts be worth your care,
Awake, ariſe, and hear my prayer!

O baniſh from this peaceful plain
The perjur'd nymph, the faithleſs ſwain,
The ſtubborn heart, that ſcorns to bow
And harſh rejects the honeſt vow:
The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear,
With aught that ſenſe would bluſh to hear,
Or, falſe to honour, mean and vain,
Defames the worth he cannot ſtain:
The light coquet, with various art,
Who caſts her net for every heart,
And ſmiling flatters to the chace
Alike the worthy and the baſe:
The dame, who, proud of virtue's praiſe,
Is happy if a ſiſter ſtrays,
And, conſcious of unclouded fame,
Delighted, ſpreads the tale of ſhame:
But far, O! baniſh'd far be they,
Who hear unmov'd the orphan's cry,
Who ſee, nor wiſh to wipe away
The tear that ſwells the widow's eye;

The unloving man, whoſe narrow mind
Diſdains to feel for human-kind,
At others' bliſs whoſe cheek ne'er glows,
Whoſe breaſt ne'er throbs with others' woes,
Whoſe hoarded ſum of private joys
His private care alone deſtroys;
Ye fairies caſt your ſpells around,
And guard from ſuch this hallow'd ground!

But welcome all, who ſigh with truth,
Each conſtant maid and faithful youth,
Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
Sweet union of the willing mind!
Hearts pair'd in Heaven, not meanly ſold,
Law-licens'd proſtitutes for gold:
And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
The choſen few, the worthy train,
Whoſe ſteady feet, untaught to ſtray,
Still tread where virtue marks the way;
Whoſe ſouls no thought, whoſe hands have known
No deed, which honour might not own;
Who, torn with pain, or ſtung with care,
In others' bliſs can claim a part,
And, in life's brighteſt hour, can ſhare
Each pang that wrings another's heart:
Ye guardian ſpirits, when ſuch ye ſee,
Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free!
Clear be the ſky from clouds or ſhowers!
Green be the turf, and freſh the flowers!

And that the youth, whoſe pious care
Lays on your ſhrine this honeſt prayer,
May, with the reſt, admittance gain,
And viſit oft this pleaſant ſcene,
Let all who love the Muſe attend:
Who loves the Muſe is Virtue's friend!

Such then alone may venture here,
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear;
Whoſe wide affections can embr ce
The whole extent of human race;
Whom Virtue and her friends approve;
Whom Cambridge and the Muſes love.

THE RECANTATION.

AN ODE.

BY ———.

BY Love too long depriv'd of reſt,
(Fell tyrant of the human breaſt!)
His vaſſal long, and worn with pain,
Indignant late I ſpurn'd the chain;
In verſe, in proſe, I ſung and ſwore
No charms ſhould e'er enſlave me more,

Nor

Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
Again ſhould force one tender ſigh.

As, taught by Heaven's informing power,
From every fruit and every flower,
That nature opens to the view,
The bee extracts the nectar-dew;
A vagrant thus, and free to change,
From fair to fair I vow'd to range,
And part from each without regret
As pleas'd and happy as I met.

Then Freedom's praiſe inſpir'd my tongue,
With Freedom's praiſe the vallies rung,
And every night and every day
My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay;
" My cares are gone, my ſorrows ceaſe,
" My breaſt regains its wonted peace,
" And joy and hope returning prove,
" That Reaſon is too ſtrong for Love."

Such was my boaſt—but, ah! how vain!
How ſhort was Reaſon's vaunted reign!
The firm reſolve I form'd ere-while,
How weak, oppos'd to Clara's ſmile!
Chang'd is the ſtrain—The vallies round
With Freedom's praiſe no more reſound,
But every night and every day
My full heart pour'd the alter'd lay.

Offended deity, whoſe power
My rebel tongue but now forſwore,
Accept my penitence ſincere,
My crime forgive, and grant my prayer!
Let not thy ſlave, condemn'd to mourn,
With unrequited paſſion burn;
With Love's ſoft thoughts her breaſt inſpire,
And kindle there an equal fire!

It is not beauty's gaudy flower,
(The empty triumph of an hour)
Nor practis'd wiles of female art,
That now ſubdue my deſtin'd heart:
O no!—'Tis Heaven, whoſe wondrous hand
A tranſcript of itſelf hath plann'd,
And to each outward grace hath join'd
Each lovelier feature of the mind.

Theſe charms ſhall laſt, when others fly,
When roſes fade, and lilies die;
When that dear eye's declining beam
Its living fire no more ſhall ſtream:
Bleſt then, and happy in my chain,
The ſong of Freedom flows in vain;
Nor Reaſon's harſh reproof I fear,
For Reaſon's ſelf is Paſſion here.

O dearer far than wealth or fame,
My daily thought, my nightly dream,

If

If yet no youth's ſucceſsful art
(Sweet Hope) hath touch'd thy gentle heart,
If yet no ſwain hath bleſt thy choice,
Indulgent hear thy Damon's voice;
From doubts, from fears his boſom free,
And bid him live—for Love and Thee!

ODE TO HORROR.

IN THE ALLEGORIC, DESCRIPTIVE, ALLITERATIVE, EPITHETICAL, FANTASTIC, HYPERBOLICAL, AND DIABOLICAL STYLE OF OUR MODERN ODE-WRIGHTS, AND MONODY-MONGERS.

BY ——.

O GODDESS of the gloomy ſcene,
Of ſhadowy ſhapes thou black-brow'd queen;
Thy treſſes dark with ivy crown'd,
On yonder mouldering abby found;
Oft wont from charnels damp and dim
To call the ſheeted ſpectre grim,
While as his looſe chains loudly clink,
Thou add'ſt a length to every link:

O thou,

O thou, that lov'ſt at eve to ſeek
The penſive-pacing pilgrim meek,
And ſet'ſt before his ſhuddering eyes
Strange forms, and fiends of giant-ſize,
As wildly works thy wizzard will,
Till fear-ſtruck Fancy has her fill:
Dark power, whoſe magic might prevails
O'er hermit-rocks, and fairy-vales;
O Goddeſs, erſt by [x] Spenſer view'd,
What time th' enchanter vile embrued,
His hands in Florimel's pure heart,
Till loos'd by ſteel-clad Britomart:
O thou that erſt on Fancy's wing
Didſt terror-trembling [y] Taſſo bring,
To groves where kept damn'd Furies dire
Their blue-tipt battlements of fire:
Thou that thro' many a darkſome pine,
O'er the rugged rock recline,
Did'ſt wake the hollow-whiſpering breeze
With care-conſumed Eloiſe:
O thou, with whom in chearleſs cell,
The midnight-clock pale pris'ners tell;
O haſte thee, mild Miltonic maid,
From yonder yew's ſequeſter'd ſhade;
More bright than all the fabled Nine,
Teach me to breathe the ſolemn line!

[x] Spenſer's Fairy Queen, b. 3. canto 12.

[y] Gieruſ. Liberat. b. 14.

O bid

O bid my well-rang'd numbers riſe
Pervious to none but Attic eyes;
O give the ſtrain that madneſs moves,
Till every ſtarting ſenſe approves!
What felt the Gallic [z] traveller,
When far in Arab-deſert drear
He found within the catacomb,
Alive, the terrors of a tomb?
While many a mummy thro' the ſhade,
In hieroglyphic ſtole array'd,
Seem'd to uprear the myſtic head,
And trace the gloom with ghoſtly tread;
Thou heardſt him pour the ſtifled groan,
Horror! his ſoul was all thy own!
O mother of the fire-clad thought,
O haſte thee from thy grave-like grot!
(What time the witch perform'd her rite)
Sprung from th' embrace of Taſte and Night!
O queen! that erſt did'ſt thinly ſpread
The willowy leaves o'er [a] Iſis' head,
And to her meek mien did'ſt diſpenſe
Woe's moſt awful negligence;
What time, in cave, with viſage pale,
She told her elegiac tale:
O thou! whom wandering Warton ſaw,
Amaz'd with more than youthful awe,

[z] I do not remember that any poetical uſe has been made of this ſtory.

[a] See Iſis, an Elegy.

As

As by the pale moon's glimmering gleam
He mus'd his melancholy theme [b] :
O curfeu-loving goddeſs, haſte!
O waft me to ſome Scythian waſte,
Where, in Gothic ſolitude,
'Mid proſpects moſt ſublimely rude,
Beneath a rough rock's gloomy chaſm,
Thy ſiſter ſits, Enthuſiaſm :
Let me with her, in magic trance,
Hold moſt delirious dalliance ;
Till I, thy penſive votary,
Horror, look madly wild like thee ;
Until I gain true tranſport's ſhore,
And life's retiring ſcene is o'er ;
Aſpire to ſome more azure ſky,
Remote from dim mortality ;
At length, recline the fainting head,
In Druid-dreams diſſolv'd and dead.

[b] See The Pleaſures of Melancholy, a poem.

VERSES

ON THE EXPECTED ARRIVAL OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE,

IN AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND, 1761.

BY ———.

YES—every hopeful ſon of rhyme
Will ſurely ſeize this happy time,
Vault upon Pegaſus's back,
Now grown an academic hack,
And ſing the beauties of a Queen,
(Whom, by the by, he has not ſeen)
Will ſwear her eyes are black as jet,
Her teeth in pearls as coral ſet,
Will tell us that the roſe has lent
Her cheek its bloom, her lips its ſcent,
That Philomel breaks off her ſong,
And liſtens to her ſweeter tongue;
That Venus and the Graces join'd
To form this Phœnix of her kind,
And Pallas undertook to ſtore
Her mind with Wiſdom's chiefeſt lore:
Thus form'd, Jove iſſues a decree
That George's conſort ſhe ſhall be:

Then Cupid (for what match is made
By poets without Cupid's aid?)
Picks out the ſwifteſt of his darts,
And pierces inſtant both their hearts.
Your fearful Proſe-men here might doubt
How beſt to bring this match about,
For winds and waves are ill-bred things,
And little care for Queens and Kings;
But as the Gods aſſembled ſtand,
And wait each youthful bard's command,
All fancy'd dangers they deride
Of boiſterous winds, and ſwelling tide;
Neptune is call'd to wait upon her,
And ſea-nymphs are her maids of honour;
Whilſt we, inſtead of eaſtern gales,
With vows and praiſes fill the ſails,
And when, with due poetic care
They ſafely land the Royal Fair,
They catch the happy ſimile
Of Venus riſing from the ſea.
Soon as ſhe moves, the hill and vale
Reſponſive tell the joyful tale;
And wonder holds th' enraptur'd throng
To ſee the Goddeſs paſs along;
The bowing foreſts all adore her,
And flowers ſpontaneous ſpring before her,
Where you and I all day might travel,
And meet with nought but ſand and gravel;

But

But poets have a piercing eye,
And many pretty things can ſpy,
Which neither you nor I can ſee,
But then the fault's in you and me.
The King aſtoniſh'd muſt appear,
And find that Fame has wrong'd his dear;
Then Hymen, like a biſhop, ſtands,
To join the lovers' plighted hands;
Apollo and the Muſes wait,
The nuptial ſong to celebrate.
But I, who rarely ſpend my time
In paying court or ſpinning rhyme,
Who cannot from the high abodes
Call down, at will, a troop of Gods,
Muſt in the plain proſaic way
The wiſhes of my ſoul convey.
May Heaven our Monarch's choice approve,
May he be bleſt with mutual love,
And be as happy with his Queen
As with my Chloe I have been,
When wandering thro' the beechen grove,
She ſweetly ſmil'd and talk'd of love!
And O! that he may live to ſee
A ſon as wiſe and good as he;
And may his conſort grace the throne
With virtues equal to his own!
Our courtly bards will needs be telling,
That ſhe's like Venus, or like Helen;

I wiſh that ſhe may prove as fair
As Egremont and Pembroke are;
For tho' by ſages 'tis confeſt,
That beauty's but a toy at beſt;
Yet 'tis, methinks, in married life,
A pretty douceur with a wife:
And may the minutes as they fly
Strengthen ſtill the nuptial tye,
While hand in hand thro' life they go,
Till love ſhall into friendſhip grow;
For tho' theſe bleſſings rarely wait
On regal pomp, and tinſel'd ſtate,
Yet happineſs is virtue's lot,
Alike in palace and in cot:
'Tis true, the grave affairs of ſtate
With little folks have little weight;
Yet I confeſs my patriot heart
In Britain's welfare bears its part;
With tranſport glows at George's name,
And triumphs in its country's fame:
With hourly pleaſure I can ſit
And talk of Granby, Hawke, and Pitt;
And whilſt I praiſe the good and brave,
Diſdain the coward and the knave.
At growth of taxes others fret,
And ſhudder at the nation's debt;
I ne'er the fancied ills bemoan,
No debts diſturb me, but my own.

What!

What! tho' our coffers ſink, our trade
Repairs the breach which war has made;
And if expences now run high,
Our minds muſt with our means comply.
Thus far my politics extend,
And here my warmeſt wiſhes end,
May Merit flouriſh, Faction ceaſe,
And I and Europe live in Peace!

AMINTA.

AN ELEGY.

BY MR. GERRARD.

AN o'ergrown wood my wandering ſteps invade,
With ſurface mantled in untrodden ſnow;
Dire haunt, for none but ſavage monſters made,
Where froſts deſcend, and howling tempeſts blow.

Here, from the ſearch of buſy mortals ſtray'd,
My woe-worn ſoul ſhall hug her galling chain:
For ſure, no foreſt boaſts too deep a ſhade,
No haunt too wild for miſery to remain.

O my Aminta! dear diſtracting name!
Late all my comfort, all my fond delight;
Still writhes my ſoul beneath its torturing flame,
Still thy pale image fills my aching ſight!

When ſhall vain memory ſlumber o'er her woes?
When to oblivion be her tale reſign'd?
When ſhall this fatal form in death repoſe,
Like thine, fair victim, to the duſt conſign'd?

Again the accents faulter on my tongue;
Again to tear the conſcious tear ſucceeds;
From ſharp reflection is the dagger ſprung,
And Nature, wounded to the center, bleeds.

Ye bitter ſkies! upon the tale deſcend——
Ye blaſts! tho' rude your viſits, lend an ear——
Around, ye gentler oaks, your branches bend,
And, as ye liſten, drop an icy tear.

'Twas when the ſtep with conſcious pleaſure roves,
Where round the ſhades the circling woodbines throng;
When Flora wantons o'er th' enamell'd groves,
And feather'd choirs indulge the amorous ſong.

Inſpir'd by duteous love, I fondly ſtray'd,
Two milk-white doves officious to enſnare:
Beneath a ſilent thicket as they play'd,
A grateful preſent for my ſofter fair.

But ah! in ſmiles no more they met my ſight,
Their ruffled heads lay gaſping on the ground:
Where (my dire emblem) a rapacious Kite
Tore their ſoft limbs, and ſtrew'd their plumes around.

The tear of pity ſtole into my eye;
While ruder paſſions in their turn ſucceed;
Forbid the victims unreveng'd to die,
And doom the author of their wrongs to bleed.

With haſty ſtep, enrag'd, I homewards ran,
(Curſe on my ſpeed!) th' unerring tube I brought:
That fatal hour my date of woe began,
Too ſharp to tell—too horrible for thought—

Diſaſtrous deed!—irrevocable ill!—
How ſhall I tell the anguiſh of my Fate!
Teach me, remorſeleſs monſters, not to feel,
Inſtruct me, fiends and furies, to relate!

Wrathful behind the guilty ſhade I ſtole,
I rais'd the tube—the clamorous woods reſound—
Too late I ſaw the idol of my ſoul,
Struck by my aim, fall ſhrieking to the ground!

No other bliſs her ſoul allow'd but me;
(Hapleſs the pair that thus indulgent prove)
She ſought concealment from a ſhady tree,
In amorous ſilence to obſerve her love.

I ran—but O! too ſoon I found it true!—
From her ſtain'd breaſt life's crimſon ſtream'd apace—
From her wan eyes the ſparkling luſtres flew—
The ſhort-liv'd roſes faded from her face!

Gods!—could I bear that fond reproachful look,
That ſtrove her peerleſs innocence to plead!—
But partial death awhile her tongue forſook,
To ſave a wretch that doom'd himſelf to bleed.

While I diſtracted preſs'd her in my arms,
And fondly ſtrove t' imbibe her lateſt breath;
" O ſpare, raſh love, ſhe cry'd, thy fatal charms,
" Nor ſeek cold ſhelter in the arms of death.

" Content beneath thy erring hand I die.
" Our fates grew envious of a bliſs ſo true;
" Then urge not thy diſtreſs when low I lie,
" But in this breath receive my laſt adieu!"—

No more ſhe ſpake, but droop'd her lily head!
In death ſhe ſicken'd—breathleſs—haggard—pale—
While all my inmoſt ſoul with horror bled,
And aſk'd kind vengeance from the paſſing gale:

Where ſlept your bolts, ye lingering lightnings ſay?
Why riv'd ye not this ſelf-condemned breaſt?—
Or why, too paſſive earth, didſt thou delay,
To ſtretch thy jaws, and cruſh me into reſt?—

Low

Low in the duſt the beauteous corſe I plac'd,
Bedew'd and ſoft with many a falling tear;
With ſable yew the riſing turf I grac'd,
And bade the cypreſs mourn in ſilence near.

Oft as bright morn's all-ſearching eye returns,
Full to my view the fatal ſpot is brought;
Thro' ſleepleſs night my haunted ſpirit mourns,
No gloom can hide me from diſtracting thought.

When, ſpotleſs victim, ſhall my form decay?
This guilty load, ſay, when ſhall I reſign?
When ſhall my ſpirit wing her chearleſs way,
And my cold corſe lie treaſur'd up with thine?

PETHERTON

PETHERTON-BRIDGE.

AN ELEGY[a].

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. BEAN, OF STOKE-SUB-HAMDON, SOMERSET.

BY THE SAME.

O Bean! whoſe fond connubial days
A beauteous infant-race attend;
Say, wilt thou once more aid my lays,
And join the patron to the friend?

But not o'er bright Aonian plains,
Enraptur'd as we us'd to roam:
The Muſe each joyous thought reſtrains,
And calls her wing'd ideas home.

[a] Tradition holds, that the cataſtrophe alluded to in this elegy happened about two centuries ago; of which the ſculpture is yet to be ſeen at the above-mentioned bridge, near South-Petherton, Somerſet.

The

The wedded pair for children pray;
They come—fair bleſſings from the ſkies:
What raptures gild the halcyon day!
What joys in diſtant azure riſe!

But ah! enamour'd as they view
The ſmiling, hopeful, infant-train,
Unſeen, misfortune marks his due,
Unheard, he threats the heart with pain.

Had ſad diſaſter ne'er enſnar'd
The ſoft, the innocent, and young,
The tender Muſe had gladly ſpar'd
The little heroes of her ſong.

See'ſt thou the limpid current glide
Beneath yon bridge, my hapleſs theme,
Where brambles fringe its verdant ſide,
And willows tremble o'er the ſtream?

From Petherton it takes its name,
From whence two ſmiling infants ſtray'd:
Led by the ſtream they hither came,
And on the flowery margin play'd.

Sweet victims! muſt your ſhort-liv'd day
So ſoon extinguiſh in the wave;
And point the ſetting ſun his way,
That glimmer'd o'er your watry grave!

As each by childiſh fancy led,
Cropt the broad daiſies as they ſprung;
Lay ſtretch'd along the verdant bed,
And ſweetly ply'd the liſping tongue;

Lo! from the ſpray-deſerted ſteep,
Where either way the twigs divide,
The one roll'd headlong to the deep,
And plung'd beneath the cloſing tide.

The other ſaw, and from the land,
(While nature imag'd ſtrange diſtreſs)
Stretch'd o'er the brink his little hand,
The fruitleſs ſignal of redreſs.

The offer'd pledge, without delay,
The ſtruggling victim roſe and caught;
But ah! in vain—their fatal way,
They both deſcended ſwift as thought.

Short was the wave-oppreſſing ſpace;
Convuls'd with pains too ſharp to bear,
Their lives diſſolv'd in one embrace;
Their mingled ſouls flew up in air.

Lo! there yon time-worn ſculpture ſhews
The ſad, the melancholy truth;
What pangs the tortur'd parent knows,
What ſnares await defenceleſs youth.

Here,

Here, not to ſympathy unknown,
Full oft the ſad Muſe wandering near,
Bends ſilent o'er the moſſy ſtone,
And wets it with a willing tear.

****

AN EPISTLE

FROM AN UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN TO A YOUNG LADY [b].

BY THE SAME.

THESE, the laſt lines my trembling hands can write,
Theſe words, the laſt my dying lips recite,
Read, and repent that your unkindneſs gave
A wretched lover an untimely grave!
Sunk by deſpair from life's enchanting view,
Loſt, ever loſt to happineſs and you!—
No more theſe eye-lids ſhower inceſſant tears,
No more my ſpirit ſinks with boding fears;
No more your frowns my ſuing paſſion meet,
No more I fall ſubmiſſive at your feet:
With fruitleſs love this heart ſhall ceaſe to burn,
Life's empty dream ſhall never-more return.

[b] Occaſioned by a cataſtrophe well known in the Weſt.

Think

Think not, that labouring to ſubdue your hate,
My artful ſoul forebodes a fancied fate;
For e'er yon ſun deſcends his weſtern way,
Cold ſhall I lie, a lifeleſs lump of clay!

Tir'd of my long encounters with diſdain,
Peaceful my pulſe, and ebbing from its pain;
Each vital movement ſinking to decay,
And my ſpent ſoul juſt languiſhing away;
E'er my laſt breath yet hovers to depart,
I prompt my hand to pour out all my heart.
The hand, oft rais'd compaſſion to implore;
The heart, that burns with ſlighted fires no more!

Relentleſs nymph! of nature's faireſt frame,
Unpitying ſoul, and woman but in name;
Angelic bloom the coldeſt heart to win,
Without, allurement, but diſdain within;
Regard the ſounds which ſeal my parting breath
E'er the vain murmurs ſhall be huſh'd in death,
Let pity view what love diſdain'd to ſave,
And mourn a wretch ſent headlong to the grave.

Profuſe of all an anxious lover's care,
To urge his ſuit, and win the liſtening fair;
Try'd every purpoſe to relieve my woe,
My ſoul chides not, for innocent I go;
Save when ſoft pity bids my gentler mind
Shrink at your fate, and drop a tear behind.

How oft and fruitleſs have I ſtrove to move
Unfeeling beauty with the pangs of love;
As roſe your breaſt with captivating grace,
And heighten'd charms flew bluſhing to your face;
Inſulting charms! that gave a fiercer wound,
Fond as I lay, and proſtrate on the ground.
Heavens! with what ſcorn you ſtrove my ſuit to meet,
Frown'd with your eyes, and ſpurn'd me with your feet!
To bleeding love ſuch hard returns you gave,
As barbarous rocks that daſh the preſſing wave.
O could your looks have turn'd my hapleſs fate,
And frown'd my ſhort-liv'd paſſion into hate;
Then had no ſcattering breeze my ſorrows known,
Nor vale reſponſive had prolong'd the moan;
Then had thoſe lips ne'er learnt their woeful tale,
Nor death yet cloath'd them in eternal pale.

Oft to the woods in frantic rage I flew
To cool my boſom with the falling dew;
Oft in ſad accents ſigh'd each prompting ill,
And taught wild oaks to pity and to feel;
Till with deſpair my heart rekindled burns,
And all the anguiſh of my ſoul returns.

Then reſtleſs to the fragrant meads I hie,
Death in my face, diſtraction in my eye;
There as reclin'd along the verdant plain,
My grief renews her heart-wrung ſtrains again,
Lo! pitying Phœbus ſinks, with ſorrow pale,
And mournful night deſcends upon the tale!

When tir'd, at length, my wrongs no more complain,
And ſighs are ſtifled in obtuſer pain;
When the deep fountains of my eyes are ſpent,
And fiercer anguiſh ſinks to diſcontent;
Slow I return, and proſtrate on my bed
Bid the ſoft pillow lull my heavy head.
But O! when downy ſleep its court renews,
And ſhades the ſoul with viſionary views,
Illuſive dreams to fan my ſlumbering fire,
And wake the fever of intenſe deſire,
Preſent your ſofter image to my ſight,
All warm with ſmiles, and glowing with delight;
Gods! with what bliſs I view thy darling charms,
And ſtrive to claſp thee melting in my arms!—
But ah! the ſhade my empty graſp deceives;
And as it flits, and my fond ſoul bereaves,
The tranſient ſlumbers ſlip their airy chain,
And give me back to all my woes again:
There wrapt in floods of grief I ſigh forlorn,
The conſtant greetings of unwelcome morn.
But ſhould oblivion reaſſume her ſway,
And ſlumbers once more ſteal my woes away;
When the ſhort flights of fancy intervene,
Your much-lov'd image fills out every ſcene.
But now no more ſoft ſmiles your face adorn,
Lo! o'er each feature broods deſtructive ſcorn.
Suppliant in tears I urge my ſuit again,
Sullen you ſtand, and view me with diſdain;
Your ears exclude the ſtory of my ſmart,
Your baleful eyes dart anguiſh to my heart.

I wake

I wake—glad nature hails returning day,
And the wild ſongſters chaunt their mattin-lay;
The ſun in glory mounts the cryſtal ſky,
And all creation is in ſmiles but I.
Then, ſink in death, my ſenſes!—for in vain
You ſtrive to quench the phrenzy of your pain;
Break, break, fond heart!—her hate thou can'ſt not tame,
Then take this certain triumph o'er thy flame.
'Tis done!—the dread of future wrongs is paſt—
Lo! brittle paſſion verges to its laſt!
'Tis done!—vain life's illuſive ſcenes are o'er—
Diſdainful beauty ſhakes her chains no more.
Come, peaceful gloom, expand thy downy breaſt,
And ſoothe, O ſoothe me to eternal reſt!
There huſh my plaints, and gently lull my woes,
Where one ſtill ſtream of dull oblivion flows.
No labouring breaſt there heaves with torture's throws,
No heart conſumes her daily hoard of woes;
No dreams of former pain the ſoul invade,
Calmly ſhe ſleeps, a ſad unthinking ſhade!

But e'er from thought my ſtruggling ſoul is free,
One lateſt tear ſhe dedicates to thee.
She views thee on the brink of vain deſpair,
Beat thy big breaſt, and rend thy flowing hair.
Feels torturing love her ſable deluge roll,
Weigh down thy ſenſes, and o'erbear thy ſoul.
In vain your heart relents, in vain you weep,
No lover wakes from his eternal ſleep.

Alas! I ſee thy frantic ſpirit rave,
And thy laſt breath expiring on my grave.
Is this the fortune of thoſe high-priz'd charms?
Ah! ſpare them for ſome worthier lover's arms.
And may theſe bodings ne'er with truth agree,
May grief and anguiſh be unknown to thee,
May bitter memory ne'er recount with pain,
That e'er you frown'd, or I admir'd in vain.

No more——my ſpirit is prepar'd to fly,
Suppreſt my voice, and ſtiffen'd is my eye:
Death's ſwimming ſhadows intercept my view,
Vain world, and thou relentleſs nymph, adieu!

A SONG.

BY THE SAME.

YE ſcenes that engag'd my gay youth,
Say, whither ſo faſt do ye fly?
If the leſſon you told me was truth,
Ah! why do ye fade from my eye?

That

That meadow where often I ſtray'd,
That bank, and yon ſhadowy tree,
Thoſe ſtreams, with ſuch fondneſs ſurvey'd,
Have hid all their ſweetneſs from me.

Yon hill that uprears his ſmooth head,
Where the wild-thyme its fragrance beſtows,
Whoſe verdures have roſe from my bed,
And whoſe breezes have ſigh'd my repoſe.

What tho' from his ſummit ſo high,
Flock, cottage, and woodland are ſeen;
Yet no more I with fondneſs deſcry,
For indifference riſes between.

Ah! whither, ye ſweets, do ye fly?
For fancy your abſence muſt mourn;
Ah! ſay, will ye fade from my eye,
And yet will ye never return?

That valley, whoſe mantle ſo gay,
Is with primroſe and cowſlip o'erſpread;
No longer invites me to ſtray,
And riſle the ſweets of their bed.

Not odious at preſent they look;
I diſcern that their colours are bright;
But their charms have my fancy forſook,
And their fragrance forgot to delight.

To my cooler attention how dear
The ſoothing complaint of the dove!
I have left my companions to hear
The wood-linnet warble her love.

Nor theſe can my footſteps retard;
Or if round me they careleſsly fly,
From mine eyes they attract no regard,
And my ears their ſoft warblings deny.

Ah! ſure 'tis the buſ'neſs of life,
That bids thoſe endearments depart;
To involve us in cares and in ſtrife,
That eſtrange and entangle the heart.

With deſtiny all muſt comply;
Yet cannot my fancy but mourn,
For the ſeaſon that fades from my eye,
And the ſweets that muſt never return.

ON THE

ETERNITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

HAIL, wond'rous Being, who in power ſupreme
Exiſts from everlaſting, whoſe great name
Deep in the human heart, and every atom
The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains
In undecypher'd characters is wrote—
INCOMPREHENSIBLE!—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove
Thro' the vaſt concave of th' ætherial round)
If to the Heaven of Heavens they'd wing their way
Adventurous, like the birds of night they're loſt,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.—

May then the youthful, uninſpired Bard
Preſume to hymn th' Eternal; may he ſoar
Where Seraph, and where Cherubin on high
Reſound th' unceaſing plaudits, and with them
In the grand Chorus mix his feeble voice?

He may—if Thou, who from the witleſs babe
Ordaineſt honour, glory, ſtrength, and praiſe,
Uplift th' unpinion'd Muſe, and deign'ſt t' aſſiſt,
GREAT POET OF THE UNIVERSE, his ſong.

Before this earthly Planet wound her courſe
Round Light's perennial fountain, before Light
Herſelf 'gan ſhine, and at th' inſpiring word
Shot to exiſtence in a blaze of day,
Before "the Morning-Stars together ſang,
And hail'd Thee Architect of countleſs worlds
Thou art—all-glorious, all-beneficent,
All Wiſdom and Omnipotence thou art.

But is the æra of Creation fix'd
At when theſe worlds began? Could ought retard
Goodneſs, that knows no bounds, from bleſſing ever,
Or keep th' immenſe Artificer in ſloth?
Avaunt the duſt-directed crawling thought,
That Puiſſance immeaſurably vaſt,
And Bounty inconceivable, could reſt
Content, exhauſted with one week of action—
No—in th' exertion of thy righteous power,
Ten thouſand times more active than the Sun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Syſtems innumerable, matchleſs all,
All ſtampt with thine uncounterfeited ſeal.

But yet (if ſtill to more ſtupendous heights
The Muſe unblam'd her aching ſenſe may ſtrain)

Perhaps

Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The beſt of Beings on the noble theme
Might ruminate at leiſure, Scope immenſe
Th' eternal Power and Godhead to explore,
And with itſelf th' omniſcient mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundleſs All,
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidſt a choicer few,
Of Spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime Pillars of the Univerſe,
Creation and Redemption—and a while
Pauſe—with the grand preſentiments of glory.

Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and ſelf-plum'd vanity—
O Thou, whoſe ways to wonder at's diſtruſt,
Whom to deſcribe's preſumption (all we can—
And all we may—) be glorified, be prais'd.

A Day ſhall come, when all this Earth ſhall periſh,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it ſhall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war againſt themſelves, and mutual rage,
To make Perdition triumph; it ſhall come,
When the capacious atmoſphere above
Shall in ſulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vaniſh into void; the earth beneath
Shall ſever to the center, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the deſtructive flames.
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,

And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immenſe Atlantic roar,
In vain ye ſwell; will a few drops ſuffice
To quench the inextinguiſhable fire?
Ye mountains, on whoſe cloud-crown'd tops the cedars
Are leſſen'd into ſhrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where;
Where, Tenerif's thy ſtatelineſs to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to theſe?—No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden ſun.

Nor ſhall the verdant vallies then remain
Safe in their meek ſubmiſſion; they the debt
Of nature and of juſtice too muſt pay.
Yet I muſt weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andaluſia; but for thee
More largely and with filial tears muſt weep,
O Albion, O my country! Thou muſt join,
In vain diſſever'd from the reſt, muſt join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illuſtrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye ſtars,
Tho' million leagues and million ſtill remote,
Shall yet ſurvive that day; Ye muſt ſubmit,
Sharers, not bright ſpectators of the ſcene.

But tho' the earth ſhall to the center periſh,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; tho' the air
With all the elements muſt paſs away,
Vain as an ideot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandiſh the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales muſt to perdition yield;
Tho' the gilt Sun, and ſilver-treſſed Moon
With all her bright retinue, muſt be loſt;
Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, ſurviv'ſt
Eternal, as thou wert: Yet ſtill ſurvives
The ſoul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.

He comes! He comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming ſword's intolerable blaze
I ſee; He comes! th' Archangel from above.
" Ariſe, ye tenants of the ſilent grave,
" Awake incorruptible and ariſe.
" From eaſt to weſt, from the antarctic pole
" To regions hyperborean, all ye ſons,
" Ye ſons of Adam, and ye heirs of Heaven—
" Ariſe, ye tenants of the ſilent grave,
" Awake incorruptible and ariſe."

'Tis then, nor ſooner, that the reſtleſs mind
Shall find itſelf at home; and like the ark,
Fix'd on the mountain-top, ſhall look aloft
O'er the vague paſſage of precarious life;
And, winds and waves and rocks and tempeſts paſt,
Enjoy the everlaſting calm of Heaven:

'Tis

'Tis then, nor ſooner, that the deathleſs ſoul
Shall juſtly know its nature and its riſe:
'Tis then the human tongue new-tun'd ſhall give
Praiſes more worthy the eternal ear.
Yet what we can, we ought;—and therefore, Thou,
Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and Good!
Purge Thou my heart with hyſſop, leſt like Cain
I offer fruitleſs ſacrifice, and with gifts
Offend and not propitiate the Ador'd.
Tho' Gratitude were bleſt with all the powers
Her burſting heart could long for, tho' the ſwift,
The fiery-wing'd Imagination ſoar'd
Beyond Ambition's wiſh—yet all were vain
To ſpeak Him as he is, who is INEFFABLE.
Yet ſtill let reaſon thro' the eye of faith
View Him with fearful love; let truth pronounce,
And adoration on her bended knee
With heaven-directed hands confeſs His reign.
And let th' Angelic, Archangelic band
With all the Hoſts of Heaven, Cherubic forms,
And forms Seraphic, with their ſilver trumps
And golden lyres attend:—"For Thou art holy,
"For Thou art One, th' Eternal, who alone
"Exerts all goodneſs, and tranſcends all praiſe."

ON THE

IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

BY THE SAME.

ONCE more I dare to rouſe the ſounding ſtring
THE POET OF MY GOD—Awake my glory,
Awake my lute and harp—myſelf ſhall wake,
Soon as the ſtately night-exploding bird
In lively lay ſings welcome to the dawn.

Liſt ye! how nature with ten thouſand tongues
Begins the grand thankſgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the foreſt and the field!
My fellow ſubjects of th' eternal King,
I gladly join your Mattins, and with you
Confeſs his preſence, and report his praiſe.

O Thou, who or the Lambkin, or the Dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'ſt to Pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean Eſſay, nor from thy treaſure-houſe
Of Glory' immenſe the Orphan's mite exclude.

What

What tho' th' Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome
By mortal eye unkenn'd—where Eaſt nor Weſt
Nor South, nor bluſtering North has breath to blow;
Albeit He there with Angels, and with Saints
Hold conference, and to his radiant hoſt
Ev'n face to face ſtand viſibly confeſt:
Yet know that nor in Preſence or in Power
Shines He leſs perfect here; 'tis Man's dim eye
That makes th' obſcurity. He is the ſame,
Alike in all his Univerſe the ſame.

Whether the mind along the ſpangled ſky
Meaſures her pathleſs walk, ſtudious to view
Thy works of vaſter fabric, where the Planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march directing
Still faithful, ſtill inconſtant to the Sun;
Or where the Comet thro' ſpace infinite
(Tho' whirling worlds oppoſe, and globes of fire)
Darts, like a javelin, to his deſtin'd goal.
Or where in Heaven above the Heaven of Heavens
Burn brighter Suns, and goodlier Planets roll
With Satellits more glorious—Thou art there.

Or whether on the Ocean's boiſterous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with out-ſtretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds and diſcipline the billows,
The ſuppliant Sailor finds Thee there, his chief,
His only help—When Thou rebuk'ſt the ſtorm—

It ceaſes—and the veſſel gently glides
Along the glaſſy level of the calm.

O! could I ſearch the boſom of the ſea,
Down the great depth deſcending; there thy works
Would alſo ſpeak thy reſidence; and there
Would I thy ſervant, like the ſtill profound,
Aſtoniſh'd into ſilence muſe thy praiſe!
Behold! behold! th' unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, ſea-flowers gay,
And ſhrubs of amber from the pearl-pav'd bottom
Riſe richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe ſecurity their gambols play:
While high above their heads Leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His paſtime takes with tranſport, proud to ſee
The ocean's vaſt dominion all his own.

Hence thro' the genial bowels of the earth
Eaſy may fancy paſs; till at thy mines
Gani or Raolconda ſhe arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by Sages old
Of Sovereign virtue) ſparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And bluſhes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treaſure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The Agat and the deep-intrenched gem

Of

Of kindred Jaſper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the Mimic on herſelf;
And in their veins ſhe oft pourtrays the forms
Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and ſtreams
Now ſtealing ſoftly on, now thundering down
In deſperate caſcade with flowers and beaſts
And all the living landſkip of the vale:
In vain thy pencil Claudio, or Pouſſin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would eſſay
Such ſkill to imitate—it is the hand
Of God himſelf—for God himſelf is there.

Hence with the aſcending ſprings let me advance
Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and ſpar,
Up to the mountain's ſummit, there t' indulge
Th' ambition of the comprehenſive eye,
That dares to call th' Horizon all her own.
Behold the foreſt, and the expanſive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whoſe ſmooth-ſhorn ſod
No object interrupts, unleſs the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—Behold in regal ſolitude,
And paſtoral magnificence he ſtands
So ſimple! and ſo great! the under-wood
Of meaner rank an awful diſtance keep.
Yet Thou art there, yet God himſelf is there
Ev'n on the buſh (tho' not as when to Moſes
He ſhone in burning majeſty reveal'd)
Nathleſs conſpicuous in the Linnet's throat

Is his unbounded goodneſs—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preſerver chaunts ſhe in her ſong;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful leſſon learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other ſound—for in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains, where th' unbounded proſpect
Gives liberty her utmoſt ſcope to range,
Turn we to yon encloſures, where appears
Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract and ſtill ſuſpend
With ſweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of labouring man and clumſy art,
Seen with the ring-dove's neſt—on that tall beech
Her penſile houſe the feather'd Artiſt builds——
The rocking winds moleſt her not; for ſee,
With ſuch due poize the wond'rous fabric's hung,
That, like the compaſs in the bark, it keeps
True to itſelf, and ſtedfaſt ev'n in ſtorms.
Thou ideot that aſſerts, there is no God,
View and be dumb for ever——
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his manſion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To bluſh with juſt vermillion—hence away—
Hence ye prophane! for God himſelf is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious to trace

Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—
And tho' nor ſhining ſun, nor twinkling ſtar
Bedeck'd the crimſon curtains of the ſky;
Tho' neither vegetable, beaſt, nor bird
Were extant on the ſurface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great ſea
Slept in profound ſtagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its maker;
Yet man at home, within himſelf, might find
The Deity immenſe, and in that frame
So fearfully, ſo wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power—
I ſee, and I adore—O God moſt bounteous!
O infinite of Goodneſs and of Glory!
The knee, that thou haſt ſhap'd, ſhall bend to Thee,
The tongue, which thou haſt tun'd, ſhall chaunt thy praiſe,
And, thine own image, the immortal ſoul,
Shall conſecrate herſelf to Thee for ever.

ON THE

OMNISCIENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

BY THE SAME.

ARISE, divine Urania, with new ſtrains
To hymn thy God, and thou, immortal Fame,
Ariſe, and blow thy everlaſting trump.
All glory to th' Omniſcient, and praiſe,
And power, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whoſe voice
To pious ears ſounds ſilverly ſo ſweet,
Come with thy precious incenſe, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choiceſt ſtores the altar crown.
Thou too, my heart, whom He, and He alone
Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyſelf
A living ſacrifice before his throne:
And may th' eternal, high myſterious tree,
That in the center of the arcehd Heavens
Bears the rich fruit of Knowledge, with ſome branch
Stoop to my humble reach, and bleſs my toil!

When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay
A ſenſeleſs embryo, then my ſoul thou knew'ſt,
Knew'ſt all her future workings, every thought,
And every faint Idea yet unform'd.
When up the imperceptible aſcent
Of growing years, led by thy hand, I roſe,
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
Inſenſibly to day, thou didſt vouchſafe,
And taught me by that reaſon thou inſpir'dſt,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect—in Thee is wondrous,
Uncircumſcrib'd, unſearchably profound,
And eſtimable ſolely by itſelf.

What is that ſecret power, that guides the brutes,
Which Ignorance calls inſtinct? 'Tis from Thee,
It is the operation of thine hands
Immediate, inſtantaneous; 'tis thy wiſdom,
That glorious ſhines tranſparent thro' thy works.
Who taught the Pye, or who forewarn'd the Jay
To ſhun the deadly nightſhade? tho' the cherry
Boaſts not a gloſſier hue, nor does the plumb
Lure with more ſeeming ſweets the amorous eye,
Yet will not the ſagacious birds, decoy'd
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
They know to touch is fatal, whence alarm'd
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.
Go to, proud reas'ner philoſophic Man,
Haſt thou ſuch prudence, thou ſuch knowledge?—No.
Full many a race has fell into the ſnare

Of

Of meretricious looks, of pleaſing ſurface,
And oft in deſart iſles the famiſh'd pilgrim
By forms of fruit, and luſcious taſte beguil'd;
Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
For why? his wiſdom on the leaden feet
Of ſlow experience, dully tedious, creeps,
And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable Sage, that nightly trims
The learned lamp, t' inveſtigate the powers
Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
And the dark regions of the foſſil world,
Grows old in following, what he ne'er ſhall find;
Studious in vain! till haply, at the laſt
He ſpies a miſt, then ſhapes it into mountains,
And baſeleſs fabrics from conjecture builds:
While the domeſtic animal, that guards
At midnight hours his threſhold, if oppreſs'd
By ſudden ſickneſs, at his maſter's feet
Begs not that aid his ſervices might claim,
But is his own phyſician, knows the caſe,
And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.
Hark, far, from afar the [c] feather'd matron ſcreams,
And all her brood alarms, the docile crew
Accept the ſignal one and all, expert
In th' art of nature and unlearn'd deceit;
Along the ſod, in counterfeited death,
Mute, motionleſs they lie; full well appriz'd,

[c] The hen turkey.

That the rapacious adverſary's near.
But who inform'd her of th' approaching danger,
Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her deſtruction?
Her own prophetic ſoul is active in her,
And more than human providence her guard.

When Philomela, e'er the cold domain
Of crippled winter 'gins t' advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in ſome poplar ſhade
Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
Who points her paſſage thro' the pathleſs void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her ſcience is the ſcience of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the North
E'er aſcertains her courſe, nor buoy, nor beacon:
She, Heaven-taught voyager, that ſails in air,
Courts nor coy Weſt nor Eaſt, but inſtant knows
What [d] Newton, or not ſought, or ſought in vain.

Illuſtrious name, irrefragable proof
Of man's vaſt genius, and the ſoaring ſoul!
Yet what wert thou to him, who knew his works,
Before creation form'd them, long before
He meaſur'd in the hollow of his hand
Th' exulting ocean, and the higheſt Heavens
He comprehended with a ſpan, and weigh'd

[d] The Longitude.

The

The mighty mountains in his golden ſcales:
Who ſhone ſupreme, who was himſelf the light,
E'er yet Refraction learn'd her ſkill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.

When Knowledge at her father's dread command
Reſign'd to Iſrael's king her golden key,
O! to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon deſcanting on the brutes.
O! how ſublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good will to man,
That wiſdom he alone of men poſſeſs'd
In plenitude ſo rich, and ſcope ſo rare.
How did he rouſe the pamper'd ſilken ſons
Of bloated eaſe, by placing to their view
The ſage induſtrious Ant, the wiſeſt inſect,
And beſt œconomiſt of all the field!
Tho' ſhe preſumes not by the ſolar orb
To meaſure times and ſeaſons, nor conſults
Chaldean calculations, for a guide;
Yet conſcious that December's on the march,
Pointing with icy hand to want and woe,
She waits his dire approach, and undiſmay'd
Receives him as a welcome gueſt, prepar'd
Againſt the churliſh winter's fierceſt blow.
For when, as yet the favourable Sun
Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,
Not the poor ſuffering ſlave, that hourly toils

To rive the groaning earth for ill-ſought gold,
Endures ſuch trouble, ſuch fatigue, as ſhe;
While all her ſubterraneous avenues,
And ſtorm-proof cells with management moſt meet
And unexampled houſewifry ſhe forms:
Then to the field ſhe hies, and on her back,
Burden immenſe! ſhe bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary ſtep, and many a ſtrain,
And many a grievous groan ſubdued, at length
Up the huge hill ſhe hardly heaves it home:
Nor reſts ſhe here her providence, but nips
With ſubtle tooth the grain, leſt from her garner
In miſchievous fertility it ſteal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way.
Go to the Ant, thou ſluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.
But, if thy deaden'd ſenſe, and liſtleſs thought
More glaring evidence demand; behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive preſents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glaſs
May read himſelf a fool. The Chemiſt there
May with aſtoniſhment invidious view
His toils outdone by each plebeian Bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs, and from diſcordant flowers,
A perfect harmony of ſweets compounds.

Avaunt Conceit, Ambition take thy flight
Back to the Prince of vanity and air!

O! 'tis a thought of energy moſt piercing;
Form'd to make pride grow humble; form'd to force
Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
A true but irkſome image of herſelf.
Woful viciſſitude! when Man, fall'n Man,
Who firſt from Heaven, from gracious God himſelf
Learn'd knowledge of the Brutes, muſt know, by Brutes
Inſtructed and reproach'd, the ſcale of being;
By ſlow degrees from lowly ſteps aſcend,
And trace Omniſcience upwards to its ſpring!
Yet murmur not, but praiſe—for tho' we ſtand
Of many a Godlike privilege amerc'd
By Adam's dire tranſgreſſion, tho' no more
Is Paradiſe our home, but o'er the portal
Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thouſand beauties blooms the Earth
With pleaſures populous, and with riches crown'd.
Still is there ſcope for wonder and for love
Ev'n to their laſt exertion——ſhowers of bleſſings
Far more than human virtue can deſerve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye People, O ye Sons of Men,
Whatever be the colour of your lives,
Whatever portion of itſelf his Wiſdom
Shall deign t' allow, ſtill patiently abide
And praiſe him more and more; nor ceaſe to chaunt
All Glory to th' Omniſcient and Praiſe,
And Power and Domination in the Height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whoſe voice

To pious ears ſounds ſilverly ſo ſweet,
Come with thy precious incenſe, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choiceſt ſtores the altar crown.

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

ON THE

POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING.

BY THE SAME.

" TREMBLE, thou Earth! th' anointed poet ſaid,
" At God's bright preſence, tremble, all ye mountains,
" And all ye hillocks on the ſurface bound."
Then once again, ye glorious thunders roll,
The Muſe with tranſport hears ye, once again
Convulſe the ſolid continent, and ſhake,
Grand muſic of Omnipotence, the iſles.
'Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of Power,
'Tis thy terrific voice; all Nature hears it
Awaken'd and alarm'd; ſhe feels its force,
In every ſpring ſhe feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vaſt machine.
Behold! quakes Apennine, behold! recoils

Athos,

Athos, and all the hoary-headed Alps
Leap from their baſes at the godlike ſound.
But what is this, celeſtial tho' the note,
And proclamation of the reign ſupreme,
Compar'd with ſuch as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Should ocean to his congregated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the watry world down an huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible caſcade,
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
When Zephyr faints upon the lily's breaſt,
'Twere but the ceaſing of ſome inſtrument,
When the laſt lingering undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with ſounds
So mighty! ſo ſtupendous! ſo divine!

But not alone in the aërial vault
Does he the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with his inteſtine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And ſhocks the central magnet—Cities then
Totter on their foundations, ſtately columns,
Magnific walls, and heaven-aſſaulting ſpires.
What tho' in haughty eminence erect
Stands the ſtrong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverſe hoſts, tho' many a baſtion jut
Forth from the ramparts elevated mound,
Vain the poor providence of human art,
And mortal ſtrength how vain! while underneath

Triumphs

Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of ſhatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamour inconceivable uptorn,
And hurl'd adown th' abyſs. Sulphureous pyrites
Burſting abrupt from darkneſs into day,
With din outrageous and deſtructive ire
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflicted ear, and terrifies the eye,
And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we felt,
Within Auguſta's walls twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation, but ev'n Thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever,
Thy goodneſs infinite but mildly warn'd us
With mercy-blended wrath; O ſpare us ſtill,
Nor ſend more dire conviction! we confeſs
That thou art He, th' Almighty: we believe.
For at thy righteous power whole ſyſtems quake,
For at thy nod tremble ten thouſand worlds.

Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is and is not in a moment—hark!
On th' hurricane's tempeſtuous ſweep he rides
Invincible, and oaks and pines and cedars
And foreſts are no more. For conflict dreadful!
The Weſt encounters Eaſt, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blaſt.
The lordly lions ſhuddering ſeek their dens,
And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,
Who dar'd the ſolar ray, is weak of wing,

And faints and falls and dies;—while He ſupreme
Stands ſtedfaſt in the center of the ſtorm.

Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not leſs manifeſt, is not leſs mighty.

Survey the magnet's ſympathetic love,
That wooes the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, inviſible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric ſphere aſſaults thy frame,
Shew me the hand that dealt it!—baffled here
By his Omnipotence, Philoſophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And ſtands, with all his circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in th' etherial ſpace
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If ſuch the operations of his power,
Which at all ſeaſons and in every place
(Rul'd by eſtabliſh'd laws and current nature)
Arreſt th' attention; Who! O Who ſhall tell
His acts miraculous? when his own decrees
Repeals he, or ſuſpends, when by the hand
Of Moſes or of Joſhua, or the mouths

Of his prophetic ſeers, ſuch deeds he wrought,
Before th' aſtoniſh'd Sun's all-ſeeing eye,
That Faith was ſcarce a virtue. Need I ſing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
Loſt in the reflux of the watry walls,
That melted to their fluid ſtate again?
Need I recount how Sampſon's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was ſtrung t' o'erthrow
Idolatrous Philiſtia? ſhall I tell
How David triumph'd, and what Job ſuſtain'd?
—But, O ſupreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequall'd, myſtery immenſe,
Which angels long t' unfold! 'tis man's redemption
That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
Shone forth the Sun of Righteouſneſs reveal'd,
And on benighted reaſon pour'd the day;
Let there be peace (he ſaid) and all was calm
Amongſt the warring world—calm as the ſea,
When O be ſtill, ye boiſterous Winds, he cried,
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, e'er yet he taſte
The bitter draught of death, e'er yet he riſe
Victorious o'er the univerſal foe,
And Death and Sin and Hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conqueſt is mankind,
And in ſweet ſervitude and golden bonds

Were

Were ty'd to him for ever.—O how eaſy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecſtacy to bear! Him, bleſſed Shepherd,
His flocks ſhall follow thro' the maze of life
And ſhades that tend to Day-ſpring from on high;
And as the radiant roſes after fading
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in ſmiling ſpring, ſo ſhall it fare
With thoſe that love him—for ſweet is their ſavour,
And all eternity ſhall be their ſpring.
Then ſhall the gates and everlaſting doors,
At which the KING OF GLORY enters in,
Be to the Saints unbarr'd: and there, where pleaſure
Boaſts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from paſſion——there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him, who is, and was,
And in immortal proweſs King of Kings,
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.

ON THE

GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

BY THE SAME.

ORPHEUS, for [e] ſo the Gentiles call'd thy name,
Iſrael's ſweet Pſalmiſt, who alone could'ſt wake
Th' inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods with muſical perſuaſion drew;
Thou who to hail and ſnow gav'ſt voice and ſound,
And mad'ſt the mute melodious!—greater yet
Was thy divineſt ſkill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art and nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil Angel:—in this breaſt
Some portion of thy genuine ſpirit breathe,
And lift me from myſelf, each thought impure
Baniſh; each low idea raiſe, refine,
Enlarge, and ſanctify;—ſo ſhall the muſe

[e] See this conjecture ſtrongly ſupported by Delany, in his Life of David.

Above

Above the ſtars aſpire, and aim to praiſe
Her God on earth, as he is prais'd in heaven.

Immenſe Creator! whoſe all-powerful hand
Fram'd univerſal Being, and whoſe eye
Saw like thyſelf, that all things form'd were good;
Where ſhall the timorous bard thy praiſe begin,
Where end the pureſt ſacrifice of ſong,
And juſt thankſgiving?—The thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my ſoul with gratitude and Thee.
Hail to the chearful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the ſtreaky Eaſt, and blithſome rouſe
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from reſt!
Hail to the freſhneſs of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe
Loſt were the garnet's luſtre, loſt the lily,
The tulip and auricula's ſpotted pride;
Loſt were the peacock's plumage, to the ſight
So pleaſing in its pomp and gloſſy glow.
O thrice-illuſtrious! were it not for Thee
Thoſe panſies, that reclining from the bank,
View thro' th' immaculate, pellucid ſtream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their tripled boaſt, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eaſtern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,

Ev'n

Ev'n with the baneful hemlock's irkſome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladſome beams
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praiſe of him, who, e'er he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to tranſport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive;
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thruſh,
The woodlark, and the redbreaſt jointly call;
He hears and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds his ſweet muſicians,—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And tho' their throats coarſe ruttling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for muſic, thanks and praiſe
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man,—
But not to all,—for hark the organs blow
Their ſwelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace th' harmonious choir, celeſtial feaſt
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;
The thrilling trebles and the manly baſe
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the ſacred ſubject ſuit their ſong.
While in each breaſt ſweet melancholy reigns
Angelically penſive, till the joy
Improves and purifies;—the ſolemn ſcene
The Sun thro' ſtoried panes ſurveys with awe,
And baſhfully with-holds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude;—behold her eyes!
With love and gladneſs weepingly they ſhed

Ecſtatic

Ecſtatic ſmiles; the incenſe, that her hands
Uprear, is ſweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's bloſſom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell; to him ſhe ſings,
To him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preſerves, whatever dwells
In air, in ſtedfaſt earth, or fickle ſea.
O He is good, he is immenſely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man;
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Diſpenſing all his bleſſings for the beſt
In order and in beauty:—riſe, attend,
Atteſt, and praiſe, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, ſubmiſſive bow
To Him, who made the mite; tho' Aſia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his leſs ſtriking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault, and ſeeks th' aſſiſting glaſs.
Approach and bring from Araby the bleſt,
The fragrant caſſia, frankincenſe, and myrrh,
And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot
Lay all the tributary incenſe down.
Stoop, ſable Africa, with reverence ſtoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
T' adorn his temples, haſten with thy ſpear
Reverted, and thy truſty bow unſtrung,

While unpurſued thy lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide
Remurmur to the glorious, ſurly ſound.
And thou, fair Indian, whoſe immenſe domain
To counterpoiſe the Hemiſphere extends,
Haſte from the Weſt, and with thy fruits and flowers,
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteouſneſs ſo fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praiſe: come with thy brilliant crown
And veſt of furr; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich [f] ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, ſeat of Grace
And Chriſtian excellence, his Goodneſs own,
Forth from ten thouſand temples pour his praiſe;
Clad in the armour of the living God
Approach, unſheath the Spirit's flaming ſword;
Faith's ſhield, Salvation's glory,—compaſs'd helm
With fortitude aſſume, and o'er your heart
Fair truth's invulnerable breaſt-plate ſpread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the ſong of charity begin
In ſtrains ſeraphic, and melodious prayer.
" O all-ſufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of Goodneſs and of Glory, hear!
" Thou, who to lowlieſt minds doſt condeſcend,

[f] Ananas, the Indian name for pine-apples.

" Aſſuming

" Aſſuming paſſions to enforce thy laws,
" Adopting jealouſy to prove thy love:
" Thou, who reſign'd humility uphold,
" Ev'n as the floriſt props the drooping roſe,
" But quell tyrannic pride with peerleſs power,
" Ev'n as the tempeſt rives the ſtubborn oak:
" O all-ſufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of Goodneſs and of Glory, hear!
" Bleſs all mankind, and bring them in the end
" To heaven, to immortality, and THEE!"

FINIS.

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